Jean Paul Bignon

THE

ADVENTURES OF ABDALLA,

SON of HANIF,

Sent by the

Sultan of the INDIES,

To make a Diſcovery of the

Iſland of *BORICO*,

Where the *Fountain* which reſtores *paſt Youth* is ſuppoſed to be found.

Alſo an Account of the

TRAVELS of *ROUSCHEN*,

A PERSIAN LADY, to the *TOPSY-TURVY* Iſland, undiſcover'd to this Day.

The whole intermix'd with ſeveral Curious and Inſtructive HISTORIES.

Tranſlated into *French* from an *Arabick* Manuſcript found at *Batavia* by Mr. de SANDISSON:

And now done into ENGLISH

By *WILLIAM HATCHETT*, Gent.

Adorn'd with CUTS.

LONDON:

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord WALPOLE.

May it pleaſe Your LORDSHIP.

My LORD,

IT is with the Foreigners *Language* as with their *Phiſiognomies:* Both are to be diſtinguiſh'd by Perſons of *polite* Taſte, and ſuch as have viſited the *different* Parts of *Europe*; of what

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what *Nation* ſoever they be, or under what *Dreſs* ſoever they appear. If it be reckon'd rather commendable than otherwiſe to conſult the *Ancients*, and thoſe *Moderns* of the neighbouring Nations, who deſerve our Search, I can't ſee why our Curioſity ſhould not be equally rais'd, in diving into the Method thoſe take of tranſmitting their Productions to *Poſterity*, who are at a much greater Diſtance from us; tho' they inhabit among *Barbarians*, or even *in another World.*

May I preſume, therefore, *my Lord*, to plead for your Patronage, in Favour of

of my *Arabian* Author, for ſuch he was, though now cloak'd under an *Engliſh* Dreſs. Your *Lordſhip* will find in the following Sheets ſome *Satyr* and ſome *Morality*; but ſhould they, *by much*, fall ſhort of an *Horace* or *Seneca*; ſhould the *Verſion* be judg'd *unfaithful* or any Ways *wounded*, I entreat Your *Lordſhip* will pleaſe to conſider *him*, as a very *remote* Stranger to *European* Cuſtoms, and *me*, as a *young* Undertaker of this *Kind*.

When I reflect on the various Obligations every true *Briton* has to the Name of WALPOLE, without enumerating

merating the particular Virtues of Your *Lordſhip*, I am overwhelm'd, with conſcious *Shame*, at the *Meanneſs* of the *Offering*; but as all Sacrifices owe their chief Merit to the *Zeal*, which occaſions them, I am encourag'd to hope a favourable Reception of this, and the Honour of devoting myſelf hereafter, with the moſt profound Duty and Submiſſion,

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Faithful and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

WILLIAM HATCHETT.

Advertiſement.

THE Letter that Monſieur *de* Sandiſſon *wrote, when he ſent me the Works of* Abdalla, *is ſo inſtructive, that it may ſerve inſtead of a Preface to this Tranſlation. I thought proper therefore, after having made ſome ſmall Amendments in the Style, to incert it; and ſo ſhall content myſelf with making here ſome proper Remarks on my own Performance.*

I have often been at a great Loſs how to give a right Verſion to thoſe Paſſages, which are quite different from our Cuſtoms; and I have as often been tempted to adapt them all after the French *Faſhion. I try'd, indeed, to accompliſh it, but whether it be Prepoſſeſſion, or that the* Eaſtern *Hiſtories, when diſguis'd, loſe of their Beauty, I know not, my Endeavours always*

miſtake not, adviſing you to tranſlate them into *French*. I wiſh you may find them curious enough to ingage you in the Performance of it.

The learned *Arabians*, to whom I have communicated them ſay, there is a great deal of Difference between the Style of this Work, and that of the *Alcoran*. They aſſert that the Language of *Abdalla* is mixed with *Uſbeck* Expreſſions, and *Indian* Terms, which would be looked upon at *Mecca* and *Medina* as wretched *Barbariſms*.

In the main, I find them much divided in their Sentiments: Some cannot believe what *Abdalla* ſays he ſaw with his own Eyes; others give Credit both to that, and almoſt all the reſt. For my Part, I am inclinable to be much of the ſame Opinion with the Latter, though I never could attain but a very ſuperficial Account of the principal Adventures. I will give you my Reaſon for ſuch a Belief, after I have related to you what I know of the Author.

Hanif, the Father of *Abdalla*, was a Man much eſteemed at Court, and in the Army of *Gehan-Guir*, who preferr'd him to the Poſt of *Kobat-Kan*, that is to ſay, of Commiſſary General of his Horſe. He became ſuſpected

ſuſpected by *Chah-Jehan*, in the Troubles which attended his Elevation to the Throne. This Prince's Suſpicions were perhaps ill-grounded, but however they were, *Hanif* was diveſted of his Employment, and a Part of his Eſtate. Notwithſtanding this Diſgrace, he ſtill reſorted to Court, and always appear'd there among the reſt of the *Omerahs* with Grandeur, till he ended his Days, which happen'd about two Years before the Departure of his Son. *Abdalla*, a great while after his Return, was ſent by *Chah-Jehan* to *Batavia*, in order to ſet on Foot a Treaty of Commerce with the *Eaſt-India* Company's General. During his Negociation, he died at Monſieur *William Berkuys*'s Houſe, where he, with the chief of his Attendance, had been lodged. It was reported that he poyſoned himſelf, but the Truth is, his Death proceeded from an Exceſs of Chagrin, which the falſe News of his Maſter's Death had cauſed him. He imagined that *Chah-Jehan*, who had always deferred taking the Water of the Fountain of *Borico*, which *Abdalla* brought him, had made Uſe of it in his Abſence; and that for want of duly obſerving the Circumſtances requiſite for the drinking it, he had render'd that Liquor fatal, which otherwiſe was of a heavenly Nature. If he took any, it was

but too true in one Senſe, ſince it rais'd ſo great a Ferment in his Humours, as to make him appear Lifeleſs for ſome time, which was the Reaſon his own Children took immediate Poſſeſſion of all he had; and that *Aureng-Zebe*, who remain'd ſole Maſter, depriv'd him of his Liberty. It does not belong to us to ask why *Chah Jehan*'s recocover'd Health ſo ſoon relaps'd after his Confinement, but we may judge by the long Life of *Aureng-Zebe*, that his Father left him when he was dying, ſomething more valuable than all the precious Stones, which *Begum-Saheb* * made him a Preſent of in a golden Baſon. *Aureng-Zebe* would undoubtedly have advanc'd *Abdalla* to the higheſt Employment of the State, had he been courageous enough to have ſurviv'd the Report. Upon his Death-bed, he left theſe Memoirs to his Landlord, and made him ſome other Preſents more conſiderable. This *Berkuys*, now living, is the Son of *William* of that Name. He was a good big Lad when this happen'd, and ſo remember'd theſe Particulars which he related unto me, when he put the Manuſcript into my Hands.

* Begum-Saheb, Aureng-Zebe's *Siſter*, *tended on* Chah-Jehan *during his Impriſonment*; *and when he was dead*, *ſhe made* Aureng-Zebe *a Preſent of a large golden Baſon*, *which contain'd all* Chah-Jehan's *precious Stones*, *and her own.*

I now

I now return to the Motive of my Credulity. I muſt own, the ſudden Changes from one Place to another, and the ſurpriſing Adventures which happen at the ſame time, are the moſt difficult Incidents to be credited in the following Memoirs; but he, for Example, who receives for Fact the Travels of *Rouſchen*, would appear very ridiculous to raiſe Scruples on the reſt of the Book. Now this is exactly my Caſe. I can't well doubt of the Reality of the Travels of *Rouſchen*, ſince I myſelf was carry'd away as ſhe was, and detain'd at leaſt two Hours in the Academy of the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland.

* * * * * * * * *

You are ſenſible how ſolicitous I've ever been in procuring Books of *Fairies;* ſince you have been ſo good hitherto, as to ſend me all thoſe that have been publiſh'd. One Night about nine a Clock, as I was in my Cabinet, concluding the Peruſal of the laſt Volume of that Parcel of Books, which were convey'd to me by your Correſpondent at *Surat*, I perceiv'd, about ſix Yards from me, a fine old Gentleman, dreſs'd in blue, whoſe grey Beard touch'd his Knees, and who carry'd in his left Hand a Net, reſembling that which Fiſhermen call a caſting Net. *Argamaſſe*, ſaid he to me, firſt Queen of the blue

Peris[a], and *Aligand* her Spouſe, this Day[b] riſen from the Dead, are about to put an End to two important Affairs. They have made Choice of you to aſſiſt at the Deciſion of them, and to communicate it to the reſt of Mankind. I was, as you may well imagine, very much aſtoniſh'd and affrighted; but I had not a Moment allow'd me to recollect myſelf. The old Gentleman caſt his Net over me, and after having ſufficiently ſecur'd me in it, he carry'd me on his Back into my Garden; and from thence through a vaſt Space of Darkneſs, very thick and cold, into an Amphitheatre full of People. I did not know where I was, neither could I ever tell, till the Hiſtory of *Rouſchen* ſince inform'd me: The Amphitheatre where I was being the ſame ſhe deſcribes. My Carrier preſented me to the blue Queen, who plac'd me at her Feet, ſpeaking theſe four Words: *See, hear, retain* and *publiſh.*

A Moment after we heard a great Sound of Kettle-Drums and Trumpets coming from the white Gate. I did not know that Inſtant, whether it was beſt to ſeem pleas'd or melancholy; but the Aſſembly appearing the former, I very readily comply'd with their Diſpoſition. The Sound of theſe warlike

[a] *Good* Genii. [b] *This Myſtery is explain'd at length in the Hiſtory of the* Perſian Lady.

Inſtruments

Inſtruments augmented more and more: In a Word, twelve wing'd Kettle-Drummers, and as many Kettle-Drum Carriers, enter'd like Birds, and contributed the more to our Pleaſure, as it was oppoſite to their Nature either to ſoar up in the Air, or even to ſupport themſelves there at all. The *former* were downright *Bears*, produc'd in the new *Zembla;* and the *latter*, the greateſt *Aſſes* that ever came out of *Arcadia* or *Mirabilis*. The Trumpeters that follow'd them were no leſs extraordinary: Imagine with yourſelf; twelve large Eels, about the Bigneſs of two Men, holding in their Mouths twelve Silver Pipes, eighteen or twenty Foot long, and twelve little old Men ſqueezing their Tails with their Fingers, to oblige them to blow ſofter or harder, as requir'd. The Eels ſupported the old Men in the Air, and were ſuſtain'd themſelves by the Aſſiſtance of four great Wings, which by the Make and inimitable Variety of Colours, reſembled thoſe of a Butterfly.

Then there came in a ſpacious Chariot drawn by four *Dragons*, who had all the Beauty of Beaſts of their Kind, without having their Fierceneſs. Their Wings appear'd to be *Gold*, and their Scales of *Emerald*. The Creſts they wore on their Heads were of ſo beautiful a Colour, that they might paſs for

a precious Pile of Rubies. Their long Tails mov'd in Cadence at the Sound of the Kettle-Drums and Trumpets. The Chariot was of Filigreen enamell'd, fix'd on Bars of Gold, and interſpers'd with Saphires ſo nicely wrought, as gave a natural and lively Repreſentation of all Sorts of Flowers and Birds. The fair *Glaſtine* was plac'd majeſtically in it. There was ſo nigh a Reſemblance between *Argamaſſe* her Grandmother, thrice remov'd, and herſelf, that I could have known her without being told it by any Body. A very melancholy Priſoner who had a Book under his Arm, on which he now and then caſt ſad Looks, was ty'd behind the Chariot, and choſe rather to be dragg'd by than to follow it. After he was gone paſt, I perceiv'd ſomething wrote upon his Back, where I read theſe Words: *The Count of Gabalis, a noted Impoſtor.* The Kettle-Drummers and Trumpeters rang'd themſelves at the Extremities of the *Area*, and the *Dragons* plac'd *Glaſtine* and her Chariot exactly in the Middle. This *Periſe* ſalured thoſe riſen from the Dead, and then ſpoke to the Queen *Argamaſſe* to this Effect. The Preſence of the Priſoner already declares the Succeſs of one Part of the Commiſſion I was charged with, and I have not been leſs diligent and exact in diſcharging the other.

I was

I was ordered to inſpect all the new Books that treat about us: I have not fail'd doing it; but I am very much diſſatisfied with what I have obſerved in them. No Body ſcarce has wrote well on our Subject, ever ſince the Death of the faithful *Galerſi*. We ſee nothing Now-a-days publiſh'd, but trifling Books, unworthy of us I ſhall prove what I ſay by one Sketch alone; for to make an entire Liſt of theſe inſipid, forc'd Works, and to give a Detail of the many Impertinences they contain, would be making you unneceſſarily undergo the ſame Pains I have been at.

Did you ever hear talk of *Obligeantine*, *Bienfaiſante*, *Rancune*, *Tranquille*, *Bourgillone*, *Plaiſir*, and *Berlinguette?* What Sort of People Name you there, ſaid *Argamaſſe? Periſes*, or as they call them in *Europe*, *Fairies*, reply'd *Glaſtine*. There was never any of that Name, anſwered *Argamaſſe*. I grant it, reſumed *Glaſtine;* they make them likewiſe equal to the Gods, that never were ſo: For Example, they unite *Runcune* with *Pactolus*.

The Moveables, which theſe pretended *Fairies* make uſe of, are no leſs oppoſite to Probability: Such as, *Sofas of Avanturine Couches of Azuli Stone, Stools of Cornelian*, and *Canapies of Amber*. Don't you admire the Choice of theſe Materials? If theſe Goods

ways ſeem'd Unſucceſsful. I then imagin'd it would be beſt to keep a Medium, to ſoften certain Places, and to explain others by ſhort Notes.

I have taken a particular Care to ſet in a true Light, all that regards the Religion *of the* Indians, *and the* Opinion *of the* Mahometans *touching the* Genii. *The Accounts we receive from all the noted Travellers, who have viſited the* Indies, *and treated on the Manners of the* Indians, *have long ſince, furniſh'd us with Expreſſions convincing enough to prove the Superſtition of that People. It is true, few of thoſe Travellers have taken Notice of the* Indian Theology, *as pertinently as the Story of* the Widow deliver'd from the Fire; *which very thing renders the Works of* Abdalla *more valuable and curious. As to the good and bad* Genii, *and the different Things they meddle with, according to the Credulity of the* Arabians *and* Perſians, *thoſe who have read the* Oriental *Works of* Monſieur Vattier, *and who read thoſe which* Meſſieurs Petis, de la Croix, *and* Galland, *daily communicate to the Publick, with ſo much Succeſs, cannot but be pretty well acquainted with them.*

Some Readers may perhaps readily object againſt

gainſt the Word Ginne, *becauſe I have not alter'd it from the Original; but I beg they'll conſider, there are* Genii *of both Sexes, and that to diſtinguiſh them, nothing is more eaſy than to ſay,* Genius *and* Ginne: *Whereas, in being confin'd to the Term only of* Genius, *there would be a Neceſſity of ſaying,* Genii Male *and* Genii Female, *which in the Courſe of a Story ſomewhat long, would prove very troubleſome; beſides, I cannot think but it would be equally diſagreeable to the Ear to ſay,* Genii Female, *when it muſt be attributed to ſo many Female Creatures of that Kind.*

If the Word Fairy *had ſignify'd the ſame Thing, I might have imploy'd it inſtead of* Ginne, *but it implies a quite different Signification: the* Fairy *neither being the Female of the* Genius, *nor the* Genius *the Male of the* Fairy. *A* Fairy *is not a Creature of a ſuperior Order: Thoſe who were of that Opinion are miſtaken; ſhe is an ordinary Woman, which may be eaſily prov'd by all the Narrations of the Antients. Among theſe Narrations one may know the* Fairies, *not only by themſelves, but likewiſe by their Kindred. But not to be confuted by the Authority of the old* Oriental *Books: The* Fairy Morgan, *whom the Hiſtory of* Lancelot du Lac *ſpeaks of, was ſhe not the Siſter of King* Artus? *The* Fairy *that* Guerin

Guerin Meſquin *examin'd, and all thoſe whom he found with her in the obſcure Grotto's of the* Appenine *Mountains, were Women, and ſinful ones; 'tis he himſelf makes mention of it, in the Book which bears his Name. The Genealogy of the* Fairy *in the Iſland of* Hircania, *is deſcrib'd in the Hiſtory of* Palmerin d'Olive, *and his Children. In that of the Knight of the golden Star* (Stella de Oro) *is prov'd, that the* Fairy *in the Valley of Shades, was a Woman of this World. It would be inſignificant to expatiate any farther on this Subject, therefore I return to the* Genii.

According to the Mahometan *Authors, the World before the Creation of* Adam *was inhabited by the* Genii: *The one call'd* Divs *, *and the others* Peris: *The firſt was* Bad, *and the latter* Good. *This Oppoſition of Inclinations caus'd a continual Diſcord; but* Adam, *who was to give the Univerſe new Inhabitants, in Excluſion of the* Genii, *had no ſooner appear'd, than a much greater Diviſion aroſe between them. The* Peris, *who were ſubmiſſive to* God *in every thing, not only augmented their hatred againſt the* Divs, *but even a new Faction*

* *This Word* D'v, *ought to be pronunc'd like a Conſonant, in* Dive.

broke

broke out among the Evil Genii. *Several of their Legions open'd their Eyes to the Truth, and went and eſtabliſh'd themſelves in the Mountain of* Kaf, *under the Conduct of* Surkhrag, *their Chief. The other* Genii *continu'd living together, notwithſtanding their Diviſions; and ſurrendring up to Maukud almoſt all the Earth, they inhabited that Part which they call after their own Name, the* Ginniſtan. *Under the Reign of* Solomon, *a great Number of* Divs *was again converted; others, likewiſe follow'd the right Path, by hearing, as* Mahomet *ſays, the* Alcoran *read. As to the* Peris, *we never heard of their changing; nor that they had even the Thought of ſeparating themſelves, till the Time of Queen* Feramuk.

This little Expoſition ſeems neceſſary for the better Underſtanding of this Work, which ſuppoſes a great Knowledge of the Oriental *Fables. I ſhall obſerve farther, that I found as much Difficulty in Regard of the* Peris *and* Divs, *as I had done on Account of the* Genii *in General. You meet with both Sexes among the* Peris *and* Divs; *for that Reaſon, I've been oblig'd to add to their Names a Termination that may diſtinguiſh them. I call therefore the* Peris *and* Divs, *ſimply,* Males; *and their Companions the* Periſes *and* Dives, Females.

The

The Peris *and* Divs *have Diſciples. The Women, inſtructed by the* Peris, *are properly ſpeaking,* Fairies; *and the Men, Diſciples of the ſame* Genii, *are call'd* Sages: *Such as* Alquif *and the Knight* dell'Iſola Serrata. *Thoſe of both Sexes, who ſubject themſelves to the* Divs, *are call'd* Sorcerers *and* Sorcereſſes.

If, in reading the Preliminary Letter, you meet with any Obſcurity in the Adventure which follows theſe Marks * * * *, *that Intricacy will be unravell'd, by reading the Hiſtory of the* Perſian Lady Rouſchen.

TO

Monſ. de SANDISSON's

LETTER

TO THE

TRANSLATOR,

Written at BATAVIA the 13th of *December*, in the Year 1703.

SIR,

I DO not underſtand *Arabick* enough to know the true Worth of the Memoirs I ſend you; be ſo Good, therefore to excuſe me, if I intreat you to put me in a Condition of becoming ſomewhat a Judge of it. To requeſt ſuch a Favour, is, if I

His Belly touch'd the Ground, and was only ſupported by four huge Paws, foraſmuch as it was neceſſary to move very ſlowly. What a Priſon that Belly muſt make! The Monſter approach'd *Gabalis* by Degrees, and when he was at a very little Diſtance from him, he open'd his Mouth, and receiv'd this Wretch into the Bottom of his Entrails. After this Expedition, which fill'd me with Horror, the living Priſon repair'd to the Place from whence it came out, and the Earth clos'd of itſelf. Thus ended the ſecond Affair.

As ſoon as the Aſſembly broke up, my Carrier, dreſs'd in blue, caſt his Net over me, took me on his Shoulders, and carry'd me back again to my Cabinet, where he left me, repeating the two laſt of the four Words, that *Argamaſſe* had ſaid to me; *retain* and *publiſh*. Some Moments after this it ſtruck twelve a Clock.

It would be ſomewhat difficult, Sir, not to remember ſuch a ſtrange Adventure as mine was. To make it perfectly known to the World, the beſt way would be to print it, if all Books that are publiſhed, ſold well enough for being publickly cenſured. To conclude, I hope now you'll no longer wonder at my Facility in believing the Prodigies contain'd in the Memoirs of *Abdalla*; ſo I finiſh my Letter by aſſuring you that I am, *&c.*

A

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THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *ABDALLA*, SON of HANIF.

TOwards the Concluſion of the *Ramadan*[a], in the ſixth Year of the Reign of *Chah-Jehan*[b], Pillar of Faith, *Oglouf-Kan*, Captain of the Palace Guards, came into my Chamber, a little while before the ſecond Prayer[c] began, and ſpoke to me in the following manner. *Abdalla*,

[a] *The* Ramadan *is the* Mahometans *Month of Faſting, during which ſolemn Faſt, they neither eat nor drink from the riſing of the Sun till the Stars begin to appear. They abſtain likewiſe, till that Moment, from lying with their Wives.*

[b] Chah-Jehan *the great Mogul, Father of* Aureng-zebe, *and Son of* Jehan-Guir, *Son of* Ekbar, *Son of* Houmayous, *the ſeventh Deſcendant of* Tamerlane.

[c] *The* Mahometans *are oblig'd to pray five times a Day, namely, a little after Sun-riſing, juſt after noon Day, before Sun-ſetting, at Sun-ſetting, and very late at Night.*

Son of *Hanif*, I wiſh the Command I am going to execute, may prove advantageous to thee. Give me thy Sabre and follow me to the Sultan's, for ſuch is his Pleaſure. The Moment I heard theſe Words, I fell proſtrate, and after having ador'd God, *Oglouf-Kan*, anſwer'd I, put thy Hand upon my Head; the Sultan is Maſter of my Life; and I am his Slave. At the ſame Time I deliver'd him up my Sabre and follow'd him. There were ten Guards poſted at the Bottom of the Stairs, who environ'd me; and with this Attendance I paſs'd thro' all the Courts belonging to the Palace, and at laſt was brought before *Chah-Jehan*.

This Monarch had no other Company with him but *Emir-Gemla*, Son of *Gabdol*, who was General of his Forces at that Time, and the venerable *Fazel-Kan*, Son of *Haſam*, Chief of the *Imans*[d]. *Oglouf-Kan*, who went before me, preſented him my Cimeter, and ſaid: Light of the Faithful, *Abdalla*, without the leaſt Reſiſtance, has ſubmitted himſelf to thy Orders; may thy Enemies imitate his Example. Tho' I was not conſcious of being Criminal in any thing, yet I felt an extreme Fear and Dread ſeize my Spirits: However, I arm'd my ſelf ſo as to prevent any Appearance of it in my Countenance. The Sultan's Eyes were no ways fiery, but that was not ſufficient to aſſure me; for, what occaſion is there to ſhew Wrath only to deſtroy a Shrub? As ſoon as he ſaw me at his Feet, Son of *Hanif*, ſaid he to me, let us pray; let us fall down before him who never dies. Theſe Words encreas'd my Terror. The Sultan, the General, the Iman, the Captain of

[d] Mahometan *Eccleſiaſticks, who have the Care of the Moſques.*

the

the Guards, the Guards that attended at the Door, knelt down, bow'd their Faces towards the Ground, and glorify'd the Prophet. Uncertain of my Fate, I invok'd this faithful interpreter of the Will of the Almighty to be my Protector. My Soul communicated her Meditations to him thus: Meſſenger of God, if I've always deteſted the three Hereſies; [e] if my Reſolutions were ſincere, when I went to pay Honour to thy Shrine, and to bedew with my Sweat the holy Mount *Arafat* [f]; if I have made it hitherto the chief Delight of my Mind, and the Attention of my Eyes, to read over the divine Book, be then my ſupport. The Computation of my Days will ſoon perhaps be expir'd. I ſee already the dark and frightful Angels [g] ready to receive me. Remember how much Faith I repoſe in thee; there is but one God, and thou art his Prophet.

The Prayer being ended, the Sultan roſe up, and turning towards me, ſaid, Son of *Hanif*, I have reſolv'd on making thee undertake a long Voyage, bow down thy Head. Father of *Muſſelmen*, anſwer'd I, with a pretty bold Accent, the Voyage will be certainly long, and without return, which

[e] *The three principal Hereſies among the* Mahometans *are*, Firſt, *That by Grace we are ſaved independently of the Law.* Secondly, *That by Truth we are ſav'd independently both of Grace and the Law.* Thirdly, *That all Religions are Good. Thoſe who maintain this laſt Principle are burnt as ſoon as diſcover'd. Nevertheleſs*, Mahomet *himſelf has taught this Doctrine:* " Every Man, *ſays he*, that practiſes virtue, *Jew*, " *Chriſtian*, or other, who quits his Religion to embrace " another; every Man, who adores God, and does good " actions, will be ſav'd. *Alc. az.* 2.

[f] *A Mountain not far from* Mecca, *where* Adam *and* Eve's *Eyes were open'd, according to the* Mahometan *Fables. The Pilgrims that go to* Mecca *run up it.*

[g] Monkir *and* Quarekir, *dark Angels, to whom the* Mahometans *are deliver'd after Death.*

we muſt all expect to make at different Times; may the moſt mighty and merciful God multiply thy Years. When I had pronounc'd theſe few Words, I comforted my ſelf on my Knees, and ſtretch'd forth my Neck. He drew out my Sabre, which he had not let out of his Hands, even during the Prayer, and extended his Arm; but inſtead of ſevering my Head from my Body, he ſheath'd the Blade again; which unexpected Clemency exacted from the Aſſiſtants loud Acclamations of Joy; I open'd my Eyes, which Darkneſs, the Forerunner of Death, had already clos'd. How great was my Surprize! *Chah-Jehan*, with a pleaſant Aſpect, came and rais'd me from my former Poſition, embrac'd me, and avow'd he was as much charm'd with my Courage, as with my Obedience. Then he order'd *Oglouf-Kan* to retire with his Guards, plac'd me between *Fazel-Kan* and *Emir-Jemla*, over againſt his Sopha, and made Signs to *Emir-Jemla* to ſpeak to me.

My Lord, ſaid *Emir-Jemla*, I have ſeen and talk'd with a Man that was 340 Years of Age, and who had ten more to live. He was found oppreſs'd with Chains, in the King of *Golkonda*'s Camp, after the Defeat, and the Victory which you obtain'd over him, procur'd this ſame Perſon his Liberty. I detain'd him three Days, which hardly ſuffic'd to relate the Revolutions that he had ſeen, during the Courſe of his long Life. I did not think it fit to keep him any longer, ſo I gave him the Sum of ten Roupies[h], with his Liberty to go where he pleas'd. He was a Native of *Bengal*, and was call'd the old Man of that Place. His Eyes were very much ſunk in

[h] *A Piece of Silver, worth about thirty Pence,* French *Money.*

his

his Head, his Voice was clear, his Hair and Beard very nicely comb'd out, and as white as Snow. Tho' his Viſage was full of Wrinkles, yet it wore a fine freſh Colour, and one might eaſily diſcover in it a Gaiety that naturally accompanies a perfect Health. He ſeem'd to have been bigger than he was, and his Body being thus ſhrunk, cou'd ſcarcely be brought to ſtoop. The Nerves in his Neck appear'd likewiſe to be contracted, and to have drawn his Head nigher to his Shoulders; nevertheleſs he walk'd nimbly, and without any thing to ſupport him. Being aſk'd what means he us'd to attain ſo very advanc'd an age, he told me, his Father, who was 350 Years old, had bequeath'd three Dozes of the Water brought from the Fountain of the Iſland of *Borico*, and that by virtue of which, he had been thrice reſtor'd to his former Youth. I cautiouſly deſir'd him to tell me in what Part of the World this Iſland was, and whether it was permitted to fetch any of the Water contained in this bleſſed Fountain of Life. He proteſted he could not anſwer either of the Queſtions, and that he had even ſeveral times propos'd the ſame Demand to his Father, but could never be ſatisfy'd in them. I then preſs'd him very ſtrenuouſly to inform me, by what means his Father came by ſo ſurprizing a Liquor: He always made anſwer it was a Preſent made him by *Vichnou*, [i] a God, whom he had for a long time ſacrific'd to. Thus, my Lord, you have heard all I cou'd gather from this *Kafar*.[k] So fabulous a Concluſion as that was, did not a little contribute to make me deſpiſe him; for after

[i] Parabaravaſtou, *the Chief of the Gods, created, as the* Indians *ſay, three inferior Gods, namely*, Bruma, Vichnou *and* Routren.

[k] *Or* Kafer, *wicked, treacherous.*

be delicately wrought, they are very brittle; but yet if they were clumſey and maſſy, how could they be removed? Not to mention the eminent Danger would accrue to the Canopy of Amber * from its too near approach to the Fire. What will you ſay of the *Buildings of Nacre*, of the *Aſſiotat Wine*, and of the *Onix* Stone, belonging to theſe ſaid *Fairies?* I aſſure you, interrupted *Aligand*, theſe muſt be Women different from the reſt of their Sex, who undertake to write ſuch fine Things. I was not willing to inform myſelf too much about it, continued *Glaſtine*; but if theſe are Women, they feel *a Father's Love*, for the Works they are Mothers of. Are theſe Charming *Fairies* that you have named us, reſumed the blew *Peri*, in good repute with honeſt People? O dear! Yes, ſaid *Glaſtine:* Their Princes and Princeſſes are very excellent Perſons: As the *Queen of Cabbage Lettices*, the *Prince Small Pea*, the *Princeſs Beancod.* Upon which, there was an agreeable murmuring made in the Company, and I heard the major Part of the young *Peris* ſay to one another; Certainly Men muſt needs think all that's charming of this little crowned People, for they are moſt delightful to the Eye. Here are others, continued *Glaſtine*, whoſe majeſtick

* *Yellow Amber diſſolves in the Fire.*

Names

Names will inſpire you with more reverence. As, *King Coquerico*, *King Peudaquet* and the *King of Dunces*; are not theſe Potent Princes? As ſhe affected to pronounce theſe ridiculous Names, with an Air of Gravity, the Aſſembly burſt into a Fit of Laughter, which continued for ſome Time. At laſt, ſhe cried out, after having laugh'd as well as the reſt of the Company, Let me entreat you, at leaſt, not to contemn the Heroes and Heroines, which theſe illuſtrious *Fairies* think to protect: Being, *a little Pig*, but *the prettieſt little Pig that ever was ſeen; a Sea Princeſs, whoſe Hair is of the fineſt White that ever was heard of*; and *a Swallow*, but *the moſt beautiful little Swallow that ever was ſeen.* Say no more, Daughter, interrupted *Aligand*; how could ſo many Abſurdities enter into your Head? I've no more to ſay on this Subject, replied *Glaſtine*, it now lies in the Queen's Breaſts, to ſee what Remedy muſt be applied to ſuppreſs the itching Mind, every Body is poſſeſſed with, Now-a-Days, to become Authors. If they are ſuffered to proceed, all the World will at laſt ſuppoſe us to be like the *Obligeantines* and the *Bourgillones*: Nay, they'll even believe that ſome Part of the *Cabaliſtick* Iſlands is ſtill exiſting, and that this Wretch, looking on *Gabalis*, is Captain of the *Philoſophers*, who are ſuppos'd to inhabit therein.

It

It's highly neceſſary, ſaid *Argamaſſe*, that we maturely conſider on putting a Stop to all petty Scriblers, and on puniſhing *Gabalis*. By theſe few Words ſpeaking, ſhe diſpos'd the Queens to give their Advice, and went even in Perſon to know it. After this ſhe reſum'd her Place, and clos'd the firſt Affair by this Sentence.

Whereas we have been informed, that Perſons of different Ages and Sexes meddle with compoſing Books; wherein they attribute many Things to us, which we are mere Strangers to, and wherein they unjuſtly confound us with Chimerical *Fairies:* We *Periſe* and *Argamaſſe*, ancient Queens of the blew Palace, after having taken the Advice of the five Ruling Queens, have reſolved in our Academical Council, that ſuch Authors, as are found guilty ſhall receive Puniſhment, though with Clemency for the firſt Tranſgreſſion. If ſuch Offenders happen to be Women they ſhall be addicted to Sluttiſhneſs; ſometimes troubled with frightful Dreams; and at other times poſſeſſed with the Spirit of Talkativeneſs to Exceſs. If the like Diſaſter befal Men, they ſhall be plagued with a ſtinking Breath, during the Space of three Years; and they ſhall affect to live after ſuch a Manner, as will make them be pointed at by every Body. And

to

to the End that all ſuch Diſorders, which may ariſe hereafter, be effectually ſuppreſſed, it is enacted and ordered, by the Advice of our ſaid Council, that the Nails of either Sex, who ſhall inconſiderately imploy their Pen on our Subject, be immediately changed into Claws, and that a continual Itching affect the minuteſt Part of their Bodies. Moreover, we expreſly forbid all Perſons, of what Denomination ſoever, and even thoſe whom we ſhall have deputed to tranſmit our Actions to Poſterity to make Compoſitions by themſelves; but we ſtrictly enjoin and expect Men ſhall conſult with able and ingenious Women, when their Off-ſprings require maſterly Sentiments and Amendments; and that Women likewiſe ſhall ſhew their Productions to Men of good Senſe and Penetration, who ſhall take particular Care to cleanſe them from all Contradictions, Exaggerations and Tautologies. For ſuch is our Will and Pleaſure.

This Sentence being pronounced, they paſſed to the Judgment of *Gabalis*. The Queens thought proper that he ſhould make his Speech. The Order was ſignified to him by *Glaſtine*, and he made it in the following Terms.

Since my ill Fate has ſo decreed that I ſhould fall into your Hands, and that in ſpite

ſpite of all my Knowledge and Cunning, I ſhall not be able to eſcape them; it behoves me to employ all my Thoughts to excite Compaſſion, and endeavour by a ſincere and hearty Acknowledgement, to mitigate the Puniſhment due to my Crimes. I muſt confeſs therefore, I have uſed my utmoſt Efforts to give a new Gloſs to an Art, which you have thought fit to condemn; and that I have neglected nothing to eſtabliſh myſelf in the good Opinion of the World. I have endeavoured to make the Black Art, a Science taught by the *Divs** paſs for true Wiſdom; and as for myſelf, I ſometimes borrowed the Title of a *German* Count, and at other Times went under the Name of the Captain of the Philoſophers, that lived in the *Cabaliſtick* Iſlands. When firſt I took up the ſcribling Trade, I ſtrove to confound you with the *Divs*, but without Succeſs; becauſe it was impoſſible for Men either to diſcern you through the *bad* Actions of the *Divs*, or to diſtinguiſh thoſe by your *good* Ones. Thus I was deluded to undertake what chiefly drew upon me your Indignation; and further, ſuppoſing the Exiſtence of the four elementary People, endeavoured to engage the Publick to attri-

* *Evil* Genii. *In the Word* Div, I'v *ought to be pronounc'd almoſt like an* F.

bute

bute thoſe Prodigies to them, which in reality belonged to you; and to believe you were ſubject to us. I might in ſome Meaſure, extenuate my Crime, by repreſenting to you, that I am not the Author of the *Sylphes*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphes*, nor of the *Salamanders*, of whom *Paracelſus*, *Vigenere*, and ſome others have treated on before my Pupil; and that his too great Facility to give Ear to my Diſcourſes, did but too much encourage me to impoſe it on him; but you are equally acquainted with what remains to clear me, as with that which renders me guilty in your Sight.

Gabalis fetch'd a great Sigh, and bow'd down his Head, after having finiſh'd his Speech. His Puniſhment was deferr'd till he had declar'd all the Secrets of the black Faction, which he was look'd upon to be the Chief of at that Time among Men. *Argamaſſe* commanded therefore, the Priſon of the Academy to appear, in order to lodge the Criminal in it. She had no ſooner ſpoke but the Earth open'd about ten Yards from *Gabalis*, and diſcover'd a moſt terrible Monſter. He was as big as ſix *Elephants*, and his Body was only cover'd with a wrinkled Skin without any Hair on it. His Eyes were large but hollow, and the prodigious Width of his Mouth reſembled the Brink of an Abyſs.

His

nour of which I engroſs'd, according to the Judgment of the Queen, who could not forbear admiring me perform the Dance [b] of the *Parſes*. When it grew late, ſhe conducted me to her Apartment; a handſome Slave brought us Sweetmeats and Liquors; we undreſs'd our ſelves, and the Moment we were in Bed I fell a Sleep. Next Morning, two arm'd Men awoke me, and ſaid in a rough Manner, mind thou obſerv'ſt the Law. I open'd my Eyes, examin'd the Place the Queen had quitted, I curs'd my bad Fate for ſleeping, dreſs'd my ſelf with all Expedition, and then the two Men thruſt me out of the Palace. No Language is extenſive enough to expreſs the Fatigues I underwent in traverſing the Iſland. At laſt I reach'd *Achen*, where I found a Veſſel oblig'd to touch at *Cambaye*, ſo ſhip'd my ſelf on board of it, in the Quality of a common Sailor.

Being arriv'd in my native Country, I went directly to one of my Friends, who hardly knew me again, being ſo much disfigur'd. I made him believe my Ship was loſt upon a Rock, and deſir'd him to acquaint my Father with my Shipwreck and Arrival. This was ſending him the Diſeaſe and the Remedy at the ſame Time. He did not regard the Loſs of a third Part of his Riches in the leaſt, but haſten'd to meet me where I was. Oh Son! ſaid he, embracing me, let us rejoice and be of good Comfort; the Sea has left us the moſt valuable of our Treaſures, by preſerving thy Life. He led me home, where I found every thing that might engage me to forget the reſt of the World. Some time after that, my Companions arriv'd alſo laden with vaſt

[b] *The Deſcendants of the ancient Inhabitants of* Perſia, *who ſtill ſubſiſt in ſome Parts of* Indoſtan *and* Perſia.

Riches,

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Riches. I related to them my pretended Misfortune, which they ſeem'd ſenſibly affected at. If you are diſpos'd, ſaid they, to venture again to Sea next Spring, we will keep in Company the whole Voyage, and your Loſs ſhall be doubly repair'd. I needed not many Perſuaſions to bring me to a Reſolution of leaving *Cambaye* a ſecond Time: The Idea of the charming Queen of *Barroſtan* being forcible enough to make me accept the Propoſition.

When the Winter Seaſon was almoſt ſpent, my Father, taking Notice of my Penſiveneſs, preſs'd me to tell him what troubled my Mind. Can you be ignorant of it, replied I? I ſhall die with Grief, if I don't find ſome way or other to repair the Loſs you have ſuſtain'd by my Misfortune. My dear Child, reſum'd he, don't think of expoſing your ſelf to freſh Dangers. Let us rather peaceably enjoy our little Certainty at home. This is entirely my advice; but if you are fully bent on courting Fortune a ſecond Time, I love you too well to make any Oppoſition to it. I burſt into Tears of Gratitude, which ſerv'd to compleat his Tenderneſs. He prepar'd a Veſſel for me, much richer laden than the former; he renew'd his Inſtructions, and I joyfully ſet ſail along with the reſt of my Friends. I had no ſooner diſcover'd the fatal Iſland, but I let the Company Ships make the Streights of *Malacca* before me; and backening my Courſes till Night, I bore away in ſpite of them. As for the Ships Company, it was fruitleſs for them to oppoſe my Deſign. With what Regret did the faithful and experienc'd Pilot reſign his Care of the Rudder, and with how much Joy did I immediately take the Management of it, and ſteer that Courſe which blind Love directed me. I was much more

careſs'd now than the firſt Time of my Arrival, I being the only Perſon that ever return'd thither a ſecond Time. The divine *Zulikhah* ſtrove to charm me by additional Graces, which ſhe made to ſhine before my Eyes; but alas! how ill did I repay her kind Advances! A jealous Devil lull'd me to ſleep as ſoon as we were in Bed. When I awoke in the Morning, my Aſtoniſhment and Deſpair exceeded all Bounds, and nothing cou'd equal them, but the Hardſhips I endur'd in my Journey to *Cambaye*.

Here a thouſand Sobs interrupted *Almoraddin*'s Diſcourſe. I confeſs, ſaid I to him, your Misfortunes exact Tears, but ſtill you are happy in having learnt both how to avoid Dangers, and to overcome your ſelf. Such Knowledge is never too dear bought. Alas! cry'd he, I have pay'd the Price, without acquiring it. How unfortunate am I! I have loſt two Ships and valuable Cargoes with them; my Father commiſerates the ill Fate of my ſecond pretended Ship-wreck, and even conſents to run the Hazard of a third, which perhaps will reduce us to the laſt Extremity of Want. We have converted all the little Stock we had left into Merchandiſe. Even my Father's Liberty ſtands at ſtake: He has borrow'd of the wealthy *Mamut* of *Aden*, the Sum of ten thouſand *Roupies*, upon Condition of becoming his Slave, if he does not pay him the ſaid Sum again in a Years time.

The eaſy to be wrought on Goodneſs of the Father, and the Obſtinacy of the Son, excited very much my Compaſſion. As all Countries were indifferent to me, for what I had to do, I made an offer of my Service to accompany him in his Voyage. I'll unravel, ſaid I to him, what prov'd the Cauſe of your Miſcarriages; you muſt certainly

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certainly have acted void of Precaution. He readily accepted my Propoſal, with all the Tranſports of Joy imaginable: Thus we continu'd travelling always together. I diſcover'd to him whom I was, and what Reaſons had induc'd me to forſake my own Country; attributing only that to my Caprice and Curioſity, which I had never undertaken but by an Order, that ſtrictly enjoin'd me to ſecrecy. If I may judge of his Thoughts by my own, I fancy we were both equally ſurpriz'd at the whimſical Motives of our Voyages; and that whilſt I was accuſing him within my ſelf of *Madneſs*, he was wondering the ſame Time at my extravagant *Folly*.

One Day towards Evening, as we were travelling before the Caravan, and entertaining our ſelves as uſual, we heard a ſad and lamentable Outcry come from the Ruins of an old Moſque, encompaſs'd with Trees, and pretty diſtant from the high Road. We immediately haſten'd that Way, and after having ty'd up our Horſes to a Tree, we paſs'd thro' a Thicket to the Place, where the Cries, which augmented more and more, were heard. There preſented to our View a Gang of *Bramines* [c] and *Fakirs* [d], who were uſing Violence to two young Creatures of their own Religion. Tho' four of theſe Ruffians were employ'd to hold each of them, whilſt two of the Chief of the Gang ſtrove to ſatisfy their Brutality, yet ſtill they made a laudable Reſiſtance. As became true *Muſſelmen*, we fell upon theſe infamous Villains, Sword in Hand. Deteſtable Raſcals, ſaid I to them, I'll puniſh your Impu-

[c] Bramines *or* Brahmens, *religious* Gentiles, *much reſpected, but great Cheats.*

[d] *Another Sort of religious Idolaters.*

dence

what Manner ſoever I queſtion'd him, he ſtill perſiſted in the ſame Story. *Emir* having finiſh'd what he had to ſay, *Chah-Jehan* turn'd towards the Son of *Haſam*, who with the moſt profound Reſpect, mov'd his Hand to his Forehead, and ſpoke in the following Manner.

Sacred Defender of the Faithful, may the Sword of the deſtroying Angel [1] grow ruſty in thy Favour. I have neither conceal'd my Sentiments from thee, nor diſguis'd what our Books have taught me. *Amrou*, Son of *Gigim*, ſays, in his Hiſtory of the World, in the Chapter where he treats of thoſe Parts obvious to our Knowledge, tho' we don't know preciſely where they lie, that the Iſland of *Borico* is ſituated by it ſelf, ſurrounded by a vaſt Extent of Sea; that Days and Nights are of an Equality; and that Trees bear Fruit all the Year there, becauſe the Alteration of the Seaſons is imperceptible. He alſo makes mention of the Water that gives youthful Vigour to Bodies impair'd by Weakneſs and old Age; and aſſures us, that a ſmall Piece of Building environs the Fountain. The chief Prieſt, who alone has the keeping of the Key of this Edifice, diſpoſes of none of the Water, but after certain Directions, which he preſcribes. The Natives even of the Iſland are depriv'd of it, and only allow'd to make uſe of what conveys itſelf into the Out Parts, which has nothing nigh the ſame Virtue. It fortifies indeed, but the Source only can reſtore Youth. The Water of the Fountain taſtes like the moſt exquiſite Wine, and is of ſuch Strength, that the leaſt Exceſs of drinking it kindles a Fire in the

[1] *His Name is* Adriel, *he deſtroys all Mankind. According to* Mahomet, *he will be chang'd into a Sheep at the End of the World, and will kill himſelf between Hell and Paradiſe.*

Veins,

Veins, which is not to be extinguiſhed but by the Loſs of Life.

But who inſtructed *Amrou* ſo well, interrupted *Chab-Jehan?* and from whom had he this Relation? My Lord, reſum'd the Chief of the *Imans*, he does not ſatisfy us as to that Article, but I fancy he muſt have had it from ſome Traveller; for he adds, that ſeveral Foreigners had in vain attempted to take the little Edifice by Force. "An Army of Phantoms, *ſays he*, ſuppreſs'd "their Temerity. Some were menac'd by Lyons "and Dragons in Wrath; and others were re- "pell'd by huge Giants, ready to eat them up. "Some felt the Earth quake under their Feet; "and others again had like to have been con- "ſum'd by blazing Cataracts of elemental Flames. "All the Natives came pouring down likewiſe "in Arms upon them; inſomuch, that thoſe "who cou'd ſooneſt reach their Veſſel, eſteem'd "themſelves moſt bleſs'd with God's divine Aſ- "ſiſtance.

Its very probable, My Lord, that the Son of *Gigim*, who neglected no Opportunity of cultivating his Underſtanding, heard a Deſcription of what I've juſt now related, by ſome of thoſe who made their Eſcape.

The Sultan, perceiving *Fazel-Kan* had given over ſpeaking, broke out into an Exclamation, ſaying thrice together, what a Treaſure would the Water of that Source be! Then he look'd ſtedfaſtly on me, and ſaid; *Abdalla*, if the Voyage I ſeem'd to threaten thee with cou'd not make thee afraid, how ſhouldſt thou dread going that of the Iſland of *Borico* in my Service? I was extremely rejoic'd at laſt, to know what my Adventure was likely to produce. Moſt potent of Kings, anſwer'd I, I fear none but thee on Earth.

This Inſtant I'll range the Seas, and cut me to Pieces if I don't bring thee what thou deſireſt. Depart inſtantly, reply'd *Chah-Jehan*, for the Years thou ſhalt annex to mine, ſhall prove as many happy ones to thee. Deſpiſe the Phantoms of *Amrou*, his Recital of them is ſuperfluous. A reſolute and arm'd People was ſufficient to ſubdue thoſe who have impos'd on this Author. I receiv'd my Orders with the moſt profound Humility. The Sultan ſtrictly charg'd us to conceal the Secret, and deputed *Emir-Jemla* to ſupply me with what was neceſſary for the Voyage. Then I withdrew full of Joy and Inquietude.

The next Morning at peep of Day, I left *Agra*, and diſpos'd my ſelf to join a Caravan that was juſt going to *Cambaye*. I had no Equipage but an ordinary Suit of Cloaths on my Back, tho' I carried about me, in Gold and Jewels, to the Value of a Town. I commonly let the Company I met with paſs by me, on purpoſe that I might have the more Liberty to think on the Means of executing my Commiſſion. I was very penſive; I thought there was no Poſſibility of Succeſs, and look'd upon my Expedition as a Baniſhment. I am going, ſaid I, to wander I know not where, in queſt of an Iſland that perhaps is no where to be found. Nothing is more certain than my incertitude of the Road I ought to take. However, I began at laſt to arm my ſelf againſt the diſcouraging Thoughts my Soul had ſuggeſted, and to take ſuch Meaſures, as ſhould either make me ſucceed contrary to all hope, or convince me my Search was vain. A Day's Journey from *Bargant*, I perceiv'd I was not the only Perſon that had avoided Company to indulge Reflection. A young Man, well mounted, of a very agreeable Aſpect, ſeem'd to be much in the ſame way of thinking

with

with my ſelf, which I was convinc'd of by the ſeveral Obſervations I made of him. His melancholy Air having inſpir'd me with Curioſity, I follow'd him pretty briſkly. When I was ſomewhat near to him, I heard him fetch a great Sigh, and ſay pretty high, ſuppoſing himſelf alone; *Oh! if ſhe now eſcapes, I am irretrievably loſt.* The Noiſe of my Horſe interrupting his Reſvery, we ſaluted each other. The Converſation at firſt was carried on with Indifference, till at laſt we both became intereſted in it. I found Means to inſinuate my ſelf into his Confidence, and therefore he made no Difficulty to relate me the Subject of his Inquietudes, in the following Manner.

The Hiſtory of ALMORADDIN.

MY Name is *Almoraddin*, and I am the only Son of a Merchant, who was about three Years ago, one of the Richeſt of *Cambaye*. His Exceſs of Love and Tenderneſs for me, has reduc'd him into very indifferent Circumſtances; and for the ſame Reaſon, perhaps, he is juſt on the Brink of conſuming what little Subſtance he has left. Alas! how wretched am I, to be both the Cauſe of his Misfortune and my own! I've deluded him into an Abyſs of my own making, where Love and Vanity have continually precipitated me, and where Deſpair now plunges me a third Time. Some Relations Sons of our Buſineſs, reſolving to apply themſelves to Commerce, and to go a trafficking Voyage to *Siam*, made me an offer to forſake Pleaſures and Idleneſs, as they had

had done, in order to ſee the World, and to acquire Riches. I was eaſily prevail'd upon to comply, and as eaſily brought my Father to give into it. He equip'd me a fine Ship, loaded it with rich Merchandiſe, and after having recommended Vigilance and Fidelity to me, and given me his Bleſſing, I had his Leave to begin my Voyage. We coaſted all the Iſthma of *India*, without meeting with the leaſt bad Weather; but the Wind changing, when we had ſail'd Part of the Iſland of *Ceylan*, we ventur'd to enter into the Streights of *Malacca*, and thought it beſt to coaſt round the Iſland of *Sumatra*. One Day, as I was amuſing my ſelf on Deck, I eſpied a fine Sea-Port, and adjoining to it, a Town moſt delightfully ſituated. I immediately aſk'd the Pilot the Name of it, and expreſs'd at the ſame Time a vaſt Inclination to go aſhore there. That Town, anſwer'd he, is the capital City of the little Kingdom of *Barroſtan*, which is govern'd at preſent by Queen *Zulikhah*, one of the beautifulleſt Princeſſes in the Eaſt. She has made a Law, which has been already the Ruin of numberleſs imprudent Youths. If you follow my Advice, you'll look upon her Port as a dangerous Rock, and we ſhall purſue our Voyage.

What does that Law enjoin? anſwer'd I, your Diſcourſe ſurpriſes me. This Law, reply'd he, obliges every Commander of a Ship that enters her Port, to lie one Night with the Queen. If any Familiarity happens between them, he muſt of Neceſſity become her Spouſe; but if he does not anſwer the warm Expectations of *Zulikhah*, his Veſſel, Men and Cargo, are confiſcated, and himſelf baniſh'd from her Dominions the next Day. Were my Life even to lie at Stake, reſum'd I, I am reſolv'd to try whether Fortune will

will favour me more than thoſe you have been ſpeaking of, and to experience their Deficiency in pleaſing ſo very amiable a Princeſs. The Pilot wou'd fain have continued his Remonſtrances, but I compell'd him to obey; when we enter'd full ſail into the Harbour. Upon my landing, a Crowd of Courtiers met me to pay their Compliments; the Populace look'd upon me in the Streets I paſs'd thro', with a Kind of Admiration, and her Majeſty gave me a very gracious Reception. The Moment I accoſted her, how did her ſhining Eyes inflame my Soul! Such charming roſy Lips! accompanied with ſuch regular Features, as can only be imagin'd! what a heavenly Complexion! how delicate a Shape[a]! what Sweetneſs, and what Majeſty united together! to ſee all theſe Charms center'd in one Perſon tranſported me. I moſt willingly receiv'd the Impreſſion they made, in Expectation of enjoying them immediately when the happy Opportunity approach'd. *Zulikhab* took me by the Hand, and having ſeated me nigh her, ſhe aſk'd me, with all the Affability imaginable, if I was acquainted with the Laws of that Country? Fair *Zulikhab*, reply'd I, your Laws are not unknown to me; could I but merit the Happineſs they impoſe as an Obligation! There can't be any ſo ſweet in the World; nor ſo ſeverely obſerv'd, reſum'd ſhe, ſmiling. After that ſhe chang'd the Converſation, and aſk'd ſome Queſtions concerning me and my Voyage. All I was capable of ſaying on that Score, ſeem'd to afford her a Deal of Pleaſure. Our Supper was ſerv'd with the utmoſt Magnificence, follow'd by a Ball, all the Ho-

[a] *Throughout all the Eaſt Country, a fine Shape is what gives the Name of Beauty.*

he remaining alone with me; but whether he had a Mind to win me by feign'd Reſpect, or rather, that he did not think the Circumſtances ſuitable, I can't tell; nothing however was offer'd at that Time, but an exaggerated Repreſentation of the Favour he had done me. Six *Bramines*, whom he probably repos'd a particular Confidence in, came back again to us before Day-light, provided with Horſes and Proviſions. Juſt after I had taken all the Jewels off my Cloaths, they diſguis'd me in a long Robe, like thoſe they wear certain Days in the Year. Thus we ſet forward, I not knowing whither they deſign'd to carry me.

The farther we left *Kitour* behind us, the more clearly my odious Lover declar'd in what View he had procur'd my Deliverance. We met Yeſterday at *Maſſan*, a Company of *Fakirs*, who having a Waggon, travell'd more commodious than we. As theſe Sort of People commonly keep a very good Underſtanding with each other, their Chief readily accepted the Propoſition ours made him to unite Companies. We left our Horſes at *Maſſan*, and I was plac'd next this virtuous Lady, who was expos'd to the ſame Danger as my ſelf, and the *Bramines* and *Fakirs* ſat one among another. Their Chiefs, diſpairing to bring us to a ſhameful Conſent by fair Means, reſolv'd to effect their Deſigns by having Recourſe to the laſt Extremity; when, luckily for us, the vile Accompliſhment of them prov'd abortive, in the Place, that ought to be hereafter the Theatre of your Glory.

We were ſenſibly touch'd at the Account this charming *Indian* gave us of her Delivery. *Almoraddin* made an offer of his Service to ſhelter her at his Father's Houſe, well knowing ſhe was no longer ſafe at *Kitour*. She return'd him many Thanks,

Thanks, telling us, ſhe had an Uncle at *Amadabat*, who was a *Muſſulman*, nam'd *Ali-Bajou*, that would protect her from all future Danger. It were ſufficient, ſaid I to her, to be a *Muſſulman*, to do ſo good an Action. Then we beheld, as deſignedly, the other fair Maid, who with a ſmiling Countenance, ſaid to us: Generous Defenders of my Life and Liberty, the beginning of my Misfortunes was not ſo tragick as that which you have heard this Lady ſay ſhe underwent.

The Adventure of the INDIAN VIRGIN *carried away by the* FAKIRS.

I Come from a large Market Town that lies on the high Road, about a Mile and a half from *Amanabat*. We ſhall paſs thro' it, ſo muſt beg you'll pleaſe to leave me to the Care of my Relations, who live there. About four Days ago the Feaſt of the God *Ram* [a], and the Monkey *Innuman* [b], was celebrated there. This Day is always ſolemniz'd with great rejoicing, in Memory of the Victory they obtain'd over the Giant *Ravanem*, and the Deliverance of *Sidi*, Wife of *Ram*, whom the ſaid Giant had detain'd in his Iſland of *Serandib* [c]. There was a great Concourſe of Strangers in the Streets, who either reſorted there out of Devotion, or a Deſire of partaking of the Diverſions which that Place affords on ſuch

[a] Ram, *is the God* Vichnou *made Man*

[b] *The King of Monkeys. 'Twas he that firſt found out the Raviſher of* Sidi, *and ſupply'd* Ram *with an Army of five hundred Millions of Monkeys.*

[c] *It is the Iſland of* Ceilan *that* Ravanem *was King of.*

Occaſions. The Inhabitants were mingled among the reſt, who amus'd themſelves in beholding a thouſand different Spectacles. Upon the Market-Place there were Comedians, who diverted the Publick by little Scenes of Buffoonry; Poſture-Maſters, whoſe Dexterity was aſtoniſhing; Dancers, who were admir'd for their Agility; and Muſicians, who ſung the grand Chorus. The *Fakirs*, whom you ſo deſervedly puniſh'd, drew likewiſe about them a great Number of Spectators, by repreſenting, in a very moving Manner, on their Waggon, which was drawn along, the carrying away of *Cariavarti*, Daughter of *Bruma*. The youngeſt among them, dreſs'd in Women's Cloaths, acted the Part of the Goddeſs. At her firſt Appearance, ſhe ſat on the Front of the Waggon, in a very negligent Poſture, amuſing her ſelf in making a Noſegay of various Flowers, and ſinging harmoniouſly at the ſame Time. Whilſt ſhe was thus imploy'd, the God *Bruma*, plac'd at the hind Part of the Waggon, expreſs'd, in Preſence of his *Andis*[d], the Violence of his Paſſion for his Daughter; and they advis'd him to metamorphoſe himſelf into a Stag, to ſurprize her, and to raviſh her, ſince ſhe refus'd to extinguiſh the Conflagration ſhe had rais'd in his Soul. *Bruma*, receiving their Advice, plac'd a huge Pair of Buck's Horns on his Forehead, and, with the Aſſiſtance of his Favourites, ſeiz'd on *Cariavarti*, carried her away, and conceal'd her under a large Silk Coverlid, that repreſented a Foreſt[e]. Then the Waggon mov'd. The Goddeſs was very ſtrangely agita-

[d] *The* Andis, *of an* Indian *Divinity, are thoſe who perform great Penances in his Honour.*

[e] *The God* Bruma *raviſh'd his own Daughter in a Foreſt, tranſform'd into a Stag.*

ted,

ted, and fill'd the Air with Cries. She was heard, by Intervals, say these lamentable Words: Alas! They are carrying me away! Where are my Relations? Oh *Vichnou!* Oh *Rutren!* Will the Traitors live long without Punishment? *Bruma* and his *Andis* readily mimick'd, in a very comical Manner, all her Gestures; and repeating her Words with different Accents, they form'd an Harmony that made the whole Audience laugh.

Unhappily for me, I was so much pleas'd with this Spectacle, and follow'd the Waggon so considerable a Time, that the God *Bruma* took particular Notice of me. Towards Evening, after the last Representation, he pull'd off his Mask and Horns, bad the Spectators give Attention, and said: Adorers of *Ram*, we esteem our selves very happy, in having afforded you any Diversion by this our Performance. But do ye think you are acquainted with all we can do? No, no, you suppose we take time in studying our Tones and Gestures; and it is therefore necessary for us to undeceive you, by renewing some other agreeable Scene. Whilst he was speaking these Words, he gave a Signal to his Companions, who very probably were accustom'd to such like Crimes. The *Fakirs* jump'd down upon the Ground, seiz'd me, threw me upon their Waggon, and wrapp'd me in *Cariavarti*'s Coverlid, all which was done in the twinkling of an Eye. I began to struggle, to squawl out, and to call Men and Dogs to my Succour; but these Mirrors of Impudence mimick'd exactly what they saw me do, and drown'd my Complaints in their ridiculous Sounds. This deceitful Musick answer'd the End the pretended *Bruma* propos'd to himself; all the Assembly was diverted, and the Waggon began to move. Those who knew me, imagin'd, after one Turn round

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the Market Place, I ſhould be ſet down again in the Place from whence they took me, but the *Fakirs* had no ſuch Deſign. They redoubled their Movements, till by Degrees they had convey'd me out of Town; which was no ſooner done, but they drove the Horſes in ſuch a Manner, that the Waggon ſeem'd to fly. They got into a Wood about Midnight, where they would not have ſtopp'd, but to feed themſelves and their Cattle. Till that Moment, the Fear and Confuſion they were in, had hinder'd them from making me any Overtures; but then, their Chief began to declare himſelf openly my Lover, to tire me with his Importunities, and to urge his inſolent Solicitations with more Fervency. I ſummon'd all the Preſence of Mind I was Miſtreſs of to repel them; but, alas! what Impreſſion can the moſt ſkilful Argument make on a luſtful Man, whom I was reſolv'd not to condeſcend to? The moſt cruel Menaces had been already utter'd, when this agreeable Widow became my Companion in Diſtreſs; and Threatnings would have produc'd far more direful Effects, had not you, Gentlemen, render'd them void, by ſeaſonably coming to our Succour.

The ſubtle Villainy of the *Fakirs*, in this ſecond Adventure, appear'd ſo horrible in our Eyes, that we could not help loading them with a thouſand Imprecations, tho' they were Dead. Had it been in our Power, we ſhould have brought them to Life again, on Purpoſe to ſacrifice it with more Torture and Satisfaction a ſecond Time. We deliver'd the *Indian* Virgin up to her Parents, who embrac'd her with inexpreſſible Tranſports of Joy, and we no ſooner reach'd *Amadabat*, but I conducted the fair Widow to her Uncle *Ali-Bajou*,

Bajou, who afterwards inſtructed her, and put her in the Paths of the Prophet.

Cambaye is a City too well known to need a particular Deſcription of it; but as it was there, I began ſeriouſly to diſcharge my ſelf of the Commiſſion *Chah-Jehan* had honour'd me with, it will be proper, in as few Words as poſſible, to give an Account here of the Method I took to procure all my Reſearches. The Moment I alighted in any Place, my firſt Care was to inform my ſelf, if there liv'd there or thereabouts, any very aged Perſons, famous learn'd Men, or celebrated Travellers; and if I found any, I ſpar'd nothing to make them talk with all the Frankneſs imaginable.

When an old Man told me his Health was puny and wavering, I aſk'd what had reduc'd him to that imperfect State of Health; and when, on the contrary, he ſaid it was no ways impair'd, but ſound and vigorous, I begg'd him to tell me what Secret he made uſe of to preſerve his Strength. The major Part of them poſſeſs'd no ſuch Secret: Some anſwer'd, I eat but one Meal a Day; or, I never take Phyſick; or, I avoid what Fatigues the Body too much; or, I accuſtom my ſelf to very little Sleep. Others again, made quite oppoſite Anſwers: I eat four Meals a Day; I take a Purge every Month; I love Exerciſe; and I ſleep very much. The old Man of *Calicut*, aſſur'd me, his long Life was owing to the Care he always took in keeping his Head and Feet dry; and he of *Barroſtan*, attributed his to the natural Averſion he ever bore to raw Fruit and fat Victuals. Others alledg'd the Cauſe of their Health to proceed from avoiding Paſſion and Sadneſs; but never a one of them made the leaſt mention of the Iſland of *Borico*, or the Water that reſtores paſt Youth.

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The learned Men behav'd with a vaſt Deal more Reſerve; but however, Money for the moſt Part reconcil'd me to thoſe, whom Praiſes had not Effect enough on. I propos'd to them various Queſtions on the Evacuations that happen to human Bodies, and on the Means to repair them. They made very fine Diſcourſes on that Head. They prov'd that the Preſervation of Bodies was nothing elſe but a perpetual Re-eſtabliſhment. They computed the Age of certain Trees[f] and Animals[g], ſuppos'd to live long, becauſe they die without being taken notice of. They added to the Liſt of theſe Animals, a much larger of Men and Women, whom they aver'd to have liv'd many Ages. The Accounts they gave me were well atteſted, and they were ignorant of nothing relating to theſe very aged People, but the Means that had preſerv'd them ſo long in the World. The Reaſons alledg'd on that Score tended to Infinity. At laſt, being urg'd to come to a Concluſion, they all avow'd their Ignorance, except the *Alchimiſts*, who could not be brought to agree that any was yet in Poſſeſſion of what they term, with Emphaſy, *The Sweet Enemy of Uglineſs, of Poverty and of Death*; but were continually hoping how to diſcover it. I don't rank the Lovers of ſupernatural Sciences among the Number of the learned Men by Profeſſion, becauſe they are of a ſuperior Order.

I have always grounded my chief Hopes on them and Travellers. Was not the old Man of *Bengal* a Traveller? and was not the Son of *Gigim* inſtructed alſo by Travellers? Whether I hap-

[f] *An Oak Tree is a hundred Year before it comes to its full Growth, it flouriſhes as many more, and decays the ſame.*

[g] *A Raven, a Crow, a Stag,* &c.

pen'd

pen'd to ſojourn, or to be on the Road, I queſtion'd thoſe who had ſeen the World, without any other View but Curioſity, concerning what ſurprizing Things they had ſeen and heard of during their Travels. They did not require much Entreaty; for I always obſerv'd, they were as fond of recounting their Adventures, as I was of hearing them. They were ſo much the Reverſe of the learned Men, that they would even have pay'd me for liſtening to, or rather admiring them; for, in the main, it's Admiration they want. I propos'd my ſelf two Views by exacting theſe Narrations: I was in hopes either naturally to hear ſome News of the Motive of my Voyage, or elſe to come by the Knowledge of ſome *Sage*, in unity with the *Genii*. Such was my Conduct where ever I paſs'd, ſo ſhall diſpence my ſelf, at preſent, from purſuing the Thread of my Hiſtory.

Almoraddin's Veſſel being all in Readineſs, we put out to Sea. Our Paſſage was both longer and more dangerous than the Seaſon of the Year ſeem'd to promiſe. We were ſeveral Times oblig'd by bad Weather, to put in along the Coaſt of the main Land, and even to ſtay near a Month at *Calicut*, whilſt our Ship was repair'd of the Damage ſhe met with at Sea. There happen'd to be in the Town, at that Time, a *Perſian* Lady, the Relict of a Merchant of the ſame Nation. This Lady's Name was *Rouſchen*[h], who had a Daughter between eight and nine Years of Age, of a lively Wit, call'd *Loulou*[i]. Her Houſe was very much reſorted to on Account of the many curious and ſurprizing Things which were talk'd of there. What moſt excited my Curioſity, was the Voyage, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had made to the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland, where

[h] *Shining.* [i] *Pearl.*

ſhe

dence and Hypocriſy, and Death ſhall be the only Attonement of the foul Crime you attempt to commit. The three that were next me ſoon experienc'd the Fury of my Arm: The reſt, quitting their Hold of the Women, form'd directly a ſmall Battalion, and having drawn their *Canjars*[e] from under their Robes, they diſpos'd themſelves being thus arm'd to attack us, uttering forth moſt dreadful Howlings at the ſame Time. Theſe hideous Shouts had not their deſign'd Effect; for inſtead of terrifying us they prov'd fatal to them, drawing almoſt all the Soldiers belonging to the Convoy of the Caravan to our Aſſiſtance. Four more of theſe Villains had fallen by our Hands when this Succour came up to us; the reſt were ſurrounded and cut in Pieces without any Quarter. I was not wounded in the Action, but *Almoraddin* was ſlightly in one of his Shoulders.

During the Combat the Women had hid themſelves, but as ſoon as it was ended, they came from the Buſhes that had ſerv'd them as an Aſylum. They proſtrated themſelves before us, greatly acknowledging us for their Deliverers and Maſters. We did not ſuffer them long to remain in this Poſture: Praiſe God, ſaid I to them, and honour *Mahomet* his Prophet, whoſe Slaves we are; for his invincible Sword has deliver'd you. As the approach of Night did not permit us to ſtay any longer in that Place, we took up the Women behind us, and went, after having diſtributed ſome Money among the Soldiers, who equally divided the Spoils of the Slain, to look for Lodgings.

We were ſo much fatigu'd, that however curious we might be to hear the Adventures of our

[e] Canjar, *a ſhort but very broad Poniard.*

fair

fair Captives, we gave way to ſleep immediately after Supper was over, They paſs'd the Night in the ſame Chamber, much admiring our Modeſty; but they were ignorant of *Almoraddin*'s Heart being too deeply engag'd at *Sumatra*, and that for my Part, I had reſolv'd never to embark my ſelf in any Pleaſure that might give me too great an Attachment. The next Day, we provided them with Horſes, and purſuing our Journey, we deſir'd them to inform us how they came to fall into the Hands of thoſe Villains we deliver'd them from.

The eldeſt of the two, who was very richly dreſt, drew from her Boſom a little Parcel, which ſhe preſented to me, ſaying: It is highly juſt that I ſhould give you ſome Proofs of my Gratitude, and that the Plunder, which the Hypocrites thought to make, ſhould devolve on you. I made a decent Refuſal of her Preſent, as did alſo *Almoraddin*. You are not ſenſible, reply'd ſhe, of what I offer you. She open'd the Parcel, which prov'd to be a conſiderable Quantity of Diamonds and other Jewels, very nicely wrought. Since you have, ſaid I to her, ſo luckily preſerv'd this Treaſure, it would be as barbarous in us to deprive you of it. Be ſo good, added *Almoraddin*, as not to delay gratifying our eagerneſs to hear you, and in doing that, you'll make us all the Return we require. The generous Anſwer of this Merchant, conſidering the preſent Poſture of his Affairs, enhanc'd very much my Eſteem of him.

The Adventure of the INDIAN LADY, *deliver'd from the Fire.*

NOT long ago, reſum'd the Lady to thoſe preſent, I was the happieſt Woman in all *Kitour*. My Huſband was both young, handſome and complaiſant; his Relations ſhew'd me the moſt tender Regard, and each Day produc'd a new Scene of Delight. I was married a twelve Month, and I ſcarce thought it one. At laſt, a terrible Fit of the Cholick unhappily put an End to my Huſband's Life and my own Felicity, which the moſt ſkilful Phyſicians try'd in vain to preſerve. When he gave up his laſt Breath, I was ſitting down at the Head of his Bed in a moſt deplorable Condition; his Relations were all in Tears; the *Bramines* invok'd the aſſiſting Spirits, and conjur'd the Day Star to ſend the Rays of Light to re-animate the then lifeleſs Body. But alas! that dear Portion of the Divinity was already too far flown from its Matter to be rejoin'd, it was united to its Source. I fell into a Swound, from which I was no ſooner recover'd, but a ſtrange Delirium ſeiz'd me. I can't tell what my Diſorder might make me ſay at that time, but when my Spirits were ſettled, I found my ſelf upon my Bed, encompaſs'd by *Bramines*, who ſeem'd by their Geſtures and Singing to be exceeding Gay.

Their Folly did much augment my Grief. I paſſionately aſk'd them what was the meaning of their Mirth? Their Chief, an aged Man of great Authority, impos'd ſilence on the reſt, and kiſſing my Hand, in ſpite of me, ſaid: 'Tis your

heroic Virtue we celebrate, your conjugal Tenderneſs, your faithful Love, a divine Fire, which the pureſt Flames that ever proceeded from Balm or Cinnamon, are unworthy to be mix'd with. Oh happy deceas'd! continued he, raiſing his Voice, bliſsful Soul! bright Spark that augments the Luſtre of the Day be no longer agitated! Thy faithful Conſort will be ſhortly rais'd to join and mingle Glory with thee. Whilſt he was delivering this fatal Diſcourſe [a], which I too well comprehended, I endeavour'd to make my Eſcape; but the cruel old Man, and thoſe who were ſubſervient to him, conſpir'd to detain me, continuing to overwhelm me with their deceitful Praiſes. You are the Glory of your Country, ſaid they, you are the Support of our Religion, a Prodigy of Courage, and a worthy Example to the Memory of ſucceeding Ages. By you, all Widows will learn to follow their tender Huſbands into the other World, and to purify their Charms in the ſacred Fire. How delightful is it to blend our Aſhes with thoſe we formerly cheriſh'd, and to fly to the Center of Light to celebrate new Nuptials!

I am unworthy of all theſe Honours you heap upon me, cry'd I; my Spouſe will be ſatisfy'd with my Tears; I ſhall rejoin him as he quitted me, when Fate ordains it. But you have choſen, reply'd they all together, to end your Days after a more glorious Manner; your Soul is rais'd above it ſelf. *Oh deareſt of Huſbands!* did you ſay, *I cannot, will not ſurvive thee.* You ſaid it, and our Ears heard it; don't therefore op-

[a] *The* Indian *Women are oblig'd to be burnt alive with the dead Bodies of their Huſbands, if, in their Grief, they happen to ſay they'll die for him. The* Mahometans *endeavour as much as poſſible to aboliſh this Cuſtom.*

poſe any longer a pretended Modeſty to the Praiſes you merit. We have inform'd the Magiſtrates of it, your Relations, all your fellow Citizens; they have deliver'd you up to our Zeal, and we will not fail to ſee the Execution of their Deſires. I repreſented that I had not been heard, and that if any Expreſſion ſlipt from me, worthy of Death, I ſaid it during my Delirium. Notwithſtanding this, they liſten'd not to my Allegation. My Frenzy was judg'd as a ſupernatural Condition, and capable of acting with Reaſon in it. My Perſecutors did not ſuffer me out of their Sight, whilſt my Huſband's Corps was waſhing, and the Pile of Wood making ready. My Complaints being fruitleſs, I reſolv'd, out of Deſpair, to refuſe taking any Suſtenance, and to keep in a continual Silence. This Conduct even was look'd upon as a marvellous Effect of my Virtue, as my infamous Panegyriſts would inſinuate: The half of my Soul, ſaid they, was already with the Sun, and the other diſdain'd the common Weakneſſes of human Nature.

The Chief of theſe *Barbarians*, who found me agreeable to his Inclination, and had a conceal'd Deſign, was very much alarm'd at my Reſolution. The Night before my intended Obſequies, inſtead of exhorting me as uſual, he whiſper'd me, and ſaid, *Fear not, fair Lady, I'll find means to ſave you. The Gods mov'd at my Prayers, reſign you up for ſome time, to their Miniſter, and command you not to abridge a Life, that even the Flames revere by Hunger.* I greedily ſwallow'd the Hope of it, without examining too much the Price the Deceiver ſet upon my Deliverance. I eat, I receiv'd the Congratulations of my Friends, and all the Commiſſions they gave me for the other World without Concern. The next Day they dreſt me

in the richeſt Apparel I had, and conducted me by the Sound of Inſtruments to the Pile, that was erected at an extraordinary Expence, without the City Gates. I enter'd the Lodge that was prepar'd for me, and my Huſband's Body was laid croſs my Knees, according to the Cuſtom of *Kitour*. As ſoon as the Entrance of the Lodge was ſtopt up, the Pile was ſet on Fire, and the Air eccho'd with the mournful Sound of the Flutes, and the Acclamations of the Populace. At the firſt Appearance of the Flames, I was repoſſeſs'd of all my former Terror; eſpecially when the combuſtible Matters I was ſitting on, ſunk down with me on a ſudden under the Earth. The Meaſures were ſo well taken, that my Deſcent prov'd ſucceſsful. Two *Bramines*, whom I ſaw not, but heard, immediately remov'd my Huſband's Body from me, and having drawn it up again into the Lodge that was all on Fire, they ſtopt it up with Materials proper for that Purpoſe. After that, they convey'd me thro' a long and obſcure Paſſage that led into a Vault, where they ſhut me up.

The Ceremony of my funeral Rites being over, and the Night ſucceeding, the *Bramines* and their Chief repair'd to the Place where I was. My Vault being pretty large and very light, the Brothers made a very ſplendid Entertainment, were exceeding merry, and did not a little pun upon the eaſy Credulity of the People. When Supper was ended, they divided themſelves by the [illegible] Orders; ſome going under Ground, [illegible] thers without, to put the finiſhing [illegible] Reparation of the Place where we [illegible] the Pile, that the Knowledge of their [illegible] not be perceivable by the moſt [illegible] pected now to be attack'd by the [illegible].

PAGES PARTIALLY ILLEGIBILE

ſhould be pay'd to the Prophet. The Queen was the only Perſon that oppos'd this Deliberation, but her Sentiments were rejected. The reſt of the Dream was accompliſh'd as ſoon as the Edict was executed: Men and Cattle recover'd, and the venemous Beaſts that infeſted the Kingdom, were all deſtroy'd. The deteſtable *Becolhan*, who was proud of the Succeſs of his Practices, no longer appear'd in Publick. He was proclaim'd God of *Gor*, every where Hymns were ſung in his Honour, and in as many Places Vows were made him.

But his Glory was likely to be very ſhort liv'd: He knew the Ills he had done were more real than their cure, and that thoſe who imagin'd themſelves reſtor'd to a perfect State of Health, would ſoon relapſe into a much more deplorable Situation than before. This very Conſideration compell'd him, much againſt his Inclination, to think of quitting the Place in an abrupt Manner. But however, the Day of his Departure being come, he was willing to take leave of *Fion*. This Prince, ſleeping as uſual in Publick, thought *Becolhan* appear'd again to him, and ſaid: King of *Gor!* Thou haſt caus'd my Statue to be erected, thy People have honour'd me, I am highly ſatisfy'd with my Treatment, and muſt find out ſome way or other to recompenſe thee for it. I don't think it a ſufficient Retaliation to have preſerv'd thy Subjects and their Flocks from periſhing, it is very juſt that thou alſo ſhouldſt partake of my Vigilance and Liberality. Thy Kingdom is powerful in Men, and fertile in Product, but ſtill it is deſtitute of Gold and Silver. Follow me therefore, and I'll lead thee to a Treaſure that the Gods have reveal'd unto me. *Fion* thought he ſaw this pretended Sage making ready to depart in the Quality of his Guide,

Guide, that he follow'd him, and that, after having paſt Mountains, Rivers and Woods, they came, at laſt into a ſpacious Field, cover'd with Pomgranate-Trees. When they were got to about the middle of it, *Becolhan* pointed to one of them with his Finger, ſaying, under that Tree the Treaſure was actually hid. How ſhall I know it again, anſwer'd *Fion*; for this Field is large, and all the reſt of the Pomgranate-Trees reſemble that you have ſhewn me? Cut off a Branch like this, reply'd *Becolhan*, bending him one, and that will ſerve you as a Mark. *Fion* took hold of the Branch, drew out his Knife, and cut it off; upon which, the Magician burſt into a Fit of Laughter, and diſappear'd.

King *Gor* was ſeiz'd that very Moment with the moſt piercing Pain! and the very Hall, ſet apart for ſleeping in, echo'd with the terrible Groan he gave, when he awoke from his Dream. All his Courtiers open'd their Eyes at this grievous Complaint, and were much aſtoniſh'd to ſee their Maſter cover'd with Blood, holding in one Hand his Knife, and in the other his Noſe, that he had juſt cut off. Perfidious Villain, cry'd he, doſt thou laugh at my Misfortune, and think'ſt thou ſhalt eſcape the Puniſhment due to thy Crime? No, no—— Quick, Fly to the Place where *Becolhan* lives, ſecure the Traitor, and bring him inſtantly before me. His Nobles and Officers ran immediately to the Magicians Houſe, but he was gone. They diſpatch'd a Hundred young Men, well mounted, with Orders to ſtop the Criminal wherever he paſs'd, but as ineffectual. The King finding *Becolhan* had eſcap'd his Rage, both his Pains and Anger augmented. He related his unhappy Adventure to his Courtiers, and then order'd the Queen to be call'd, who was the on-

ly Perſon that had conceiv'd a bad Opinion of the Magician. But alas! ſhe was neither to be found in her Apartment, nor throughout all the Palace, which produc'd freſh Matter of Deſpair to the unfortunate Prince, who ſuſpected her Guilty of the worſt of Treachery. He was ready to run diſtracted; and his Attendants were oblig'd to keep him in their Sight, the reſt of the Day and the following Night, leſt the Exceſs of his Tranſports ſhould prompt him to make away with himſelf. The next Day, he order'd *Becolban*'s Statue to be pulled down, drawn about the Streets, and burnt to Aſhes. He likewiſe commanded the whole Street, where this inhuman Wretch liv'd, to be demoliſh'd, and would be at the Execution of it in Perſon.

The Magician's Houſe was the firſt they began to demoliſh, but before they proceeded to the reſt, they heard a great Noiſe in the Air, and ſaw a great black Cloud deſcend from thence, and ſettle it ſelf upon the Ruins, where it open'd and diſcover'd the moſt beautiful Creature that ever was beheld. She addreſs'd her ſelf to the King, ſaying; behold my Features and remember them! though thou haſt ſeen them far leſs handſome. The Moment ſhe had ſpoken theſe Words, both the King and People knew her to be the Queen of *Gor*, which ſtruck them into ſuch a Confuſion, as hinder'd them from teſtifying their Admiration any other way, but a profound Silence. I had condeſcended, continu'd ſhe, to become a Woman of this World to make thee happy, but thou haſt render'd thy ſelf unworthy the Embraces of a *Periſe*. Thou waſt not ſatisfy'd with contemning my Counſels, but thou muſt farther hearken to infamous Suſpicions. Now thou ſhalt judge if they were well grounded: I have taken Revenge,

in

in thy Cauſe, of an *Impoſtor*, and to revenge my ſelf of an *ungrateful* Perſon, I have condemn'd thee never to ſee my Face more. At theſe Words ſhe diſappear'd, the Cloud diſpers'd, and then they ſaw, with greater Aſtoniſhment, the Magician confin'd and burning in a Cage of red hot Iron. Thus King *Fion* paſs'd the reſt of his Days in Sorrow and Affliction, without a Noſe, and without a Wife; and the Magician's Puniſhment laſted as long as this unhappy Prince liv'd. *Scheikh-Alſem* added, that to this Day, might be ſeen at *Gor*, the very Place and Ruins where *Becolban*'s Houſe ſtood.

This Adventure, ſaid *Rouſchen*, deſerves to be written in golden Letters. How well can I diſtinguiſh the oppoſite Characters of the *Peris* and *Divs* in it! But, *Almoraddin*, did not your Author give a Deſcription of the Queen of *Gor*, after her Victory over the *Divs*, that were ſubject to *Becolban?* No Madam, reply'd he. I am ſorry for it, reſum'd *Rouſchen*; for certainly I muſt have ſeen this admirable *Periſe*, and I think I know her. You believe you know her, Madam, interrupted we, you ought to know her! The Hiſtory, reply'd ſhe, I am going to tell you of, will perhaps ſolve the Doubts I perceive you are in.

The Hiſtory of the PERSIAN LADY, *with her Voyage to the* Topſy-Turvy *Iſland.*

THEY ſay true Friendſhip is rarely to be found among Brothers, and for my Part, I believe it leſs frequent among Siſters: I never had

but one, and there was no Poſſibility of agreeing with her. The poor Year ſhe was older than I, made her uſurp an Air of Superiorty over me, that was inſupportable. She was continually in an ill Humour, but it never appear'd in ſo ſtrong a Light, as the Night before her Nuptials. Tir'd with bearing her repeated Inſults, I was provok'd, at laſt, to ſpeak in my Turn; which I did, in the moſt picquant Manner I was Miſtreſs of: *Koutai*, ſaid I to her, if Reproaches could make me grow lean, thou wouldſt certainly overwhelm me with them ſtill. Am I the Cauſe, if Fate has not thought proper to form me after thy Reſemblance? The Rage that theſe Words rais'd in her Soul can't well be imagin'd, much leſs expreſs'd. She flew at me to tear my Eyes out; but I left her in that Fetid, and ſought ſhelter in a Garret, that laid over her Chamber. She made ſuch a terrible Noiſe, that alarm'd the whole Houſe. Father, Mother, Slaves, and every body ran to her Room to ſee what the Uproar was; and found her Pale, full of Tears, and reduc'd to the laſt Degree of Deſpair. She related the Quarrel to her own Advantage, and proteſted, if ſhe had not Satisfaction for the dreadful Inſult I had given her, ſhe would take ſuch Meaſures as would not be very pleaſing to them. My Father and Mother immediately promis'd to ſatisfy her in every thing ſhe could wiſh, and aſk'd her, what Puniſhment ſhe thought I had deſerv'd? I ſhall be at Eaſe, ſaid ſhe, and *Rouſchen* will be ſufficiently puniſh'd, if ſhe be deny'd going to my Wedding. I ſaw and heard every thing was ſaid, thro' a little Crevice in the Chamber-Floor. Every body prais'd her Moderation, and an old Slave, who never lov'd me, readily ſignaliz'd her Zeal, by haſtening to lock me up in the Garret.

Finding

Finding myſelf thus cloſe Priſoner, I did nothing but ſob and cry. *Koutai*, ſaid I, foreſaw well enough my Revenge would be too much gratify'd if I made my Appearance at the Hymen, Her Apprehenſions of it are now over, and her Want of Beauty, in my Abſence, will be leſs conſpicuous. What Joy to her! and how much Vexation to me! I paſs'd the reſt of the Day, and a part of the Night in ſuch like Reflections, and then fell aſleep. During my Slumber, I had a very extraordinary Dream. Methought I ſaw before me an immenſe Space of Land and Sea, that diſcovered, at a Diſtance, a very high blue Iſland, from the Top of which aroſe two large Clouds, waſh'd with Silver, that advanced towards me, attended with an Infinity of others. All theſe Clouds diſperſed themſelves into two Lines, and form'd between the Iſland and me, the longeſt and moſt glittering Alley can be imagined. Another Cloud, that ſeem'd to be of burniſhed Gold, fill'd up the Extremity of the Alley towards the Iſland; and a little Girl, much like *Loulou*, being placed upon it, this Cloud, on a ſudden, took the Shape of a Throne, and mov'd of itſelf.

As it advanced, the ſilvery Clouds transform'd themſelves, on each Side, into Guards richly dreſs'd, who, with Sword in Hand, ſaluted the little Girl with all the Marks of a profound Reſpect. But how great was my Surpriſe, when this extraordinary Perſon, who, coming out of the Iſland, ſeem'd but as a Child, had not got half the Way, before I perceived ſhe had the Face and Air of a Woman of 40 or 50 Years old. The nearer ſhe approached, the more ſhe appear'd advanced in Age, and when ſhe was nigh at Hand, ſhe diſcover'd herſelf to be but a little, wrinkled, ſtooping, grey-hair'd Creature; She look'd on me with an Eye

of

ſhe had been an Eye Witneſs of ſuch Wonders, as no Mortal ever ſaw before her ſelf. But when we arriv'd at *Calicut*, ſhe had for ſome Time left off relating any thing about her Voyage thither, becauſe ſhe perceiv'd they had not Faith enough to believe it, and that the moſt Part of the Strangers, who frequented her Houſe, look'd upon what ſhe ſaid concerning the *Peris*[k], and *Divs*[l], as meer Fiction. The Adorers of *Iſſa*[m] regarded her Notions as the Effect of Madneſs, and the reſt did not know what to make of her.

I ſhould have been ſorry to have miſs'd ſo favourable an Opportunity of becoming acquainted with ſo extraordinary a Perſon as ſhe was; ſince the Name *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland gave me ſuch a lively Idea of that I was in ſearch of. We paid her ſeveral Viſits, which ſhe receiv'd with ſo much Civility, as left us no Room to believe our Company was diſagreeable. She reaſon'd with ſuch a Fluency of good Senſe, upon all Sorts of Subjects, that my prejudice againſt all the Women of her Country began to diſſipate. The young *Loulou* promoted likewiſe Converſation according to her Capacity. When we made our firſt Viſit, I began to run in Praiſe of her fine Eyes and Eyebrows; upon which, *Rouſchen* interrupted and ſaid: *Daughter! make appear your Wit deſerves far greater Encomiums.* I ſhall, anſwer'd *Loulou*, by telling theſe Strangers the Story of the three great Fiſhes.

[k] *Theſe are good* Genii.
[l] *The Name of the bad* Genii.
[m] Jeſus Chriſt.

The first Story of LOULOU.

YOU must know there was formerly a Pond in the Kingdom of *Staphilin*, which extends it self along the Coast of the *Grey* Sea, that was renown'd for producing very fine Fish. These Fishes were reserv'd for the King's Use only, and whosoever of his Subjects should presume to meddle with them, incurr'd his high Displeasure. He even forbid any should be caught for himself, during a considerable Time, which augmented the Growth of three of these Fishes to so prepostrous a Size, that they lorded it over the whole Pond. As Fishes have their different Inclinations, as well as Men: So the first of them was very *courageous*, the second very *cunning*, and the third very *slothful*. These Tyrants became, at last, so nice in their eating, that they turn'd up their Noses at their usual Food, and in short, nothing would go down with them but their Fellow Fishes, which depeopled the Pond in a very short Time.

As all vile Actions come to light one time or another, their rapacious Gluttony came at last to the King's Ears, who resolv'd to have them caught and to eat them. He sent therefore his Fishermen one Night to the Pond, ordering them to have their Nets in Readiness for the next Day. They repair'd thither accordingly; and as they were talking about their Commission, a Frog, not far from them, over-heard all they said, and went immediately to carry the fatal News to the three Fishes, who were at Supper together that Night. They made a Jest of what the poor Frog kindly forewarn'd them, and only thought of engaging his Company at Table, where they sat till Mid-

night,

night, and then fell asleep. As soon as the Sun was risen, the King went in Person, and order'd the Fishermen to environ the Pond with their Nets. The watchful Frog hearing what was in Agitation, thunder'd out his croaking, in order to awake the three Fishes, who were still asleep. The *courageous* and *cunning* ones awoke: The first made the best of his Way to the Mouth of a Brook that ran into the Pond, where he broke through the Net, and sav'd himself. The second counterfeited himself dead, and floated on the Surface of the Water, as though he had been poison'd. The Frog call'd the *lazy one* several times, but in vain; there was no such thing as stirring him, though the Sly-boots heard well enough all the while. He indulg'd himself so long, till at last the Fishermens Nets made their Approaches. They took up the *cunning one* that was floating, into their Hands, but smelling the pestiferous Matter he had rubb'd his Head with, they threw him into the Pond again as a rotten Fish. As for the *slothful one*, he had scarce open'd his Eyes when he was caught and carried away. Nay, I have heard it averr'd for Truth, that he even yawn'd several Times before the King, and ask'd, with his Eyes clos'd, what a Clock it was? This Prince perceiving he was fat and in extraordinary good Case, order'd the Officers of his Kitchen to open him, to cut him into Slices, and to dress him into several Sauces for his Breakfast. It is so true, added the little Story-teller, that a lazy Criminal never escapes the Punishment due to him.

We very much applauded the Subject and Manner, which the agreeable *Loulou* told it with. She related to us after that, several other such like Stories, which were learnt her, as we afterwards found out, by a *Portugueſe* Slave, who had the

the Care of her Education. But to return to the Mother. Our Friendſhip with her becoming now more familiar, we entreated her to pleaſure us with a Deſcription of her Voyage. She readily comply'd with our Requeſts, on Condition, each of us, in return, would likewiſe relate an Adventure as true and ſurpriſing as her's was, and that one of us two would begin firſt. Not to fail anſwering your Expectations, ſaid I to her, as to the Wonders, would be only to repeat your own Words; and for the reſt, we hope you'll be ſatisfy'd, charming *Rouſchen*, with our perfect Submiſſion to your better Judgment.

Almoraddin choſe to begin. The trueſt and moſt ſurpriſing Hiſtory obvious to my Knowledge, ſaid he, is that of the King without a Noſe. I was told it by *Scheikh-Alſem*, whom God be merciful to.

The Hiſtory of the King without a Noſe.

A Magician, that took upon him the Name of the Sage *Becolban*, went one Day to the Court of *Fion*, King of *Gor*[a], where he met with ſo affable a Reception, that he reſolv'd to remain there ſome time. Notwithſtanding the kind Treatment was ſhewn him, he could not forbear exerciſing his *Ill-Genius*; he fill'd the whole Kingdom with an unheard-of Multitude of venemous Crea-

[a] Gor, *an antient Kingdom, ſituated near Mount* Caucaſus, *which bounds it* North *and* Eaſt: *It is now a Province in the Kingdom belonging to the Great Mogul.*

tures, and threw a vaſt Number of Perſons, of all Conditions, into incurable Diſeaſes, by his diabolical Enchantments. Upon his Arrival, he publickly foretold, couch'd in obſcure Terms; that the Kingdom was juſt upon the Brink of Deſtruction. King *Fion*, perceiving the Propheſy, he before ridicul'd, in a Diſpoſition to be accompliſh'd, thought no body more proper to redreſs the preſent Calamities, than he, who alone had the Foreknowledge of them. He intimated to him therefore his Reflections on that Exigence, and fervently deſir'd he would not refuſe affording his Aſſiſtance in it. *Becolhan*, tranſported to ſee the King caught in the Snare he had laid for him, ſaid: Prince! I have already been ſtudying ſome time to diſpel what diſturbs thee; for I know thy Inquietudes. Tho' I were not as naturally inclin'd to Generoſity as I am, yet the civil Uſage thou haſt ſhewn me, would ſo much affect my Gratitude, as to make me undertake any thing with Pleaſure that diſcover'd the leaſt View of ſerving thee. 'Till now, ſome unlucky Conſtellation has oppos'd the good Diſpoſition I feel on this Occaſion; but as ſoon as ever the dire Cauſe ceaſes to obſtruct its Influence, I'll ſignify to thee what Courſe muſt be taken. *Fion* was extreamly ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, which very much augmented the Veneration he poſſeſs'd in Favour of the pretended Sage.

It is the Cuſtom for the Sovereign of that Country to ſleep every Day two Hours after Dinner, encompaſs'd by his Nobles, who follow his Example. To make court to Sultans, in other Parts of the World, conſiſts in accoſting them in a handſome Manner, in ſaying ſomething that's agreeable and witty to them, and in ſtriving to become ſerviceable to them; but there it conſiſts

in

in ſleeping with them, which is done with great Ceremony. The Monarch and his Courtiers are very magnificently dreſt to paſs thoſe two Hours, extended at their Eaſe, on Sofa's very rich and commodious. About eight Days after the Interview I have mention'd, *Fion* fell into a Dream, when aſleep in the midſt of his Courtiers. He thought he ſaw erected in the great Square of *Gor*, a large Column of black Marble, with a Statue upon it reſembling *Becolban*, which held a little Scroll of Paper in each Hand: In one was wrote, *Heaven deſtroys*; and in the other, *I cure*. He thought likewiſe that a vaſt Multitude of ſick Men and Women went and touch'd the Column, and were perfectly reſtor'd by it; that the languiſhing Flocks of Sheep, under the Care of their Shepherds, approach'd it, and were alſo re-eſtabliſh'd; and laſtly, that Millions of Serpents and Dragons came in their Turn, to the Feet of the Column, and were all deſtroy'd by it. When *Fion* awoke, he told his Dream to thoſe preſent, who adviſ'd him to ſend for the Sage to give the Interpretation of it. Thoſe deputed to go for him, knock'd a long while at his Door without any body anſwering. At laſt, as they began to be impatient, *Becolban* look'd out of his Window, and ſaid to them in a great Paſſion; that he knew well enough what they came for; that they might go back again; for the Dream was expreſſive enough of it ſelf. This wicked Man did not ſay an untruth, in aſſuring them he knew the Reaſon of their coming, for he was the Author of the Dream.

The Anſwer being brought back to the Prince, he call'd a Council, which was of Opinion, that the Statue of *Becolban* ſhould immediately be erected, after the Model of that which had appear'd to *Fion*, as alſo, that divine Honours

Diſtance, neither appear'd very obſcure, nor yet very bright. If my Conductreſs had given Leave, I ſhould have imploy'd myſelf in making ſome curious Obſervations, as the Place was ſo commodious for taking them; but ſhe oppoſed it, ſaying, The Moon will preſently make her Courſe over the Place we are in, and produce ſuch Quantity of Air, that whilſt the Sea is receiving its Flow, you may probably be ſtifled: Beſides, I promiſed to be at home betimes; embrace me, therefore, and let us begone. The Part we deſcended from the Earth gave a tolerable Reflection, becauſe it preſented nothing to our View but the vaſt Plains of the Ocean: The more our Deſcent approach'd it, the more it ſeem'd to encreaſe in Bigneſs and Darkneſs; but when we came within Obſervation of the different Parts of it, I perceiv'd directly under us, in the Midſt of the Waters, a very ſpacious Iſland, which I knew to be the ſame blue Iſland I had ſeen in a Dream, and which is called by the *Peris*, the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland. It appear'd blue to me before, becauſe of the Diſtance I was from it, but when my Approach was nigher, a thouſand various Colours crowded upon my Sight. However, I did not fix my Eyes much on theſe new Objects, becauſe my Attention was already taken up with ſomething much more ſurpriſing.

Lutfallah, whom I held embrac'd, had tranſform'd herſelf during our Deſcent. Her grey Hairs were now become of a light Cheſt-nut Colour; and the more we advanced towards the Iſland, the ſmoother and more beautiful her Complexion grew. Her Shape viſibly form'd itſelf, her Neck was admirably long, her Arms round and taper, and her Hands plump and of a delicate Whiteneſs. How charming ſhe was, when we had paſs'd

paſs'd two thirds of the Way! She ſtill continu'd to grow younger, the nearer we approach'd the Earth: The Colour of her Hair became gradually lighter, till it was perfectly white; her whole Body deminiſh'd, without loſing any thing of its Beauty or Proportion; and when we were about one fourth of a League from the Mountains of the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland, I held no more than a Child of ten Years old in my Arms; ſomewhat graver indeed, though nothing more charming and agreeable.

We landed in the Middle of the Iſland, about a hundred Yards from a River, that ſerved inſtead of a Moat to a pretty large Town. Seeing neither Draw-bridges nor Boats, I aſk'd the Queen if we were to croſs it in the Air, and whether I was to diſpoſe myſelf as uſual? They paſs this River differently from what you imagine, anſwer'd ſhe, throwing her Rod into it. At that Inſtant, the Waters overagainſt the Place where we ſtood, ſwell'd, forlook their Bottom, and form'd a tranſparent *Portico*, above Two hundred Yards high. This aſtoniſhing Elevation of the Waters did not however prevent their continual Running; and the Fiſhes they were full of, made by their Sallies the moſt agreeable Ornament of the *Portico*. How did they ſport out of their Element! How often did they dart themſelves, ſometimes up to the Top, ſometimes down to the Bottom, and ſometimes from the Sides of the Arch! Their Motions were alternate: One was no ſooner loſt to our View, than another appear'd the next Moment. The Flood, after quitting its Courſe, diſcover'd a magnificent *Porphir* Stair-Caſe, above an hundred Steps down to the Bottom, which was illuminated by Lights from the Walls, and the great Gate that ſtood at the Foot of it. As we

were going down, *Lutfallah* inform'd me that the Illumination we saw was no more than a natural Cause, proceeding from a Vernish, the young *Peris* compose of the Skins of certain Fishes and Tails of Glow-worms, infused three Weeks in the Essence of rotten Wood, extracted without the Assistance of Fire. When we came to the Gate, we heard a horrid Croaking; and when both Sides of it were open, we saw an overgrown Frog, as big as a Goat, who moved on her two hind Legs, in order to receive the Queen, and deliver her up the same Rod I had seen her throw into the River. After she had taken it, and we had walk'd some Turns in a vast large Hall very light, being inlaid with *Ascra* [b] Stones, and such shining Flints as sometimes fall down with Thunder-bolts, the Frog retired very humbly towards the Door, which we shut after us, and then set up a second Croaking more hideous than the former.

This Signal was follow'd by a prodigious Noise of Drums and Trumpets: Then casting my Eyes round the Hall, I perceived Twenty-four Caverns very artfully cut out in the Wall, fill'd with as many Animals of an enormous Size, and of a Figure altogether strange to me. It was from them the Noise proceeded; each of these monstrous Beasts having a Drum or Trumpet, on which they play'd in a Manner proportionable to their Bigness and vast Strength. My Conductress told me they were *Mites* [c] of that Country, which, when I examin'd more nearly, I found had indeed the Resemblance of those I had seen before. We pass'd through a long Gallery, where an infinite

[b] *The Translator confesses he neither knows what* Ascra *Stones are, nor the Flints that accompany Thunder bolts.*

[c] *An Animal scarce perceptible, whose Figure can only be discovered through a Microscope.*

Number of *Acudias* [d] and other ſhining Flies, ſporting in the Air, diffus'd a pleaſing Luſtre from their Wings. From thence we came to a pair of Stairs, much like thoſe we had deſcended at our Entrance, which conducted us to a great ſquare Court, paved with greeniſh Marble: At each Corner were fine Lodgings built of the ſame Matter, and in the Middle a Fountain, whoſe Baſon was more than thirty Foot Diameter, tho' cut out of but one entire Emerald. About twenty little old Women, and as many old Men, dreſs'd in Green, play'd here and there round the Court; ſome at Chuck-farthing, others at Shittle-cock, or at Cockal. As ſoon as *Lutfallah* appear'd, they gave over their Diverſions, running to her, careſſing her, and giving her the Title of Grand Mamma. The little Queen receiv'd them with ſo grave and prudiſh an Air, that I could not forbear laughing to ſee Old-age ſo frolickſome, and Youth or rather Infancy ſo auſtere and commanding Reſpect. *Rouſchen*, ſaid *Lutfallah*, what you ſee undoubtedly ſurpriſes you. The Things I behold, anſwer'd I, would even be frightful to me, if I did not take them all, eſpecially theſe rediculous old Women and Men, for ſo many Phantoms. It's the Effect of Prejudice and Ignorance that makes you think ſo, reply'd ſhe; all that gay Youth exiſts as really as you do. Caſt your Eyes upon this Looking-Glaſs, giving me a little Pocket one; and as I was juſt going to open it, ſhe left me. I ſhudder ſtill whenever I call to mind what I ſaw there, in ſeeing myſelf.

How great my Conſternation! How ſudden my Terrour! and how ready was I to ſink down,

[d] *Little Volatiles very ſhining. There are Numbers of them in* America.

when I beheld my Cheeks flabby! my Eyes hollow! my Lips chopp'd and pale! my Mouth fall'n in! my Nose red and big at the End! my Chin picked! my Forehead full of Wrinkles! and my Hair as white as Snow! I ran haſtily to ſee myſelf in the Fountain, ſtill hoping the Effect of the Looking-glaſs might only prove an Illuſion; but, alas! it brought the unwelcome Confirmation of what I had already ſeen, and made me cry out ſo terribly that all the ancient Populace gather'd together about me. My Affliction was ſo great, Words are not half forcible enough to expreſs it. I became ſtupid and inſenſible, and remained in that wretched Situation, a conſiderable time, ſtretch'd on the Ground, leaning upon the Edge of the Emerald Baſon. Being, at laſt, recovered from my deep Lethargy of Grief, I gave Vent to Tears and Complaints, crying out, Cruel *Lutfallah!* is this the Uſage I was to hope from thy Protection? Haſt thou conducted me here, only to make me feel the worſt Effects of thy Indignation? Canſt thou pretend to love me, and at the ſame time oppreſs me with the moſt dreadful of Ills? Couldſt thou revenge thyſelf after a more barbarous manner, were I even thy profeſs'd Enemy? Oh happy *Koutai!* How do I now envy thy Beard! And how trivial do I think thy Misfortune, when compared with mine! The old Men and Women put the finiſhing Stroke to my Diſpair, by their ſilly Converſation, and ſtriving to compel me to drink ſome of the Fountain-water; but however they were prevented, by the Voice of a young Man, who came towards me from the other Side of the Square. He looked only to be about fifteen Years of Age, though he moved with a grave and majeſtick Air. His Viſage wore a certain Reſervedneſs, yet nothing of Auſtere in it. When he had accoſted

accoſted me, he aſk'd me, with a great deal of Affability, if I had ever heard ſpeak of the *Peri*, *Milan-Schak?* The Peruſal of our Annals, reply'd I, has given me ſome Idea of him. I am the very Perſon, anſwer'd he. Is it poſſible, reſum'd I, much ſurpriz'd, that you can ſtill look ſo young, conſidering how old you were, when you defeated the Monſter *Ouranba*[e], in the Mountain of *Aberman? Milan-Schak* ſhook his Head and ſmiled, and then offer'd me his Hand, with a vaſt deal of Complaiſance, in order to conduct me to his Appartment. After having aſcended a Jaſper Stair Caſe, we paſs'd through two Anti-chambers, ſet off with Landſkips, and guarded by two well made Youths, unarm'd, and came into a ſpacious and magnificent Chamber, all richly hung with green and gold Tapeſtry: From thence we went into a Cabinet, adorn'd with precious Furniture, whoſe Ground was Green, curiouſly emboſſed with Gold, and enrich'd every where with fine Emeralds. The Wood that was imploy'd there, reſembled the Colour of thoſe precious Stones; and in the Middle of the Cieling, there was a Carbuncle of the Bigneſs of a Pine-Apple, that gave a vaſt Luſtre.

The World Revers'd.

DEar *Rouſchen*, ſaid *Milan-Schak*, when we had plac'd ourſelves, there is ſuch an Oppoſition between your World and ours, that it's impoſſible to imagine a greater, between Things eſſentially

[e] *A blood-thirſty Monſter, that* Aherman, *Chief of the Divs, made uſe of, inſtead of a Hangman.*

the ſame. Your great Trees are with us but ſmall Herbs; and, on the contrary, a little, tender Plant with you, is, in this Countrey, the largeſt of our Trees. The Fruits of the Earth are oppoſite in the ſame Proportion: Though our Corn does not differ from yours, as to its Nature, yet it ſurpaſſes it ſo much in Bigneſs, that an hundred Perſons would not be able to conſume ten Grains of it in a Month. As much Contrariety is found between Animals as Plants: We have none ſo large among us as thoſe you call *Inſects*, nor none ſo ſmall as *Elephants* and *Crocodiles*. Your Flies are our greateſt Birds, and *Eagles* are here almoſt imperceptible. As for what is of a reaſonable Size with you, is much the ſame with us. You ſpeak particular Languagues, the Fruit of Mens Invention; ours is ſpoken univerſally, and as naturally, as *Seeing*, *Hearing*, and the reſt of the Faculties are alike made uſe of by all Nations. The Knowledge of this Language is kept from the reſt of Mankind; in Vain all your learned Men ſtudy to find it out: It is only to be attained by ſuch as viſit this Iſland, and unleſs they become a *Peris*, they loſe the Memory of it the Moment they depart. In your World, no Body ever roſe from the Dead, but by a Miracle; in this, we riſe naturally every hundred Year, to live again the Space of one Day: You'll ſee an Example of it after to Morrow. With you, Men are born with tender Bodies, juicy Limbs, and a ſoft Skin without Hair: Thus it is we die in this Empire; whence it will be eaſy to infer, that we come into the World with Wrinkles, and all the Appendages of Old-age. As there are but very few handſome old People, neither *Lutfallah* nor I pretend to paſs for ſuch; but you, charming *Rouſchen*, who imagine yourſelf frightfully ugly, now appear as beautiful in our Eyes, as you did

in thoſe that beheld you at *Schiras*. Nothing, I aſſure you, can be more tranſporting to us, than thoſe agreeable Wrinkles, which our Climate has adorn'd your Viſage with; nor nothing more capable of enſlaving us, than that flowing Hair, which dazles with its Whiteneſs. Every time we viſit your Countries, we appear there as we ſhould have done, had we been Natives thereof; here we look ſuch as we really are, but according to our Way: An old Man ſpeaks, dear *Rouſchen*, and converſes with a young Perſon, that's ſcarcely come to the Uſe of her Reaſon! The ſeveral Forms *Lutfallah* took, whilſt with you, might, one would think, have ſufficiently prepar'd you to bear yours with Intrepidity. All Men that ſet Foot in this Kingdom, muſt undergo the Laws of it; and ſuch as are no longer diſpos'd to ſtay there, only exchange them, to be ſubject to others. Deluded by Appearances, I found you giving yourſelf up to a thouſand unjuſt Regrets, when I arriv'd with a young Man of your Countrey, who had invok'd me. The Queen overheard all your Reproaches, and was almoſt offended at them, but ſtill her Affection is not at all diminiſh'd: I deliver'd her up my Charge, and then undertook to acquaint you how far it extended. If it does not ſuit you to embrace my Propoſals, you'll be ſent back again to your World, and all future Correſpondence with us will ceaſe: If on the contrary, they are weighty enough to engage your Compliance, you ſhall be rais'd to the higheſt Dignity a mortal can hope to acquire. In one word, we require nothing but your Conſent to adopt you a *Periſe*. If the Power of transforming Bodies, and doing the moſt ſurpriſing Miracles by one ſingle Wave of a Rod; if a Life, that's almoſt infinite, is capable of moving you, follow me to the Fountain of Emerald;

of Friendſhip, and ſaid to me, in a trembling Voice; My well-beloved *Rouſchen*, I know thy Sorrows; hope every thing from the Aſſiſtance I am able to afford thee: See thou remembereſt the Words I am about to impart to thee, and fail not to repeat them in caſe of Extremity: *Wiſe* Lutfallah! *Lady of the green Palace! Wiſe* Lutfallah! *Wife of* Millan-ſchak! *What's the Sword of* Gian *doing? Where is his Buckler?* She had no ſooner finiſh'd theſe Words, than ſhe diſappear'd with all her Attendance.

I can't ſay whether I immediately awoke or not, but the ſtrong Idea of my Impriſonment returning, I ſaid, ſighing, Oh that what the powerful *Lutfallah* has juſt now told me, may prove true! *Wiſe* Lutfallah! *Lady of the green Palace! Wiſe* Lutfallah! *Wife of* Millan-Schak! *What's the Sword of* Gian *doing? Where is his Buckler?* At that Inſtant, I found myſelf undreſs'd, and lying in a very fine Bed; I rubb'd my Eyes with my Hands, I felt about me, I examin'd myſelf, and was aſſured I ſlept not. I then drew open the Curtains, and ſaw, with an extream Surprize, my Garret chang'd to a very ſpacious Chamber, adorn'd with the richeſt Tapeſtry, with a Looking-glaſs infinitely larger than I had ever ſeen any, and with two Pots of Maſſy Gold, whence iſſued a moſt exquiſite Perfume. In the Middle of the Chamber ſtood a Toilet ready prepared, and near it a Table, on which lay a rich Suit of Cloaths. I was about to riſe directly, but happening to caſt my Eyes on the great Looking-glaſs, I perceived what my Siſter and all about her were doing, naturally repreſented in it; ſo I choſe to remain ſtill in Bed, as well to amuſe myſelf in beholding ſo agreeable a Spectacle, as to repair the Fatigues of the Night. It is not ſo proper to relate all I ſaw there; let it ſuffice

ſuffice then to ſay, that this miraculous Mirrour diſcover'd to me all that paſs'd at the Feaſt, from which my Siſter excluded me. Her Huſband's Aſpect did not a little contribute to my Satisfaction; for he was tall and meagre Faced, of a fierce Look, and who, even, that Day, had more the Air of a Tyrant than a Huſband.

At laſt I aroſe, deſigning to make uſe of the Preſents *Lutfallah* had made me, when a handſome Pair of Slippers came of their own accord, and offer'd themſelves at my Feet. The firſt Step I took towards the Table, all the Cloaths, that lay prepared for me there, advanced and did their Office; and I felt at the ſame time ſome Body ſpare me the Labour both of combing and dreſſing my Head. I bore notwithſtanding every thing done to me with Patience, and reſign'd myſelf entirely up to the Care of the Queen of the *Peris*, thinking of nothing elſe but returning her my hearty Thanks for all that happen'd to me, and viewing myſelf in my Toilet-looking-Glaſs, (the other only repreſenting abſent Objects.) Though every thing they deck'd me with, made an extraordinary Appearance, yet it was ſeldom Gold, Silver or Jewels contributed towards it. Nothing gave ſo ſingular a Mark here of *Lutfallah*'s great Power, as the Colour of my Robe, which changed each Step I took. I walked about a conſiderable time, to admire this agreeable Prodigy at Leiſure. During this Interval, the neceſſary Ceremonies were preparing at the *Iman*'s and *Cadi*'s Houſe. After their Return, the two Halls, deſign'd to celebrate the Feaſts in, began to fill with Gueſts. I did not much amuſe myſelf in obſerving the Men; my Siſter and her Friends engroſs'd all my Attention. *Koutai* ſeem'd to be very hungry, but the more eager ſhe was to eat, the leaſt Haſte

ſhe

ſhe could make to do it. All the Diſhes ſhe touch'd diſappear'd, and were ſet on a gilt Skin, that ſome unknown Hand had ſpread in my Chamber. It is impoſſible to expreſs the prodigious Conſternation this famiſh'd Bride and her Company were in. As I was as hungry again as ſhe was, I left nothing ſcarce of the firſt Diſhes ſet before me. As ſoon as ever I had done with them, they diſappear'd; I caſt an Eye in the Looking glaſs, and ſaw the Remains I had left before *Koutai*, who was devouring them. This convinc'd me, that ſhe, who had thought me unworthy of preſiding at her Feaſt, was now condemned not to be ſatiated, but with my Refuſals. I commiſerated at laſt the Condition ſhe was in, and acted like a good Siſter during the reſt of the Entertainment.

Towards Evening they went into the Baths, whilſt execllent Voices ſung, according to Cuſtom, gay *Aganis*[a]. When that Ceremony was over, they diſpoſed themſelves for dancing. As I had always a ſtrong Inclination for that Diverſion, ſo my not partaking of the Pleaſure of it, as well as the reſt, began to chagrin me. I can't ſit ſtill any longer, cry'd I: *Wife* Lutfallah! *Lady of the green Palace! Wife* Lutfallah! *Wife of* Milan-ſchak! *What's the Sword of* Gian *doing? Where is his Buckler?* I muſt dance. So you ſhall, Child, anſwer'd one behind me. I look'd round and ſaw the ancient and powerful *Periſe*. It's very much my Deſire, continued ſhe, you ſhould appear in ſuch good Company; I did not order you to be dreſs'd lightly, but with a View of making you aſſume a better Air in dancing. A *Periſe* would fain have cover'd you all over with Jewels, reſembling *Mocklader* the

[a] *Songs*, Perſian *Airs*.

Tabarcli,

p. 45.

Tabarois, but I never expoſe thoſe I love, to get Pleuriſies after ſuch a Manner. Come along, Child, follow me.

Methought the Looking-glaſs, which that Moment repreſented the Hall, was now become the Door. We went in, and *Lutfallah*, who was only viſible to me, placed herſelf nigh my Siſter. I ſaluted the Company, and fell a dancing all alone. The Juſtneſs of my Dance, and ſtill more, the continual Variety of my Clothes, aſtoniſh'd the whole Aſſembly. What they admired before was now become applauded: Acclamations of Joy and Praiſes were heard every where. *Koutai* was not able to brook my Glory any longer. Fury took Poſſeſſion of her, and without any Regard to the Company preſent, ſhe flew towards me, with her Fiſts in the Air like a Mad-woman. But the inviſible *Lutfallah* prevented her approaching me, by touching her Chin with the End of a Rod made of Ebony, ſaying, *Fair Bride, meddle with no Body but yourſelf.* That Inſtant, the moſt compleat black Beard ever was ſeen, adorn'd the half of *Koutai*'s Face, which gave her other Employment than to think on me. After this Accident, *Lutfallah* convey'd me out, order'd me to enfold her, and then carry'd me away, with an unconceivable Swiftneſs, in a direct Line, towards the Sun.

After we had continu'd aſcending for a very conſiderable time; You may now, ſaid ſhe, repoſe yourſelf: There is not thick Air enough over our Heads, to make you fall. I muſt confeſs it was with an aking Heart I quitted my Hold of *Lutfallah*; but what Pleaſure did I not feel, when I found, without any Difficulty, I could both aſcend and deſcend; go backwards and forwards, as though my Body were become immaterial! I caſt my Eyes upon the Earth, which, at ſo vaſt a Diſtance,

rald: How few Drops ſoever you ſwallow of its Water, all your Ideas will be reconciled, and they'll reſtore you to the happy State of Infancy.

Generous *Milan-Schak!* reply'd I, I muſt own, you have ſkreen'd me from iminent Danger, by removing me from that fatal Water. I love my Reaſon and my Countrey, and cannot prevail on myſelf to forfeit either of them. I am perfectly ſatisfy'd with my own Condition; let it ſuffice, therefore, I beſeech you, that I admire yours. This *Peri* ſeem'd more ſurpriz'd at my Anſwer than diſpleas'd at it; he ſhrunk up his Shoulders, and look'd earneſtly at me, as though I excited his Compaſſion. During this mute Interval, there appear'd, at the Cabinet-Door, Six Green *Cats*, whoſe Eyes ſhone like as many Flambeaus, lighting along *Lutfallah*, who enter'd with an old Man, ſaying, *Ajoub*, whom I bring with me, perſiſts ſtill in his obſtinacy; and *Reuſchen*, reply'd *Milan-Schak*, is as opinionated. I threw myſelf at the Queen's Feet, imploring her Forgiveneſs of my Weakneſs, in letting ſlip ſo many indiſcreet and unguarded Words in the Height of my grievous Complaints. *Ajoub* fell proſtrate before *Milan-Schak*, beſeeching him equally to pardon his Blindneſs. Old Peoples Anger againſt Young, does not continue long, ſaid the Queen, riſe up therefore, and ſince it's ſo decreed that we muſt part, employ the little Time remains for you to ſtay in my Empire, in obſerving well the Laws of it. Pleas'd with the Proſpect of our Liberty, we immediately roſe up from our Poſtures. After that, we were told Supper was upon Table.

Proceeded by the ſix Cat Flambeaux, we came into a large Hall on the ſame Floor, wainſcotted with green Ebony, and adorn'd with Birds and Feſtoons

Feſtoons of Gold in Relievo: Four and twenty green Cats, and as many Lynx of the ſame Colour, plac'd on an equal Number of Stands of burniſh'd Silver, darted from their Looks ſuch a Radiance, as almoſt equall'd the Sun in its Meridian. There were two Tables: One ſupply'd with Pots of Perfume, and the other with a great Variety of Diſhes. The Lady of the green Palace, *Milan-Schak*, four Queens, their Huſbands, and thoſe *Genii*, that were the moſt diſtinguiſh'd of their Families, plac'd themſelves at the firſt of theſe Tables, and were magnificently ſerv'd with Perfumes, which are the ordinary Nouriſhment of *Peris*, born in the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland. *Ajoub* and I, with a great Number of Gueſts, Proſelytes from our World, and *Peris* by Adoption, fill'd the other Table. The firſt Courſe [a] was compos'd of large Fricaſſees of Pheaſants, each Diſh containing five or ſix hundred; the ſecond was of Ortolans as big as Geeſe, accompany'd with Boars and Stags, ſpitted on Scewers, as *Europeans* do Larks: And the third preſented us with two Ants Tongues, two Paſties made of the Thigh of the ſame Animal, which were of an excellent Taſte, and ſeveral Plates of Artichokes and Melons as big as the green Peas of *Schiras*. They brought for the Deſart, two Straw-berries, one Gooſe-berry, and two great Bowls of Squirrels Cream. The chief Part of the Diſhes at Table I was unacquainted with at that time; but the Princeſs *Indgi-Mergian* inform'd me what they were the next Day. After Supper, my Countrey-man and I, having each a Cat allow'd to conduct and light us to our Chambers, a *Pabine*; very well ſhap'd, undreſs'd me, and retir'd aſſoon as I was in Bed.

[a] *In the Original* Arabick, *the Courſes of this Entertainment are ſerv'd without any Order, like the* Perſians *and* Moguls.

My Cat having extinguiſh'd the Light by ſhutting her Eyes, I feaſted Imagination with all my paſt Adventures, and methought I felt ſomething, I know not what, ſeize me, that made a far ſtronger Impreſſion on my Mind, in Favour of *Ajoub*, than all the other ſurpriſing Objects I had ſeen. 'Till that Moment I had liv'd free from Inclination, and was ſuch a Novice in Love, that when I found my Heart firſt give way to it, I burſt into a Flood of Tears. What can be the meaning, ſaid I, of my thinking of that little Monſter, whom I never ſaw before to Day? Why did I apprehend that *Lutfallah* would over-perſwade him? Oh! I feel no longer an Indifference for him; and if what his Sight has inſpir'd me with, can't properly be call'd Love, it is ſomething very nearly ally'd to it. Oh! my Heart has betray'd me! It is flown away without my Conſent! After all, continu'd I, this young Man's Figure is not frightfuller than my own: What Crime then will it be in me to love him? We ſhare the like Fate with one another, and why ſhould not that be a Motive inducing enough to create a ſtricter Unity between us? I even fancy he thinks already as favourably of me as I do of him: There's the Point that requires moſt Dexterity to be examin'd into, but how ſhall I be able to penetrate the inmoſt Meanings of his Soul, without diſcovering my own, unleſs my Freedom with him was ſomewhat greater? Sleep, at laſt, appeas'd all my Inquietudes. The *Pabine* awoke me, and made me riſe as ſoon as Day appear'd. I was ſcarce dreſs'd, when I ſaw *Lutfallah*, *Milan-Schak*, and the Princeſs *Indgi-Mergian*, their eldeſt Daughter, whom they preſented me to, ready to enter my Chamber. The Queen and her Spouſe aſk'd me, ſmiling, how I had paſs'd the Night?

I made

I made Anſwer, with the moſt profound Acknowledgment and Reſpect, that I had ſlept very quietly. The Queſtion, we propoſe, includes the whole Night, reply'd they, and you only inform us of the latter Part of it. Theſe Hints prodigiouſly ſurpriz'd me: I ſaw too well I had been overheard. Our Penetration ruffles her, ſaid *Milan-Schak*; come to a Reſolution, *Rouſchen*, do not balance any longer in it, nor delay faithfully embracing the Laws of the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland. When he had finiſh'd theſe Words, he took out of one of his Attendant's Hands, ſomething like a Beet-Root, and holding it by the Leaves, he gave me a Bodkin, and commanded me to run it into the Place mark'd with a little black Spot. I obey'd him: That Moment the Root gave a terrible Shriek, and my Fellow-Companion in Fate ſtood there inſtead of it. His Face was all bloody, his Forehead pierc'd, and the Bodkin ſtill remaining in his Wound. Oh! deareſt *Ajoub!* cry'd I, embracing him, deareſt *Ajoub!* whom my Soul loves more than Life, what have I done! How barbarous, or rather how unhappy am I! Was there no other Hand but mine to accompliſh *Milan-Schak*'s Will and Pleaſure! Oh *Peri!* How could you make choice of me to ſpill the Blood of one, for whoſe Safety I ſhould be ready to ſacrifice all my own? The wounded look'd upon me without much concern, and ſeem'd to ſmile. *Lutfallah*, *Milan-Schak*, and the Princeſs, fell a laughing in good Earneſt, and ſaid to one another merrily, don't you think ſhe has made the Declaration in Form? Has not ſhe obſerv'd all the Rules? There appears to be ſome Sincerity in it, ſaid *Ajoub*, but we muſt not too much depend on the firſt Tranſports of Women, whoſe Natures are variable. If I were fully perſuaded of the Conſtancy

them broke in a thouſand Pieces, but immediately after it appears no more with them than an innocent Play-Game.

After this Digreſſion, the *Perſian* would have reſum'd her Diſcourſe, if the Fear of fatiguing her too much, had not oblig'd us to entreat her deferring the Continuance of it till next Day. We were of different Opinions, touching the Account ſhe gave us, when we return'd to our Lodgings. *Almoraddin* was inclin'd to be incredulous, but for my Part, I was not far from giving Faith to all ſhe had told us. However, our Sentiments agreed in doubting our own Judgments, and in feeling an equal Curioſity to hear the Sequel of the Hiſtory. In this Diſpoſition we repair'd to *Rouſchen*'s next Day, who, after the uſual Compliments, gratify'd our Impatience, in the following Manner.

As ſoon as the Queen and *Milan-Schak* had left us, we ran to the Looking-glaſs, where we enjoy'd the Pleaſure of beholding our ſelves once more in our proper Forms; and felt, at the ſame Time, our Inclinations reſume their natural Channel. I thought *Ajoub* agreeable; he eſteem'd me infinitely more charming. Madam! ſaid he, with the utmoſt Reſpect, how dare I, without an extreme Confuſion, preſume to appear before you, knowing what's paſt? Would to God, reply'd I, we had loſt our Memory with all the Gifts of this Iſland; or that I had, like you, only too much Reſerve to reproach my ſelf with! In the Name of our common Countrey, interrupted *Ajoub*, let us live now, as tho' we remember'd nothing! I've ſo high an Idea of your Generoſity and Goodneſs, as to believe you'll reſtore me that by Juſtice, which I'm in danger of loſing, by your being depriv'd of that Inſtinct, which firſt caus'd you to

love

love me. Equity, ſaid I, recompences only Merit; and to merit is not the Work of a Day. Inform me, pray! whom you are, and what brings *Ajoub* of *Schiras* hither? As yet I know no more of you than your Name and Countrey. When I had thus ſpoken, I deſir'd him to ſit down by me, whilſt he gave me the Hiſtory of his Adventures.

The Hiſtory of AJOUB *of* SCHIRAS.

I Am, ſaid he, Son of *Ajoub* the Phyſician. You are not unacquainted, amiable *Rouſchen*, that all the Youth of *Schiras* delight in dancing and playing on ſome Inſtrument. One Evening, when the extream Heats of the Seaſon oblig'd every Body to turn the Night into Day, I left my Father's Houſe, deſigning to take the freſh Air of the Streets, as I play'd along them with a Flagelet I had carry'd with me for that Purpoſe. After having ſtrol'd thro' a great many, and repairing Homewards, I heard the Door of a fine ſpacious Houſe open, and a Voice proceed from thence, which ſaid: *Is it you?* Promiſing myſelf ſome good Fortune would prove the Iſſue; I made Anſwer, yes 'tis I. Pray come up then, reſum'd the Voice. Without conſidering the Conſequence, I readily ventur'd to follow it, which led me thro' a Hall-door that was half open. I was no ſooner enter'd, than three young Men that lay in wait there, ſurrounded me with their drawn Sabres, and ſaid: *Expect this Inſtant, to waſh with thy Blood, the Stain thou haſt caſt on our Family, by deluding our Siſter.* Finding myſelf engag'd in ſo ſudden and powerful an Attack, I thought it moſt Prudence

not

not to put myſelf in a Poſture of Defence, leſt it ſhould farther provoke their Rage. My Lords, ſaid I, do nothing with Precipitation; let not Innocence fall a Victim to your Revenge tho' unluckily I am found in the Place of the Guilty. Theſe Words ſuſpended a while their Fury: Who art thou then, reply'd one of them haſtily, if the infamous Villain we wait for be not thou? My Name, anſwer'd I, is *Ajoub*, I live in ſuch a Place, and my Relations are well known there. Upon that, an old Gentleman, who was conceal'd in a dark Cloſet hard by, came forth, leading a moſt beautiful young Creature, very richly dreſs'd; whoſe Head and Eyes were fix'd on the Ground, and who let fall Abundance of Tears. *Gauber*, ſaid he to her, pointing at me, is that the vile Wretch who has unlawfully feaſted on thy Charms, and robb'd thee of thy Honour? *Gauber*, at this Queſtion, became as freſh as a Roſe newly blown, and looking in my Face, anſwer'd, I was not the Perſon. The old Gentleman, convinc'd of the Miſtake, made a thouſand Apologies to excuſe it, and was juſt going to conduct me down Stairs again, when one of the young Men poſted himſelf between me and the Door with his drawn Sword, and ſwore, that as I had been let into the Secret of the Diſhonour of their Family, I ſhould not eſcape. The other two ſaid he was much in the Right of it, and held it abſolutely neceſſary to diſpatch me. Dear Children! reply'd the good old Gentleman, let not a blind Paſſion have too much the Aſcendant over you! It would be the Height of Injuſtice, were your Revenge to take Place on the Innocent, and we might certainly expect that every Drop of his Blood would cry to Heaven for Vengeance, which would not fail, ſooner or later, to fall down upon us. *Ajoub*,

continu'd

continu'd he, taking me by the Hand, make the beſt of your Way, and let not your Tongue betray what this Adventure has diſcover'd to you, if the Life I now preſerve be any ways dear to you. You will eaſily conceive with what Joy I receiv'd the News of my Deliverance, and how little a while I ſtay'd in the Houſe after it was given me. I was equally as preſſing to reach home, but juſt as I was opening our Door, an Arrow paſs'd whiſtling by my Ear, which made me jump. I look'd back and perceiv'd a Man make towards me, arm'd with a Bow in his left Hand, and a long Javelin in his Right, crying out to me: *Traytor! Tho' I have miſs'd thee once, have at thee a ſecond Time!* Seeing him alone, I took Courage, and ſaid, I muſt fall by thy Hands, if it be ſo decreed above. I drew my *Ganjar*, and having happily parry'd his firſt Offer, I enclos'd him, wounding him twice in the Breaſt. He dropt down that inſtant, and begg'd his Life. I was not only generous enough to ſhew him Mercy, but telling me he was the Son of the Baſhaw of *Schiras*, I likewiſe ran immediately to a Surgeon, and ſent him to his Aſſiſtance. That done, I repair'd to my Father's, where I ſtay'd no longer than to provide myſelf with a Horſe and Money, and without taking Leave of any Perſon, left the City, having every thing to fear from the Fury of a Man, who doubtleſs, would have made me expiate, by a ſhameful Death, the Crime of his Son.

I travell'd without following any certain Road. Towards Midnight I came to the great Lake of *Babu*, which was ſo calm, as if Heaven took a Pleaſure to contemplate its infinite Perfections in it. I rode a conſiderable Way by the Side of it, till, at laſt, I reach'd the Town that bears the ſame Name. I knock'd at the firſt Door I met with,

but

Conſtancy of *Rouſchen*'s Love, I don't ſay I would not—— but in ſaying nothing, I teſtify too much for the firſt Time. As I was preparing to thank him, and likewiſe to continue my Lamentations for the Hurt I had done him, *Milan-Schak*, who had all this Time gently held him by the Hair, now withdrew his Hand, and took the Bodkin out of his Forehead, without leaving the leaſt Orifice. *Lutfallah* aſk'd me, pretty ſeriouſly, what was the preſent Diſpoſition of my Heart towards him, whoſe Misfortune had apparently exacted ſo much Compaſſion from me? You know, great Queen! I love him, anſwer'd I. Now, Child, you ſpeak right, reſum'd ſhe: The Uncertainty you were in Yeſterday, as to your Paſſion, is directly oppoſite to the Cuſtom of my Kingdom, where Women make the firſt Advances. I ſhould deem it a very laudable one, reply'd I, did the amiable *Ajoub* think my Aſſiduities worthy of his Regard. You have both fulfill'd our Laws, anſwer'd the Queen; but ſince you had rather live ſubject to thoſe of your own Countrey, it is my Will that you reſume this Moment your former Shapes. Let the Influences that reign here, continu'd ſhe, touching us with her Rod, ceaſe operating upon you. *Lutfallah* did not give us time to return her thanks, but went out with her Attendants, leaving only with us a *Pabin* and a *Pabine*, who were decently plac'd on each Side of the Door.

Here the beautiful *Perſian* broke ſhort, and aſk'd us if we were not curious to know what thoſe *Pabins* and *Pabines* reſembled. The *Pabine*, that undreſs'd you, did indeed excite my Curioſity, ſaid *Almoraddin*, but I was unwilling to interrupt the Thread of your Story, by aſking impertinent Queſtions. The *Pabins*, reſum'd *Rouſchen*,

ſchen, are Animals that ſerve the *Peris*, that are diſtributed into Cantons, and who cultivate the Lands of the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland. No Creature on Earth has ſo much the Appearance of Man. Were you to ſee them dreſt or otherwiſe, you would be ready to ſwear they were Men and Women; nothing is wanting to make them ſo but a rational Soul. They have not only this Advantage over the reſt of Animals, but they likewiſe ſpeak the univerſal Language, like the *Peris*; whereas the others have but their particular ones. To conclude, the *Pabins* whole Diſcourſe runs upon eating, drinking, working, and other Subjects relating thereto, and conſiſts only in ſimple Propoſitions. They are active, robuſt, laborious, tractable, and great Imitators. All other Beaſts revere and ſerve them, except *Monkeys* and *Fleas*: The firſt being in perpetual Contention with them for the Superiority, and the ſecond, being huge wild Creatures of that Country, are very rapacious after the Fleſh of theſe almoſt human *Pabins*. In every Village there is a Kind of a Storehouſe ſet apart for the *Pabins*, to carry daily a certain Quantity of *Amber-Greaſe* of *Benjamin*, of *Incenſe* of *Aloes* Wood, and other Proviſions. When the Place is full, it is convey'd inviſibly to the City the *Peris* live in, and diſtributed in their ſeveral Habitations. The *Pabins* ſeldom divert themſelves but at the Expence of other Animals, which they often ſet together by the Ears. They are delighted above all with the Wood-lice, when contracted like Bowls [b], they roul againſt each other. Theſe immeaſurable Bodies make ſuch a hideous Noiſe in their Juſtling, that one would imagine

[b] *It is the Property of the Wood-lice to contract themſelves into a Form perfectly round.*

but no Body anſwer'd, except a great Maſtiff-Dog, ſet looſe in the Yard, that made ſuch a terrible Barking, as awoke the reſt of the Dogs of the Place. In a Moment, all *Babu* echo'd with the Noiſe theſe Animals made, ſtill none of the Inhabitants ſeem'd in the leaſt diſturb'd at it. I went likewiſe and thunder'd at a neighbouring Door, but with the ſame Succeſs as before. Deſpairing, at laſt, to find any Shelter there that Night, I purſu'd my Journey, curſing all the ſleepy Natives of *Babu*. As Nature was overwelm'd with Fatigue, and requir'd due Repoſe, I quitted the high Road, deſigning to look for ſome kind Retreat, ſuitable to indulge it. I took a Path that divided two ſmall Mountains, which directed me to a Wood, where I ruſh'd in, and made Choice of the Foot of a large wild Palm-tree for my Bed. I ſlept there till *Aurora* viſited the Earth with her glittering Rays; when, awaking, I was very much ſurpriz'd to hear, at a little Diſtance from me, the Voice of a Man, who ſpoke in the following Terms.

This is the precious Hour, Child: The *Peris* call'd it the wonderful one. Now it is the good *Genii* gather the powerful Herbs that transform irregular Men into wild Beaſts; now it is every thing in Nature obeys their Orders, and that their myſterious Words prove moſt efficacious. The Sun even when riſing, admires them; either becauſe they are profeſs'd Enemies to the Children of *Ifriet* [a] and their Confederates, or that they overthrow all the vain Projects of the *Magicians*. In a Word, now it is the *Peris* appear under different Forms to Princes, that delight in executing Juſtice, and to Tyrants who deſerve Puniſhment.

[a] *A* Genius *far more Cruel than the ordinary Divs.*

Oh

Oh Child! if thou couldſt foreſee this Moment as well as I, then would'ſt thou behold, ſome employ'd in the dark Shades of *Mazanderan*[b], to drive the *Lions* and *Tigers* from their Dens, in Defence of the Innocent in Oppreſſion, and admire the Facility of the others, in rendring the *Hydras* and *Griffins* Tame and Familiar.

I had not Patience any longer to liſten to ſo ſtrange a Diſcourſe, without having a Curioſity to ſee the Perſon that held it. So advancing ſoftly from one Tree to another, I came to a pretty thick Grove of Laurels, where concealing myſelf, I had the Advantage of diſcovering without being perceiv'd, a grave old Man, habited in a long brown Robe, and a young Maid ſitting near him, with a blew Veil that cover'd every Part of her, except her Face and Hands. She had her Eyes fix'd very modeſtly on the old Man, whom ſhe ſeem'd liſtening to with great Attention. I ſhew'd myſelf, and by my Preſence interrupted their Converſation. At my Appearance, the young Maid drew her Veil over her Face, and the old Man roſe and met me. Having accoſted him, you behold, ſaid I, a Traveller, diſtreſs'd by Hunger and Wearineſs, compell'd to importune you. By *Ali!* reply'd he, you are moſt welcome, the *Sages* were never unhoſpitable. The Charity I ſhew you, will ſerve as a new Inſtruction for my Daughter. Go! refreſh yourſelf in our Retreat, we will rejoin you in an Hour. He ſhew'd me, at the ſame Time, a little Path, which I following, conducted me, after ſeveral Turnings, into a Grotto.

Tho' the Entrance was very narrow and obſcure, yet it was light enough within, extreamly neat, and contain'd ſeveral ſpacious Chambers.

[b] *The Hircania of the Ancients.*

A Slave, to whom I declar'd my Diſtreſs, and the charitable Intentions of his Maſter, brought before me Raiſins, Piſtachoes, freſh Dates, white Bread, and excellent Metheglin. Whilſt I was thus agreeably employ'd, I deſir'd him to go in ſearch of my Horſe, deſcribing, as well as I could, the Place where I had left him. If you expect I ſhould obey you, anſwer'd the Slave, promiſe not to quit this Apartment till my Return, or my Maſter's. I readily oblig'd my ſelf ſo to do, but after I had eat and drank, I was poſſeſs'd with ſuch an irreſiſtible Curioſity to examine the Dwelling of a Perſon like him I had ſeen, that it was impoſſible for me to keep my Word, and I left no Part unſearch'd. The moſt remote Cavity of the Grotto form'd a Cabinet full of Books, *Taliſmans*, and Figures of all Sorts of Plants and Animals. I amus'd myſelf here more than in any other Part; and perceiving on the Table a Parchment unrowl'd, on which was ſomething wrote in green Letters, I took it up inconſiderately, and read theſe Words: *Peri Milan-Schak! Lieutenant of the green Palace! Peri Milan-Schak! Huſband of Lutfallah! what's the Sword of Gian doing? where is his Buckler?* The Moment I had pronounc'd the laſt Word of this Invocation, *Milan-Schak*, whom you know, appear'd to me, and carry'd me away, without ſpeaking a Word. You are doubtleſs ſenſible, beautiful *Rouſchen*, that it was he who brought me to this Iſland.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of the PERSIAN LADY.

AJOUB having had the good Nature to give me the real Hiſtory of his leaving *Schiras*, I thought myſelf oblig'd, in Point of Honour and Gratitude, to relate alſo what had befallen me. He then gave me to underſtand that I was not unknown to him, that he had been one of my Admirers for a long Time, and that our Conditions being pretty near equal, he flatter'd himſelf with the Hope of being happy with me, by the Conſent of our Parents. I gave Ear to what he ſaid, without repulſing him too ſeverely, or teſtifying too much I lov'd him. The Converſation laſted till Dinner, after which the Princeſs *Indgi-Mergian* led us into the Gardens. She was the moſt beautiful of all the *Periſes:* Her Hair was the fineſt black in the World; her Eyes large and full of Vivacity; her Complection cannot be deſcrib'd, without comparing it to the Lillies and Roſes; to all this, ſhe had an Air of Majeſty worthy of her Birth, and knew how to explain herſelf with an admirable Grace. Since you are on the Point of leaving us, ſaid ſhe, when we were in the *Parterre*, it is neceſſary I ſhould finiſh inſtructing you. Can you tell what theſe Flowers are? We told her we were charm'd at the Beauty of thoſe we ſaw. The obliging Princeſs was pleas'd to give herſelf the Trouble to name them us, one after another. I ſay nam'd them us, for we knew them already, but without the Aſſiſtance of *Indgi-Mergian*, our Knowledge of them would have prov'd of little Service to us, except thoſe of a middling Size. In Effect, how could we imagine

to ſee a Violet, when we had a Flower before our Eyes as big as a Sun-Flower? and who would think of looking for Lillies, on Stems about the Bigneſs of a Pin? This agreeable Amuſement did not hinder the Daughter of *Lutfallah* from telling us ſeveral other Things touching the Religion of the *Peris*, and the holy War this generous Nation had for ſo many Ages, maintain'd againſt the *Divs*. She likewiſe enlarg'd upon many other Particularities of the Iſland, which had not been treated on in the Inſtructions we receiv'd from *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak*.

Beyond the Parterre, there was a large Square of Water, in the middle of which was erected a moſt beautiful little Pleaſure-houſe, built in the Form of a Caſtle. We intreated the Princeſs to favour us with the Sight of this delightful Edifice, who was complaiſant enough to comply with our Requeſt; and only call'd out pretty loud, ho *Mor!* ho *Mor!* when *Mor*, an old violet colour'd Water-Rat, with a great Beard, and as big as a Bear, immediately unchain'd a *Gondola* from the Foot of the Pleaſure-houſe, and brought it over to us. We paſs'd the Water in it, and landing, we enter'd into a little, tho' perfectly enchanting Receſs. We caſt our Eyes round, when to our great Aſtoniſhment we miſs'd *Indgi-Mergian*, who that Moment was with us. I bluſh'd, and was very much confus'd to find myſelf thus alone with *Ajoub*. Give me a Proof, ſaid I to him, of the Sincerity of your Affection, by the Reſpectfulneſs of your Behaviour; for nothing can be ſo much engaging to a Heart like mine as Modeſty. *Ajoub* gaz'd upon me with ſuch an Earneſtneſs, as tho' he wanted the Power of Utterance; and when I had ceas'd ſpeaking, his Lips and Hands mov'd, as if they were directed to me; but far from hear-

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ing what he ſaid, I could not diſtinguiſh even the Sound of his Voice. Then I look'd upon him in my Turn with equal Surprize: *Ajoub*, reply'd I, your Silence wounds me: What Preſages all theſe Signs? What would you ſay to me? Here his Lips began again their Motion, and he reſum'd all the little Geſtures the Head and Hands commonly make uſe of, to give the proper Action to a ſolid Diſcourſe, ſtill, not a Syllable that he ſeem'd to pronounce, affected my hearing more than the firſt Time. I thought myſelf the Subject of his Deriſion, and he, probably, imagin'd the ſame of me; for we frown'd upon each other with ſuch a Diſdain as can't be expreſs'd. During this Scene, the Daughter of *Lutfallah* re-appear'd, laughing immoderately. You injure both your Paſſions, ſaid ſhe to us, by a miſtaken Reſentment: 'Tis by a particular Virtue appropriated to this Summer Houſe, that cuts off all Converſation between Lovers; becauſe, as the young *Peris* reſort there pretty often, the Queen did not judge proper to ſuffer it, leſt a mutual Declaration of Tenderneſs, ſhould prove inſtrumental in corrupting them. The Moment there's a Simpathy between *Hearts*, the *Ears* are render'd incapable of their Function. But however, your Grimaces and little Diſguſts have afforded me too much unexpected Diverſion, not to think myſelf oblig'd to you for it, and to allow you the Liberty of aſking me any Queſtion you ſhall be pleas'd to propoſe.

Having plac'd ourſelves on a little *Sofa* below her's, we remain'd in Silence a conſiderable Time, to recover the Confuſion our Spirits were in. Then I deliver'd myſelf as follows: Powerful Princeſs! I humbly entreat to know why our Sex govern in this Iſland. *Lutfallah* I perceive is acknowledg'd Queen, yet *Milan-Schak* claims not the Character

of King. The other *Periſes*, whether Queens or Subjects, have equally a Superiority over their Huſbands, which gives me much Matter of Wonder. May I, with Submiſſion, farther aſk if this Cuſtom be introduc'd to compenſate the Aſſiduities of the *Periſes*, whilſt in a Virgin State? In our World, young Men before Marriage, pay their Miſtreſſes the utmoſt Deference, Humility and Complaiſance; but when that Ceremony is over, their former *Devoirs* are converted into *Authority*. Our Laws, reſum'd the Princeſs, are much preferable to yours, and are grounded upon theſe three Reaſons: The firſt is, the *Periſes* have infinitely more Underſtanding than the *Peris*, and are as naturally ſuperior to them as thoſe are to common Men, or theſe latter to the *Pabins*, and ſo on by Degrees. The ſecond is, that Strength is added to their Wit; whereas Men are only Maſters in your World, but becauſe they are ſtronger. And the third is myſterious. Only obſerve, that Fertility is the Source of all Things, and that it can't be too much honour'd.

Indgi-Mergian having diſcontinu'd ſpeaking, *Ajoub* kept up the Converſation, and ſaid: As there's but little Probability of our being ſuffer'd to remain Time enough to make ſufficient Remarks of this City, therefore I believe *Rouſchen* will not be diſpleas'd if I beſeech you, charming Princeſs! to give us ſome Idea of it; for, as yet, I know not ſo much as its Name. This City, anſwer'd the Daughter of *Lutfallah*, is call'd *Gianire*. After the Death of *Gian*, Sovereign of all the *Genii*, the War, that ſeem'd to be at an End towards his latter Years, being renew'd between the *Peris* and *Divs*, there aroſe ſuch terrible Diſorders throughout all *Ginniſtan*, that made *Gian*, only Son of that good King abandon it, with his Family, and four others

others of the moſt Illuſtrious of the Nation of the *Peris*. This great Deſign produc'd a very happy Event, by the Succour of *Feramak* his Conſort, who render'd the Vigilance of the *Divs* of no Effect, and conducted her triumphant Band into this Iſland. The Town was built in a very ſhort Time, which *Feramak* call'd *Gianire*, from the Name of her Huſband. To preſerve an eſtabliſh'd Peace in her new Colony, ſhe ſhar'd her Authority with the four Mothers of the Families that had accompany'd her, and ſince that Time, *Gianire* has always been govern'd by five Queens. Theſe our Anceſtors, made Choice of five different Colours to diſtinguiſh themſelves, their Subjects, and even their Deſcendants. Theſe Colours were *Green*, which is ours, *Blew*, *Yellow*, *Red* and *White*. There are five broad Streets in the City of *Gianire*; one End of them coming into the Market-Place, and the other leading to the Front of a Palace. The Queens Palaces are built of Marble of the ſame Colour their Arms are of; the ordinary Houſes take their's from the Palace they are dependent on; and thoſe are inhabited by *Peris* of the ſecond Claſs. I will ſhew you to morrow, both the great Market-Place and the Academy, which is the moſt ſumptuous Piece of Building in the whole Iſland. But how great ſoever your Admiration may be, at the Sight of ſo magnificent an Edifice, the Reſurrection of *Feramak* and *Gian*, my Anceſtors, and thoſe I have been telling you of, will, undoubtedly, aſtoniſh you much more. When *Indgi-Mergian* had finiſh'd the Deſcription, ſhe roſe up, and we croſs'd the Water again together. After that, we walk'd a conſiderable Time in a Wood of lofty Strawberry-trees, which, at that Seaſon, could ſcarcely ſupport the Weight of that delicious Fruit. They waſted a

moſt grateful Air, and ſuch an exquiſite Odour, that the hymenial Perfumes can't be compar'd to it, without rendering the Compariſon odious. The next Morning, a little before peep of Day, the whole Town was rais'd from their Sleep by a moſt harmonious Symphony, that was heard in the Air over the Academy, where People began to repair from all Parts.

Being very deſirous to be of the Number of the Spectators, I went down into the Court-yard, where I found two Wood-lice, about thirty Foot long, and large in Proportion, very richly harneſs'd, and who carry'd on their ſpacious Backs commodious and magnificent Lodgings, compos'd of a Chamber and two Cabinets: The one imploy'd the Forepart, and might contain twelve Foot ſquare; and the others, one of which ſerv'd as an Anti-chamber, were about ſeven Foot long, and ſix broad. Theſe moving Apartments were hung with green Velvet, the reſt of the Furniture anſwerable to it. Tho' theſe valuable Moveables, as well as all other Riches, ſtand the *Peris* in nothing, yet the Nicety of their Taſte and Judgment in adorning the Lodges of *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak*, was almoſt the chief Thing to be admir'd in them. I can't forbear acquainting you, now I am about it, that no Carriage whatever is comparable to thoſe, either for Safety or Conveniency. A Wood-louſe is of a ſurprizing tractable Nature, and always attentive to the Directions of his Conducter, whoſe Seat is plac'd as it were on the Head of this Animal. He goes as faſt as one pleaſes, without abating any thing of the Uneaſineſs of his Pace. If by Chance he lames himſelf in one of his Feet, it is not perceivable, becauſe he has thirteen more to ſuſtain him. His Shells are all ſpotted, and ſhine like thoſe of the

great

great *Indian* Tortoiſes; and their two Horns are almoſt as uſeful to them, as Trunks are to *Elephants*.

Lutfallah plac'd me nigh herſelf, and *Ajoub* accompany'd *Milan-ſchak*. We paſs'd through a very long Street, croſs'd by five others, at an equal Diſtance between each other. All the Houſes we ſaw were built of green Marble, with ſuch a Symmetry as did not fatigue the Sight by too near a Reſemblance. We came at laſt to a very ſpacious, round Place, in the Middle of which was an Edifice, built alſo round, that has not its Fellow in the World, being the ſame *Indgi-Mergian* had told us of. It ſerves the *Peris* both for an Academy and a Temple: It is cover'd with a Golden *Cupilo*, whoſe Luſtre did not ſeem leſſen'd, even by the Sun's, which was then riſing. Five Porticoes of *Agate*, each of different Colours, and adorn'd with twelve fine lofty Columns, give the Entrance into this magnificent Temple, and which face the five principal Streets of the Town. The Orders of Architecture are ſo regularly obſerv'd, that nothing we ſee in theſe Parts, can poſſibly convey a ſtronger or more grateful Idea. I took Notice that the Chapters of all the Columns are compos'd of four Figures, repreſenting the Heads of Lobſters, the Contours of whoſe Horns, on the Top, produce a very agreeable Effect. The Portico we enter'd into, was of green *Agate*, ſpotted with White, on the Frontiſpiece of which was wrote the illuſtrious Names of *Feramak* and of *Gian*, in large golden Letters. We went up nine Steps of Serpentine Marble, into a Theatre divided into five Parts. All the Stages of each Part were full of *Periſes* and *Peris* of different Ages, and dreſs'd in the ſame Colour with their Queen, whoſe Throne was fix'd quite on the Top.

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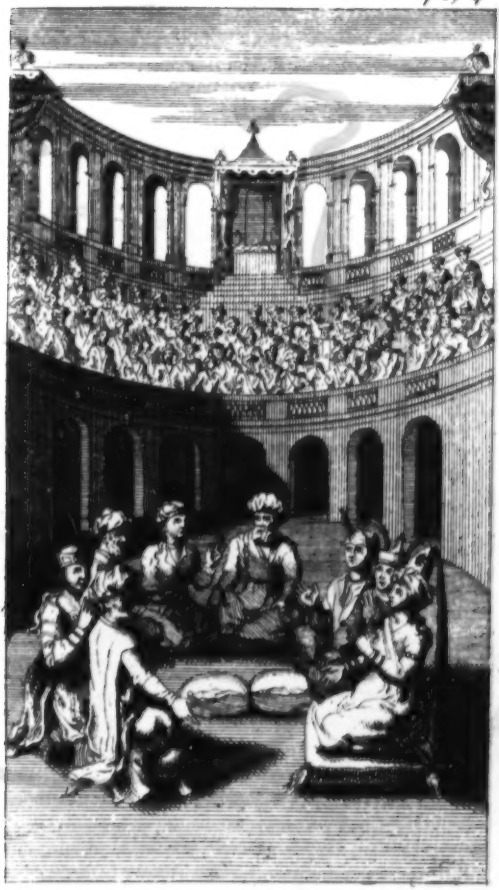
The Reſurrection of Queen FERAMAK, *and* GIAN *her Husband.*

IN the Middle of the Amphi-Theatre, there lay two Veſſels of Cryſtal, in the Figure of Eggs, which contain'd two little dead Bodies of different Sexes. Juſt when we enter'd, the four Queens and their Huſbands were ſitting on the Ground about theſe Veſſels, and contemplating them with a moſt ſurpriſing Attention and Modeſty. *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak* join'd them; and *Ajoub* and I were conducted up to the Top of the Amphi-Theatre, by a private Stair-Caſe, and plac'd near the green Throne. There reigned ſuch a profound Silence in this numerous Aſſembly as made it frightful. A quarter of an Hour after, *Feramak* and *Gian*, who were inclos'd in the two Veſſels, began to ſhew all the Marks of Life; the tranſparent Eggs clove aſſunder, and were converted into green Cloaths to cover their Nakedneſs. Theſe Bodies, riſen from the Dead, grew to the ſame Bigneſs they were of in the Flower of their Age: Then they roſe by degrees into the Air, the *Periſes* and *Peris* ſurrounding them; and being come to the Height of the Thrones, they ſtopp'd there a Moment, caſting their Eyes all round, as it were to examine the Company. After that, they ſunk down, without the leaſt Motion, towards the Middle, where I was, and plac'd themſelves by each other in the green Throne. Nothing but Death itſelf could ever terrify me more than did the Approach of theſe People, who were juſt come from the other World. Thoſe of both Sexes, that had accompany'd them thither, ſaluted them in the moſt profound Manner,



ner, and then went, taking the ſame Road in the Air, to fill their Thrones over the Band of their Colour. *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak* ſat at the Feet of *Feramak* and *Gian*. The two riſen from the Dead, wore a very grave and ſerious Air, as though they were meditating on Affairs of great Conſequence. *Feramak* had a delicate fair Complexion; *Gian* a ſwarthy one; his Eyes were lively, his Beard and Hair jet-black, and look'd like a ſevere and courageous Man. His Wife pronounc'd the following Diſcourſe, in a very diſtinct, eaſy Manner, and with a very elevated Voice.

The purify'd Shades, that came to viſit us in our peaceful Manſions, ſince our laſt Expiration, have, from time to time, appris'd us of ſuch Paſſages and Tranſactions, as would have oblig'd us to haſten our Return much ſooner, had it been in our Power to accompliſh it. It grieves me to tell you, my dear Children, that the Glory of our Nation degenerates by little and little, and that the deteſtable *Divs* are inſenſibly becoming conſpicuous on our Ruin and Decay; a Misfortune the more fatal, as you are almoſt unprepar'd to receive it. Whence proceeds this paſſive Neglect of our Wel-fare? From a Want of due Reflection on the End, for which we are rais'd above the reſt of Mortals. We trifle away our Time about Nothings; for ſuch I eſteem all Prodigies, done without having an abſolute Neceſſity, or an apparent Advantage in view.

Do you imagine the moſt eſſential Glory of our State conſiſts in building Palaces, adorning them with rich Furniture, dreſſing in magnificent Habits, giving a falſe Gloſs of Beauty to Perſons, whoſe Natures are oppoſite, filling Coffers with Pearls and Diamonds, inſpiring Men with the Knowledge

ledge of the various Languages of Birds and other Animals, favouring the insignificant Passion of some amorous Trifler, and transforming Bodies from one Shape to another? All these Wonders, in our Power, are not estimable in themselves: they ought only to be made use of, as Means to arrive at a higher Degree of Perfection. If we propose no more than the Performance of them, we abuse the most sublime Gifts, render ourselves useless to the Universe, betray our Virtue, and resign up our Right of Empire to Enemies unworthy of it.

How can a few vain Applauses sooth us, when so many impending Ills hang over our Heads? Ought we, alas! to purchase a fading Admiration at so dear a Rate? Where are the Ages, not to mention those of my own Time, which my grand Niece *Lutfallah* and her Spouse render'd so famous by their first Exploits? Then our Sciences not only contributed to the Glory of the *Sams*-[a] *Nerimans*, the *Zals-Zers*, the *Rostams*, the *Kaicobads*, the *Asfendiars*, and a numerous Multitude of other Heroes, but at the same time made Virtue also triumphant. Then we beheld nothing but great Enterprises, Queens deliver'd from the Hands of their Ravishers, Magicians vanquish'd, Giants trod under Foot, Monsters defeated, Tyrants dispoil'd and put to Death, and the strongest Enchantments of Vice happily brought to an End. Then the *Divs* [b] *Nerez* and their Disciples durst not presume to appear, or if they had the Temerity to do it, they receiv'd the just Punishment of their Crimes: But alas! that happy Time's no more! The World seems now a days to be fill'd

[a] *Warriours very much boasted of in Romances, and as much sung in the* Persian *and* Arabian *Poems.*

[b] *The true Sur-Name of the evil* Genii.

with

with *Genii*, only to do childiſh Actions. *Feramak*, in uttering theſe laſt Words, let fall ſome Tears, which the whole Aſſembly appear'd to be greatly mov'd at.

Your Sighs, purſu'd ſhe, would make me judge I have a little too far exaggerated your Faults, but I hope my Reproaches will be of ſuch Service as to engage you to remark what's moſt reprehenſible in your paſt Actions, and put you more on your Guard for the future. As our Time is ſhort among you, let the Youth of the ſecond Claſs immediately begin their Exerciſe, that they may deſerve our Praiſes.

That Moment the *Periſes* and *Peris*, Subjects of *Lutfallah*, roſe up and repair'd to the *Area*, in order to commence the Exerciſe of the Elements. The Chaos was the firſt thing repreſented; then they divided the Matter into two Parts, and after that into four. Each Part produc'd its proper Effects; as the *Fire*, Light'nings, Thunder-bolts, Conflagrations, and *Ignis Fatuus's:* The *Air*, Winds, Thunders, and ordinary Star-fallings. The *Water*, Tempeſts and Monſters; and the *Earth*, Earthquakes, new Mountains, Abyſſes and Foreſts. All theſe Things were ſhewn in Miniature, which gave a great Proof of the green Band's Dexterity, they having obſerv'd, with the greateſt Nicety, all the Rules of Proportion.

The yellow and blue *Peris* aſſembled together to imitate rural Diverſions: Their firſt Repreſentation was, a ſurpriſing Proſpect of Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, and all ſorts of Cattel feeding therein, even with their Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes. The Scene was concluded by a witty Game: Three young Shepherds, and as many Shepherdeſſes, accompany'd with the oldeſt of their Profeſſion, of each Sex, belonging to their Village, ſate together

ther under the Shade of ſome Trees. Each Shepherdeſs accus'd her Shepherd with a Defect; and each Shepherd attributed to his Shepherdeſs a Perfection. All the Shepherds prov'd, by a little pleaſant Argument, that one reigning Quality of their Shepherdeſſes, was capable of effacing all the Failings they might otherwiſe be guilty of; and all the Shepherdeſſes plainly demonſtrated, that the principal Imperfection of their Shepherds only ſerv'd to brighten the Luſtre of their fine Qualities. The ancient Woman impos'd Silence on the Shepherds, as did the old Man on the Shepherdeſſes; and then they declar'd which of the Sheperdeſſes and Shepherds had argued beſt, according to the Opinion of the Company. Immediately after the Deciſion, they were created Queen and King of the *Dance*, which was perform'd by the Sound of a Bag-pipe and Tabor, which the old Man and Woman play'd upon.

The red and white *Peris* exerciſed next together: They built Cities, Caſtles, Palaces; made Furniture, Jewels, Cloaths, *Menageries*, Fountains and Singing-Birds: They repreſented likewiſe *Sultans* with their Courts; Princeſſes of all Ages and Nations, with their Attendants; and Moſques, Doctors, *Vizirs* and *Cadis*.

They were all ſo perfect in their Parts, that at each Motion of a Rod, every thing, that Moment, was preſented to our View. *Feramak* and *Gian* openly applauded the Dexterity of their Performances. The Companies, tranſported with the Praiſes given them, re-united to treat the Aſſembly. In a Word, the whole Edifice was fill'd, in a Moment, with the moſt exquiſite, rare and nouriſhing Perfumes. When the Entertainment was over, the Queens with their Spouſes form'd a Circle in the Middle of the Amphi-Theatre. The

two

two riſen from the Dead deſcended ſoftly, till they came to the Centre, where *Gian*, who had kept Silence till then, ſaid three times, with a loud and majeſtick Voice, *Let the Sword of* Gian *glitter, and his Buckler wound Ifriet.* As ſoon as this myſterious Proclamation was iſſu'd, *Feramak* and *Gian* inſenſibly diminiſh'd, and became Eggs again. Then they roſe from the Ground as high as the Thrones, and hurrying through the Air with Rapidity, they went out of the blue Portico, and drew after them the whole Aſſembly. I was carry'd away as well as the reſt; we flew over the Houſes of the City, and having travel'd about eighteen Miles, we came to a Mountain of black Marble, which had a great Opening in the Middle. We enter'd into it, following the two Eggs, that conducted us down a continual Deſcent, through eaſy Paths, into a vaſt large arched Palace, where there were more than two thouſand Eggs, exactly reſembling the others. As my Eyes were attentively fix'd on them to ſee whereabouts they plac'd themſelves, a Drop of Water fell on my Face from the Arch, which was ſo cold, that it depriv'd me of all my Senſes. What Form or Figure I aſſum'd, I know not, but I am poſitive in this, that I found myſelf in my Father's Houſe at *Schiras*, lay'd in a Bed, all over in a Sweat, and almoſt famiſh'd with Hunger.

I call'd for ſomething to eat, which they gave me, with ſuch Moderation, that I eaſily perceiv'd they imagin'd me ſeiz'd with ſome Indiſpoſition. My Father, Siſter, and Phyſician, who were preſent, aſſured me I had been three Days without any Motion, and almoſt any Pulſe. I told them, it was certainly ſome Phantom, in my Shape, that had led them into ſuch an Error, and then related to them my Adventures at length. The

Sighs

Sighs of my Father, the Nods of my Sister, and the certain ſmiling Air the Phyſician affected, convinc'd me they gave but little Credit to what had befallen me. My Sister's Beard might perhaps have gain'd Belief upon them, had ſhe been ſtill plagu'd with it. I call'd in vain for my changeable Habit, and as fruitleſs did I invoke *Lutfallah:* I hope, ſaid I to them, you won't deny but the Son of our Baſhaw was very dangerouſly wounded by young *Ajoub*; ſtill they held my Aſſertion groundleſs. I was obliged to ſubmit both to their Incredulity and the whole Town's. Fatigu'd at laſt with ſo general an Unbelief, I obtain'd, as ſoon as I was thought recover'd, Leave of my Father to go and live ſome time with an Aunt I have at *Oormus*. *Ajoub* paid me a Viſit there, when I had almoſt forgot him. Indeed I could ſcarce recollect myſelf to have ſeen him, at his firſt accoſting me; but he anſwer'd the Queſtions I aſk'd him, ſo very particularly, that I no longer doubted it was he. After that, I entreated him to tell me, how he left the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland.

The Sequel of the Hiſtory of AJOUB.

MADAM, ſaid he, your Departure and mine proceed from the ſame Cauſe: A Drop of Water, that fell upon me from the Top of the Vault, benumb'd all my Limbs. When my Spirits began to reſume their former Functions, I found myſelf ſtretched on a Bed of dry Leaves, at the Bottom of a Grotto. I perceiv'd it to be the ſame where I had been order'd to go, by the Sage of *Babu*, but it was ſo empty and Deſart like then

then, that it look'd as though no Body had ever dwell'd there. I only found in the Receſs, that was ſet apart for the Sage's Cabinet, a Paper, where I read theſe Words:

" *Ajoub!* your Temerity, that deſerv'd an exem-
" plary Puniſhment, has perhaps procur'd your fu-
" ture Happineſs, unleſs a fatal Untowardneſs bring
" you here again. If you chance to return hither,
" the Situation of this Place ſhall remind you of
" your Fault. A Sage's Revenge extends itſelf
" no farther. Far from carrying his Reſentment
" to the Extremity ordinary Men do, he kindly in-
" forms you, that the Perſon you wounded at
" *Schiras*, is become now one of your beſt
" Friends."

The Peruſal of this Writing afforded me a great deal of Pleaſure. I roſe up and went directly out of the Grotto, where, contrary to my Expectations, I found my Horſe ty'd to a Tree, whom I mounted upon, and proceeded with all Haſte towards *Schiras*. As ſoon as I enter'd the Town, I went to an *Iman*'s [a] Houſe of my Acquaintance, where I alighted and wrote a Line to the Baſſhaw's Son, who immediately ſent back word to deſire I would favour him with my Company. When I was by his Bed's-ſide, he ſaid, looking pleaſantly at me, and preſſing my Hand, I have taken ſuch good Precautions, as to prevent this Accident reaching my Father's Ears. My Wounds, though large, are not mortal; ſo that, neither you nor I have any thing to fear. Then I begg'd he would make me ſenſible in what I had incurr'd his Hatred. Jealouſy, reply'd he, was the Motive that inflamed the Fury you ſaw me in, and which would certainly have prov'd fatal, had not your

[a] *A* Mahometan *Curate.*

Generosity disdain'd taking the Advantage, your superiour Skill had given over it.

The Occasion of my coming to such Extremities with you, was this: The happy Night of my Assignation with the charming *Gauber* being come, and waiting impatiently the much wish'd for Minute, I perceiv'd you pass under my Window, making the same Signal I had agreed to give her, in a Billet I had sent her for that Purpose. I did not take much Time to deliberate on such an odd Incident, but directly follow'd you. I scarce had overtaken you, when I saw you enter my Charmer's Doors. Your staying there so considerable a while, made me readily conclude she was become false, and that you had robb'd me of the only Treasure I possess'd in the World. How did Rage, Revenge and Despair torture me by Turns: I saw you at last come out, when I ran after you, attack'd you, and you know with what Success. My Innocence, reply'd I, deserv'd Fortune's Favour at that time. I grant it, resum'd he; yesterday one of *Gauber*'s Slaves inform'd me, that my last Letter to her had been intercepted by her Brothers, and describ'd likewise the dangerous Adventure had happen'd to you on my Account. I was very much surpriz'd, you must believe, at this News; but still more terribly shock'd, when the Slave added, that my Soul's Inspirer was condemn'd to fall the Victim of my Love, e'er two Hours elaps'd. Without losing a moment's time, I wrote to her Father, intimating, that my Conversation with his Daughter had only an honourable View, and that nothing in this World could render me so happy as his immediate Compliance to put it in execution. I sent this little Billet, which produced the very Effect I could wish. *Ajoub*, continu'd he, let our Friendship

ſhip be inviolable for the future, and begin to convince me of it, by going, this inſtant, in my Name, to confirm the Promiſe I have given. I quitted myſelf of this agreeable Commiſſion with as much Joy as they felt, who, ſome Days before, imagin'd their Revenge gratify'd, by having me in their Power. The Night following I was ſeiz'd with a violent Fever, occaſion'd by the Agitations and Fatigues I had endured. I kept my Bed for a long time, without ſeeing any Body, and was not even paſs'd Danger, when the welcome News of your Return reach'd my Ears: But, alas! how tranſient was the Happineſs that Thought gave me! Your Departure for *Ormus* ſoon ſucceeded, which certainly would have cut my Thread of Life, had not my Father apply'd other Remedies than his own to reſtore me. I diſclos'd to him my Diſeaſe, which till then I had conceal'd, and likewiſe whom the fair Author was that I hoped would have Charity enough to heal the Wounds ſhe had given. Upon this open Declaration, he had immediate Recourſe to your Father, moſt adorable *Rouſchen!* And after ſome Conference together on that Head, the Life-reſtoring Reſult of it was this;— Preſenting me a Letter from my Father, wherein I read, with a Satisfaction and Pleaſure I could not diſguiſe, his Approbation of the Bearer becoming his Son-in-Law. How eaſy is it to be dutiful, when it's agreeable to the Inclination! Our Marriage was ſolemniz'd with all the uſual Ceremonies; after which, *Ajoub* follow'd Merchandizing. I muſt beg, Gentlemen, you'll diſpenſe with me from proceeding any farther: I accompany'd him every where he went, and I think Death was very cruel to ſeparate us.

Loulou endeavour'd here to divert the Tears of her Mother, by a little witty Flight that came in-

to her Head, or rather that ſhe was Miſtreſs of at Pleaſure. Dear Mamma! ſaid ſhe to her, the *Portugueſe* Slave, perceiving me cry and in a very melancholly Poſture this Morning, told me a Story that has ſomewhat mitigated my Grief: I have it ſtill freſh in my Memory, and if you pleaſe to give Attention to it, I hope it will prove as efficacious to you. The beautiful *Perſian* could not refrain ſmiling, and ſaid to her, If the Fable you ſpeak of be not of too tedious a Length, I give you leave to relate it. Upon which ſhe gave a Glance at me as though ſhe was going to tell me ſomething very ſurpriſing. I ſhall now, ſaid ſhe, inform *Abdallah*, why Men grow older as they live, whereas Serpents become younger.

The Second Story of LOULOU.

A LITTLE after the *Periſes* had ſhewn their Power and Friendſhip to Men, they were ſollicited to grant them a Gift. Let us know, anſwer'd the *Periſes*, in what the Gift conſiſts, and it ſhall be given to you. That we may always remain, reply'd the Man, in the full Vigour of our Youth, without ever feeling the Incommodities of old Age. Let it be according to your Wiſh, ſaid the *Periſes*, we all agree to it, but mind you be careful in preſerving the Privilege we are about to grant you; for if once you loſe it, expect to fall again into your former State.

Some time after this, a young *Peri* was diſpatch'd to the Men, charg'd with Letters Patents, for perpetual Vigour, wrote in very good Form. As ſoon as they were deliver'd, all the old Men reſum'd

reſum'd their former Youth, their grey Hairs fell, the Specks in their Eyes diſappear'd, their wrinkled Skins grew ſmooth, and they became, at laſt, as handſome and ſtrong as they had ever formerly been. How did the old Women then hold up their Heads! And with what Diſdain did not they now revenge the Contempt had been ſhewn them?

Some Years after this Condeſcenſion of the *Periſes*, the War between the Men and the wild Beaſts, happen'd to break out again, on Account of certain Foreſts that the Men had uſurp'd. Each Power made War-like Preparations, and diſpos'd themſelves to give Battle. The Men, having committed the Care of their Baggage to *Aſſes* and other tame Animals, began very hard Marches towards the conteſted Foreſts. The Enemies, on the contrary, did not all repair thither, but ſelected out of their Army a certain Number of *Serpents*, *Foxes* and ſome other Creatures they judg'd moſt cunning, to lye in Ambuſh on the Roads, with ſtrict Orders to maintain reſolutely all difficult Paſſes. Skirmiſhes were continually happening between both Parties, without any apparent Advantage on either Side, till one Rencounter, the Men had the Misfortune of loſing all they eſteem'd valuable, their Privilege; and that, through the Negligence of the Aſs, who was loaded with it.

This ſtupid Creature coming to the Side of a River, and Deſigning to paſs it, a huge Serpent that was poſted there to obſtruct the Paſſage, ſaid to him, that if he had Thoughts of purſuing his Journey, he ought firſt to quit his Load. The Aſs, upon this, was going to turn back again, but being very thirſty, he ſtoop'd down his Head to drink, before he ſet forward; yet ſtill the Ser-

pent oppos'd his Deſign, and coming up cloſe to him, ſaid, What needs flattering, I ſwear you ſhall not taſte one Drop of it, unleſs you directly reſign me up your Burthen. Theſe Waters, I am Keeper of, are very freſh and cool, and ought not to be drank but at Leiſure; which you well deſerve, after the Fatigues you have undergone. Unload yourſelf therefore, and take Refreſhment, then you'll find how gaily you'll go and rejoyn your Fellow-Travellers. The Aſs, preſs'd both by Drought and Fear of ſtaying too long behind his Companions, yielded, at laſt, to this deceitful Speech, and threw off his Load. Whilſt he was drinking the Serpent ſeiz'd the Panniers, and finding the Privilege in them made off, and communicated it to the reſt of the Serpents. Since that time, Serpents caſt every Year their old Skins, and take new ones. Men, on the contrary, hourly decay, till they attain old Age, which, at laſt, puts an End to their Days.

I had all the Reaſon imaginable to ſuſpect, that the *Perſian* and her Daughter had been appris'd of my Undertaking, and that this Story was levell'd at me. I aſſured the Mother, as did alſo *Almoraddin*, that nothing had ever fill'd me with more Admiration, than the Hiſtory of her Adventures. She ſeem'd perfectly ſatisfied with the Reflections we had made, and as we were about to take our Leaves, gave me an obliging Summons to diſcharge that Part of the Convention which regarded me, as ſoon as poſſible. I could wiſh, Madam, ſaid I, I had already quitted myſelf of it, as *Almoraddin* has done; for what can I preſume to recount after all the wonderful Things I have heard?

We did not return our Viſit for many Days after the Converſation broke up. *Almoraddin* was taken up in haſt'ning his Work-men, and exchanging

changing ſuch Goods as he thought were ſuperfluous, for thoſe he had occaſion for. Inſtead of Gum-*Arabick*, Amber from *Souffel*, and white Linens from *Cambaye*, he had Diamonds from *Viſapour*, Pearls from *Coromandel*, and *Canara* Pepper, which is moſt eſteem'd in the *Indies*. Tho' theſe Exchanges were very advantageous to him, yet the Profit that accrued from them, was far leſs ſenſible to him, than the Pleaſure he felt in the Hope of preſenting them to the beautiful *Zulikhah*, whether his Attempt ſucceeded or not. And for my part, I did not want Employment. The more Queſtions I aſk'd, the more I was convinced of the Difficulty of my coming to the Knowledge of the Oracle I was in ſearch of. The Adventures of the *Perſian* Lady, at firſt, gave me a Glimmering of Hope; but then when I had heard the Cataſtrophe of them, and found that ſhe had not the leaſt Correſpondence with the *Peris*, I condemn'd my too great Facility in having conceiv'd it. As we return'd from paying our laſt Viſit, *Almoraddin*, ſtill more prejudic'd than before, ſaid to me: We have both acknowledg'd our Admiration of *Rouſchen*, but for my part, I only praiſe the Order of her *Reſveries*, and great Simplicity in regard of *Ajoub*. And you, *Abdalla*, what is it you admire? Her Diſcoveries, anſwer'd I cooly. What you term as ſuch, reply'd he, are not then groſs Imaginations? Sure you are not ſtill inclinable to believe *Rouſchen* was ever in the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland? I am perſuaded, reſum'd I, that her Body never was there, but as for her Soul, I find it poſſible; ſince the Voyage a Soul makes, may be no leſs true, than thoſe perform'd by Souls and Bodies join'd together. Did not our Prophet go from *Mecca* to *Jeruſalem*, and from thence to Heaven? Did not he traverſe the *Iron*

Heaven, the *Braſs* Heaven, the *Silver* Heaven, the *Golden* Heaven, the *Pearl* Heaven, the *Emerald* Heaven, the *Ruby* Heaven, and the *Opal* Heaven; tho' there is as much Diſtance from one Heaven to another, as would take an ordinary Man a thouſand Years travelling? Did not he penetrate the five hundred and forty Spaces of *Water*, *Snow*, *Hail*, *Clouds*, *Darkneſs*, *Fire*, *Light* and *Glory*, which reach from the *Opal* Heaven to the Throne of God? Did not he return to *Mecca* the ſame Way he went? And did not the Prophet perform this vaſt Voyage in one Night, imperceptibly to the fair *Aiſcha*, whom he was in Bed with? She could not be ſenſible of it, as the moſt celebrated Doctors aſſert, becauſe the Body of *Mahomet* remain'd in Bed with her. *Almoraddin*, who was no very great Scholar, caſt down his Eyes, and I did not judge it proper to augment his Confuſion. The next Viſit we paid to *Rouſchen*, I diſcharg'd the Obligation I lay under, by relating the following Hiſtory.

The Hiſtory of Prince TANGUT, *and the Princeſs with a Noſe a Foot long.*

THERE reign'd, in one of the Vallies of the great Mount *Dalanger*, a King, Widdower, very poor, and very old, who had three Sons, whom he ſpoke to one Day in theſe Terms: My Anceſtors call me, but before my Departure, I think it my Duty to reveal a Secret to you. Know then, a little before my Marriage, I went in Purſuit of a *Bear*, and being very much fatigu'd with the Chace, and benighted, I ſought Shelter and Reſt

Reſt for my weary'd Limbs, in a Cavern of the yellow Mountain. Next Morning, a very handſome young Man appear'd to me, and ſaid: *Aboucaf!* beget pretty Children! and when thou art juſt upon the Point of bidding adieu to the World, ſend them hither! I had not time to thank the Youth, before he became inviſible; but I have ever retain'd his Sayings to me. Repair, Dear Children! therefore to the yellow Mountain; perhaps you will find there an Inheritance more worthy of you, than that I am able to bequeath you. The three mountain Princes delay'd no Time to depart, and being come to the Cavern, advanc'd almoſt to the further Part of it, where they perceiv'd the Foot of a Stair-Caſe, which had been conceal'd till then. They went up above a thouſand Steps, and at laſt came to a ſquare Place cut in the Rock, but ſaw nothing there except a little Baſket made of Ruſhes, that contain'd a leathern Purſe, a Horn, ſuch as Shepherds make uſe of to recall their ſtray'd Flocks, and a Girdle made of coarſe Mohair. I can't ſay, ſaid *Hiarkan*, eldeſt of the Brothers, but our Father acted a very wiſe Part, not to be ſo very forward in communicating to us this Treaſure; however, let us ſhare it between us; ſo I'll take the *Girdle*. And I the *Horn*, ſaid *Xamor* the ſecond Son. The *Purſe* then conſequently falls to my Dividend, reply'd the youngeſt, who was call'd *Tangut*. As *Hiarkan* was unfolding his Girdle, a little Scroll dropt from it, wherein he read theſe Words: *What Part of the World wilt thou be tranſported to?* The other two, being curious to know whether they ſhould find any ſuch Writings enclos'd in what they had, immediately examin'd; one his Horn, and the other his Purſe. *Xamor* found ſuch another, which imported: *What Number of Forces doſt thou wiſh to command?*

command? And the youngeſt drew one equally from his Purſe, which ſaid: *What Sum of Money haſt thou need of?* If nothing oppos'd our being obey'd, cry'd they all together, but wiſhing, how happy were our Conditions now! It's very eaſy, ſaid *Tangut*, to verify theſe Prodigies, by my making the firſt Experiment. Then he ſhut his Purſe, and ſaid: I have occaſion for a thouſand Pieces of Gold. That Inſtant, the Purſe ſwell'd, and grew ſo heavy, that it dropt out of his Hands. He open'd it upon the Ground, empty'd it, and told over the very Sum he had juſt before call'd for. Imagine the Joy the Brothers conceiv'd at this Spectacle. *Aboucaf* could not participate of it, becauſe he had juſt expir'd, as they got home again. After this good Prince's Obſequies were over, the Ceremony having been perform'd in a Manner ſuitable to his Rank, they all agreed to conceal the Secret, and to quit their barren Countrey in Queſt of more fruitful Climates. *Hiarkan* and *Xamor* were the firſt that began their Progreſs; but I ſhall omit relating the Particularities of their Adventures, tho' I am perfectly acquainted with them, and only obſerve to you, that the very Year of their Departure, they founded the two Kingdoms and Cities, which bear their Names [a] to this Day; my Deſign being to confine myſelf to what befel *Tangut*.

He ſet forward, directing his Courſe towards

[a] *The Kingdom of* Hiarkan *is bounded on the* North, *by Mount* Magog; *on the South, by Mount* Caucaſus; *on the Eaſt by the Kingdom of* Xamor; *and on the Weſt, by the leſſer* Thibet *and* Giagatai. *The Kingdom of* Xamor *is bounded on the North, by the* Tartarian Kalmuks; *on the South, by the Kingdom of* Belor, *and the greater* Thibet; *on the Eaſt, by that Part of* Tartary, *ſubject to the Emperor of* China; *and on the Weſt, by the Kingdom of* Hiarkan.

the *South*, and after having travell'd a long Time, came at last to the spacious City of *Kemmerouf*, Metropolitan of the Kingdom of *Assan*. The Situation of that Place pleasing him extreamly well, he determin'd to stay there a considerable Time, and therefore made use of his Purse, to provide himself an Equipage, becoming the Rank of a great Prince. The prodigious Expence he was at, and the Richness of his Attendants, soon made him distinguish'd at Court. Nothing was talk'd of now at Sultan *Fádhel*'s Levee (for so was the King of *Assan* call'd) but the great Generosity of *Tangut*. The *Emirs* not only courted his Friendship, but likewise his simple Acquaintance. The Ladies invented a thousand Stratagems to rival each other's Views; for Youth, Beauty, and an Affluence of Fortune, Perfections seldom found together, were all united in his Person. *Tangut* made Professions of Esteem to all the Beauties of *Kemmerouf*, tho' in his Soul, he despis'd such as were too flexible to them. The Charms of the haughty *Dogandar*, only Daughter to the Sultan, were alone capable of triumphing over his Heart. He did more for her in vain, than would have ruin'd the great *Kan*, and impoverish'd the Emperor of *China*. The Sultan and Sultaness, pleas'd with the constant Assiduity of this generous and opulent Stranger, and not doubting but he was of an illustrious Descent, order'd the Princess, at last, to receive him with less Disdain, and at least out of Gratitude, to listen to his respectful Addresses. *Dogandar*, upon this Reproof, immediately chang'd her Conduct, and affected a beseeching Air of Tenderness, which the Sultan took for a Mark of Obedience, and *Tangut* for the greatest Proofs of Love; but they were both ignorant

of

of the Motive that induc'd her to behave after ſuch a Manner.

One Evening, after ſome few Expreſſions of her pretended Paſſion, ſhe took Occaſion to ſpeak thus to her Lover: I have Reaſon to doubt the Sincerity of your Affection, ſince I'm ſtill a Stranger to the Monarch that gave you Birth. The inexhauſtible Treaſure of your Mind ſpeaks you a great Prince, but that's what the very Dregs of the People can diſtinguiſh as well as I: Is not it therefore the more ſurpriſing I ſhould not know you better than the Commonalty? No, it is plain you cannot love me, and behave with ſuch Reſerve. But ſuppoſing it were ſo; what would not I then ſtudy to revenge the Myſtery, that has ſo much diſturb'd my Peace of Mind? Theſe laſt Words being pronounc'd with an Air of Paſſion, the tranſported *Tangut* began to be terrify'd at them. Alas! Madam, cry'd he, what have I done, that you accuſe and condemn me at the ſame Time? Let me know my Crime, that I may ſtrive to amend it. What have I kept as a Secret from you? It is true, you were in the Right to judge of my Birth by the Appearance I make; for to my Father I owe the Source of it, as thro' his Means I came by the Purſe, I now always carry about me. Can it be poſſible, reſum'd *Dogandar*, readily changing her Accent, that all the Riches you ſquander away, ſhould only proceed from a Purſe ſo eaſily carry'd? Oh! it can't be! you ſtill continue to deceive me! Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, I'll inſtantly convince you of it by Experience. Upon which he drew forth his Purſe, open'd it ſeveral Times, and as many laid the golden Product at the young Princeſs's Feet. *Dogandar*, ſeiz'd with an inſatiable Deſire of becoming Miſtreſs of ſuch an admirable Purſe, made Anſwer,

ſwer, ſhe would not believe her own Eyes, unleſs ſhe had firſt made the agreeable Proof of it herſelf. In ſo ſaying, ſhe ſnatch'd it out of *Tangut*'s Hands, as it were in a Jeſt, hid it in her Boſom, ran away with it, and ſhut five or ſix Doors after her. Whilſt he thought his Charmer only did it out of Diverſion, he waited her Return with all the Patience ſuch an Accident would Cauſe, that was done without Deſign; but when the Eunuch told him roughly to withdraw, by *Dogander*'s Orders, he began to foreſee his approaching Misfortune. The next Day, and a great many Days after, he repair'd to the Sultan's, but with the ſame Impoſſibility of ſpeaking to the Princeſs. He ſaw her, indeed, once or twice, and ſhe likewiſe caſt her Eyes upon him, but with this Difference; they were before engaging and full of Tenderneſs, now as cool and full of Contempt. Never was Trouble and Vexation equal to *Tangut*'s: His Affection for her detain'd him, and his Impoſſibility to ſupport the daily Expence he was at, compell'd him to depart. After a great Struggle with himſelf, he reſolv'd at laſt the more willingly on the latter, as his Diſeaſe was not incurable, if one of his Brothers would but aſſiſt him in it.

He left *Kemmerouf* without the leaſt Formality, and travell'd till he reach'd *Xamor*, whom he hop'd to have more Influence over than *Hiarkan*. Brother, ſaid he, the greateſt of Misfortunes has befallen me; an unworthy beautiful Princeſs has robb'd me of my Purſe. Let me entreat you therefore to lend me your Horn, that I may go inceſſantly and make her reſtore it. *Xamor* was very much ſurpriz'd and troubled at his Loſs; however, after ſome Reproaches, which were rather the Effects of Love than Marks of Indigna-

tion,

tion, he granted his Brother the Favour he demanded.

Tangut, poſſeſs'd of the Horn, made the beſt of his Way towards *Kemmerouf*, fully bent on beſieging it, at his Arrival there. When he came within Cannon-Shot of the Town, he ſounded his Horn ſix Times, when fifty thouſand Men block'd up each of the ſix Gates thereof. Theſe Men were both ſtout and hardy, perfectly well arm'd, and diſtributed into Companies, Regiments and Brigades, all under the Conduct of prudent and intrepid Commanders. Neither Proviſion, Ammunition, nor any other Machines, uſeful to gain a Siege, were wanting. Whilſt ſtrong Detachments of Horſe forag'd and laid the Countrey waſte, the Foot play'd upon and undermin'd the Fortifications. *Fadbel*, and the Inhabitants of *Kemmerouf*, finding themſelves attack'd by ſo formidable an Enemy, without knowing who they were, whence they came, or what Pretenſions they made, were fill'd with the utmoſt Conſternation. Several Spies were ſent into their Camp, but all taken. They try'd likewiſe to repulſe the Aſſiegeants, by ſhowering down great Stones upon them, and making vigorous Sallies but in vain. They ſoon found what invulnerable Soldiers they had to deal with; and the Sultan perceiv'd he muſt either reſolve to periſh, or implore the Clemency of an Enemy he was a Stranger to. He look'd upon the laſt Taſk to be the leaſt Inſupportable, therefore ſummon'd his Family and Court, in order to throw themſelves at the Feet of the Conqueror. As ſoon as they were out of the Gate of the Town, a ſtrong Guard conducted them to *Tangut*'s Tent, before whom the King fell proſtrate, with his Attendance, and did not dare to lift up his Eyes.

I can't

I can't tell, mighty Lord! ſaid he, ſighing, whether you are Man, or ſomething more; but certain it is, that I have provok'd your Indignation, ſince I feel the terrible Effects of it. Whether you are reſolv'd to purſue the Dictates of your Wrath, or that you have fix'd ſome Bounds to it, I hope you will not diſapprove the humble Step I have taken to appeaſe it. Pronounce, powerful Lord! the Sentence of our Deaths, or pardon us the Crimes, we have offended you in: Here we lie at your Mercy, and ready to undergo what you ſhall think proper to inflict on us. Should we be treated as Criminals, may we beſeech you to let us know, wherein we have had the Misfortune to fall under your Diſpleaſure.

Whilſt the Sultan ſpoke, his Attendance were all in Tears, with their Eyes bent downwards, except the charming *Degandar*'s, who tho' ſhe cry'd like the reſt, could not forbear now and then giving a Glance at *Tangut*. She remember'd him again, which fill'd her with freſh Courage and Hope. *Tangut*'s Eyes equally met her's, and could not reſiſt taking their former Impreſſion. His Heart throbb'd, and was again melted into Tenderneſs; inſomuch, that the ſmall Remains of Anger and Revenge he had left, was a Burthen to him, and only ſerv'd to change his Countenance. He rais'd the Sultan from the Ground, ſaying, he would ſoon clear up the Reſentment requir'd, and then ſuddenly withdrew again, to conceal the Confuſion he was in, and conſult with himſelf what he had beſt ſay or do in that nice Point. In vain were all his Conſultations: Whenever he ſtudy'd what Meaſures to take in his own Juſtification, Love, whoſe Power he felt anew, ſtill had the upper Hand, and perſuaded him to accommodate the Slights and Injuries his Charmer

had

had ſhewn him. In that View, he invited the Sultan, the Princeſſes, and the Chief of the Emirs to dine with him. *Dogandar* was not the only Perſon then that knew him again, ſtill no body durſt ſeem to own it.

The Princeſs, having more Reſolution than the reſt, ventur'd, at laſt, to ſpeak to him, in the following Manner. If it might be preſum'd, my Lord, to declare our Thoughts freely, I'm poſitive we ſhould find it no hard Taſk to convince you your Anger is unjuſt. Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, I know no body leſs Capable of ſuch an Undertaking than yourſelf. Theſe Words were pronounc'd with ſuch Timidity and Faintneſs of Speech, that the penetrating Princeſs eaſily perceiv'd ſhe ſtill commanded Awe; and taking Advantage of the happy Diſcovery, ſaid: Tho' you are ſo much prejudic'd, as to imagine me in particular incapable of making good the Aſſertion, yet none but myſelf ſhall prove, that you have reſented as heinous, what I only meant as an innocent Piece of Raillery; and look'd upon my Conduct as inſulting, when 'twas only deſign'd as a Tryal of your Conſtancy. Had I in the leaſt thought you ſo violent in your Nature, I ſhould have behav'd with more Circumſpection. You gave me Proteſtations of your Love, and I was willing to convince myſelf of the Sincerity of them, by a harmleſs Method, that even you were the Author of; but alas! how Fatal has it prov'd! The Moment after, you abandon'd me, and was heard of no more, till you appear'd Sword in Hand ready to ſacrifice me. How could I foreſee ſo ſudden a Departure, or expect ſo cruel a Return? Confeſs then, my Lord, my Innocence, and blame the Impulſe of your own Paſſion.

Tangut remaining ſpeechleſs at theſe Words, *Fadhel* broke Silence, and after having blam'd his Daughters Imprudence, and entirely diſapprov'd her want of Conduct, concluded his Reproofs, ſaying: Prince, If my inconſiderate Daughter ſtill deſerves any Place in your Affections, to morrow ſhe's yours. Why, interrupted the Sultaneſs, ſhould an Affair of ſuch Conſequence be deferr'd ſo long? This Moment, therefore, I diſpoſe of my Daughter to the brave *Tangut*; let him accompany us, and give Peace to his own Subjects. This was too agreeable an offer for the Son of *Aboucaf* to refuſe. He readily condeſcended to attend them into *Kemmerouf*, but conditionally, that he ſhould be guarded by ſuch Perſons as he thought proper to pitch on, and remain likewiſe Maſter of one of the Gates of the Town. The Terror of the Inhabitants ſoon chang'd into an univerſal Joy, at the Sight of *Tangut*. He ſometimes entertain'd himſelf familiarly with the Sultan, and ſometimes with the Princeſſes; and always had the Precaution not to ſhew the leaſt Sign of Anger on his Countenance. He now became Thoughtleſs of what was paſt, and was capable of no Reflection, but the pleaſing Idea of poſſeſſing the charming *Dogandar*. The Sultan entertain'd him with the utmoſt Magnificence, at Supper that Night, in a Garden, where all the Trees were burthen'd with Flambeaux, which gave as much Light as at noon Day.

After Supper, *Dogandar* join'd *Tangut*, and led him ſome Diſtance from the Company. We are in a Place now, ſaid ſhe, where we may diſcourſe without Reſtraint. How happy do I think myſelf, in being bleſs'd with a Lover and Spouſe, who is the moſt powerful Prince in the Univerſe! I am ſo much amaz'd at your ſecond ſurpriſing

Expedition, that I'm not yet recover'd from the Aſtoniſhment. No Potentate whatever can carry on a War without Money; the Source of your Treaſure I am in Poſſeſſion of; notwithſtanding which, you have found Means to raiſe an Army, able to give Laws to the whole World. What's more amazing ſtill, your March was ſo ſudden, and ſo well regulated, that we were ſurpriz'd and attack'd, before we dreamt any thing of the Matter. I ſhall ſay nothing of your Soldiers, who kill and cannot be kill'd. For my part, that's a Myſtery beyond my Comprehenſion; but durſt I hope any thing from your Complaiſance, I would extend my Curioſity much farther. She ſpoke that with ſuch a tender beſeeching Air, a Softneſs ſhe was Miſtreſs of at Pleaſure, that he was incapable of the leaſt Reflection, and drew forthwith the Horn out of his Pocket, ſaying: Madam, I might juſtly be term'd one of the moſt ungrateful Monſters upon Earth, were I to keep you any longer in an irkſome Suſpence. By this Inſtrument alone, I have found the Army you now ſee, and had I occaſion for a Million more, it would equally produce them. The Moment I ſound it, and mention the Number of Forces I require, that very Inſtant I am obey'd. It is incredible ſure, cry'd the artful Princeſs; how do I feel my Admiration and Curioſity augment! For Heavens ſake, let me try if this miraculous Horn will be as efficacious when I blow it. In ſpeaking theſe Words, ſhe very dexterouſly took it from him, and retir'd five or ſix Paces, in a toying Manner; then ſhe put it to her Mouth, and demanded a hundred thouſand Men. In an Inſtant, the Town, Palace, and even Garden, were full of new-rais'd Soldiers. Thoſe belonging to *Tangut* diſappear'd, becauſe the Enchantment was ſuch, that the Effect produc'd

duc'd by a ſecond Perſon, deſtroy'd the Work of the firſt. It was as much as this unhappy Lover could do, to prevent the Orders taking Place, his Miſtreſs had given to ſeize him. He left the Garden immediately, and by the Favour of the Night, made his Eſcape out of the neareſt Gate he came to.

When he got ſome Diſtance from the Town, he curs'd his bad Fate, and abhorr'd his own Complaiſance, with the Perfidy of *Dogandar*. The Dread of being taken made him not ceaſe travelling, 'till he was in a Place of Surety. When he thought himſelf paſt Danger, and had Time to reflect more ſeriouſly on his Misfortunes, and how to remedy them, he conceiv'd nothing but one expedient to be depended on; which was in procuring his eldeſt Brother's Girdle. But alas! he deſpair'd ſurmounting ſo difficult a Point; and not only dreaded a Refuſal, but likewiſe ill Treatment from him; for *Hiarkan* was of a haſty proud Temper, ill-natur'd, and unwilling to do good Offices: However, he reſolv'd to put him to the Trial, whatever ſhould be the Event of it.

Having reach'd *Hiarkan*'s Houſe, and knowing his Foible, he immediately threw himſelf at his Feet, with Tears in his Eyes, and ſaid: Would to God, dear Brother, I had follow'd your prudent Counſel. You have ever treated me with the Tenderneſs of a Father; how unhappy am I then not to have return'd the dutiful Obedience of a Child! There's, dear Brother, my chief Failing, and the Source whence ſprings all my Miſcarriages; for tho' the Loſs of my Purſe, and *Xamor*'s Horn, juſtly reproach me with all that's criminal and ſtupid, yet ſuch Loſſes, to weigh them duly, are only the Conſequences of my want of Adherence to your Advice. Tell me, gene-

rous *Hiarkan*, what Sorrow is capable to expiate my Crime? If ſuch will not ſuffice, name my Puniſhment; but don't refuſe, I beſeech you, the only Succour left to retrieve the Honour of a Family, bleſs'd by your being the Supporter of it. When I entreat you to lend me your Girdle, I am in hopes three Motives will engage you to grant the Requeſt, which can only reſtore what I have been robb'd of. How great would the Happineſs be, after that, if I might be ſuffer'd to paſs the reſt of my Days along with you, and endeavour to edify as much by the many Precedents of Prudence and Wiſdom, you will not fail to ſet before me, as hitherto I have been blindly Remiſs in emulating them.

Hiarkan ſtood immoveable as a Statue, and did not ſeem in the leaſt touch'd at his Brother's Tears and penitent Declarations; but, on the contrary, this Inſenſibility was ſucceeded by ſo violent a Paſſion, that poor *Tangut* thought himſelf abſolutely loſt; yet was it to that Hurry and Confuſion of Spirit he ow'd his Safety; for the Rage of *Hiarkan* being evaporated, he reproach'd himſelf with having been too ſevere, and at laſt granted him the Girdle. *Tangut* had no ſooner put it on, than he wiſh'd to be in a *Moſque* at *Kemmerouf*, and immediately was tranſported thither. He conceal'd himſelf there till after Midnight, and then, every Body being in a profound Sleep, he nam'd the Chamber of his Miſtreſs, and as quick as thought was in it. When approaching her Bed, *Tangut* beheld her in all the native Charms of ſleeping Beauty, the Indignation he had conceiv'd againſt her, was in great Danger of being converted into a Deſire altogether the Reverſe. Not all the groſs Impoſitions *Dogandar*

had

had been guilty of, were capable of ſtifling the Love he bore her: Ah *Hiarkan*, ſaid he to himſelf, were you in my Place! But, recollecting that he had been twice deceiv'd by her, and that it was the laſt Stake he had now to manage, he became aſham'd of his great Weakneſs, and flung open the Curtains, throwing down a Table which happen'd to ſtand near them.

The beautiful *Dogandar*, ſtartling, waked in the utmoſt Terror, and without daring to open her Eyes, demanded the Occaſion of that great Noiſe? A Lover, replied *Tangut*, injured by your Artifices, is to come to ſhew how much is yet in his Power to do for Vengeance and Redreſs: He ſtill, however, retains too much Generoſity to execute the one, provided you offer him the other. It is *Tangut* ſpeaks, continued he, deliver me inſtantly therefore the *Purſe* and *Horn* you have defrauded me of, for I have but a Moment to ſtay in your Apartment. The Voice and Name of this too eaſy *enamorato* diſpelled great part of the Fear *Dogandar* had been in. She preſently found in what Manner it was beſt for her to behave; ſo looking on him with a Languiſhment, ſhe knew well how to aſſume, replied; I might have imagined, none but you were capable of ſurpriſing People thus. I do not reſent the Miracles you perform, were they to happen every Day; but indeed, methinks you might contrive a more ſeaſonable Hour for their Operation, than the very Minute I was drowned in Repoſe. Let me know, I intreat you, the Cauſe of this new Tranſport: I cannot tell whether it is a Dream, what I have heard you ſay juſt now, or no; but it is certain, I am ſtrangely amazed at ſuch extraordinary Language.

She leaned on her Elbow in a careleſs Poſture, while ſhe was ſpeaking, and two perfum'd Tapers caſting their Lights directly on her Face and Neck, diſclos'd to the admiring Eye Ten thouſand Charms, which the Formalities of Dreſs conceal'd. *Tangut* had never beheld her in this inchanting Negligence, and was raviſh'd anew with the Pleaſure it gave him. All his Anger and Reſentment vaniſh'd, and Love alone had the Poſſeſſion of his Soul; Pardon, Madam, ſaid he, with a Voice trembling between Hope and Deſpair, the Preſumption of a Lover, who only intreats, with the greateſt Reſpect, to know why you have twice deceiv'd his longing Expectations. Forbear to inſult me, interrupted the Princeſs, nor keep at a Diſtance, which, if you lov'd indeed, muſt be painful to you. He obey'd her Commands and drew nearer, with what Joy at ſo unexpected a Condeſcenſion, it is very eaſy to imagine. Of what Deceit, continued ſhe, do you accuſe me? What mean you by Reproaches ſo unjuſt? Did I not juſtify my Behaviour concerning the *Purſe?* And in Regard of the *Horn*, methinks it is your Intereſt to be ſilent, unleſs you would wiſh me to remember the moſt unworthy Action a Man could poſſibly be guilty of: It is you alas! have deceived me. I, Madam, cried *Tangut* haſtily? Yes, replied *Dogandar*; did you not abandon me, at a Time when I had conſented to all you wiſhed, and by that Contempt, expoſed me to the Laughter of the whole Univerſe?

I raiſed a new Army, which obliged that of yours to diſappear: Ah Prince, how weak a Cauſe was this for your forſaking me! Were not the Troops I called, as much yours as the *Horn?* Or to ſpeak more juſtly, was not ſhe, who innocently

cently made the Experiment of that wonderful Inſtrument, yours alſo?

This well diſſembled Tenderneſs had ſuch an Effect on the ſoft Diſpoſition of *Tangut*, that he threw himſelf on his Knees, demanding Pardon, a ſecond Time of the Princeſs; who immediately raiſed him, and looking on his Girdle, what new Mode have you brought us here? It ſeems, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, to be after the Manner of the *Hob-goblins*; but if it be, they are neither ſo rich, nor ſo ingenious as the Idea we conceive of them. This of yours is coarſe, and meanly wrought, if I am not greatly miſtaken; but draw near, that I may be farther convinced of it. *Dogandar* could never have thought of a happier Expedient to ſatisfy her Curioſity, in diſcovering this new Secret, than by the Queſtions ſhe propos'd. Madam, anſwered *Tangut*, advancing towards her, I know not the Nation of the *Hob-goblins*, nor that a Girdle is one of their Habiliments; but am certain, mine is of an inеſtimable Price, and infinitely dear to me, ſince it has procured me the valuable Bleſſings I now enjoy. While he was ſpeaking, the ſubtil Princeſs unty'd the Girdle, and drew it inſenſibly from him; ſaying, how got you hither then? Whence come you? And how much Time has your Journey taken you up? I have travelled, ſays he, more than three Hundred Leagues in one Inſtant: When this miraculous Girdle is bound about me, I but Name a City, and am tranſported immediately to it. But, Madam! What is it you are doing? I think you are robbing me of it. *Dogandar* had drawn as much of the Girdle from him, as went round her Waiſt, when he perceived the Fraud. Inſtead of anſwering him, ſhe wiſh'd to be convey'd to the *Sultan*'s

Chamber, and was readily obey'd. That Moment, *Fadhel* order'd his Guards to make diligent Search, which allarm'd the whole Palace. Happy it was now for *Tangut*, that his frequent Visits there, had brought him acquainted with the moſt private Avenues to it. A little Pair of Back-ſtairs happily afforded him with the Means of his Eſcape into the Streets, through which he ran, until he came to the Place in the Fortifications, ſomewhat out of Repair, and couragiouſly jump'd down it. After he had a little taken Breath, and had Time to conſider on his miſerable Condition, he endeavoured, not as formerly, to eaſe himſelf by bitter Complaints and Imprecations; but delivered himſelf up with a kind of Tranquillity to Deſpair; deſiring now, no more than to dye.

To the Weſt of *Kemmerouf*, there are many dreadful Mountains, which form a vaſt Deſert, void of any Water, and ſo barren, that even Animals, accuſtomed to live on the moſt unfruitful Lands, durſt not inhabit there. *Tangut* purſued his Way to it, in Hopes that there his Life and Misfortunes would find an End. He wandered all that Night, and the Day following, endeavouring to haſten his laſt Hour, by adding to Hunger, the moſt inſupportable Fatigue a Mortal could undergo. Towards the Concluſion of Day, as he moved, tottering with Weakneſs, down the Declenſion of a Rock, he fell into a deep Swound; and his Body, deprived of all Senſe, rouled, for ſome Time, towards a Precipiece, where this unhappy Prince muſt have been inevitably cruſhed to Pieces, had not his Garments catched hold of the Branches of an old Fig-tree, which prevented his farther Fall.

This

This Tree might be called the Wonder of that ſolitary Wild; no other green Thing being to be ſeen there. *Tangut*'s Swound was followed by a long Sleep, in which he continued till the next Day was far advanced. Having opened his Eyes, the firſt Object that he ſaw, was the Branch that held him. Perceiving the Fruit of it very lovely, he was tempted to taſte of it: I have reſolved to dye, ſaid he to himſelf, therefore of what Importance will it be, if I defer my Death one Day longer? Let me enjoy once more, the Pleaſure of eating Figs, ſince Fortune has been ſo kind to offer it: I ſhall not be much the farther from Death. He raiſed himſelf with a great deal of Pain, and pulling to him the neareſt Boughs, devoured all the Fruit he could gather from them, with an extreme Greedineſs. They were of ſuch a pernicious Quality, that his Noſe encreaſed a Foot long, every Fig he ſwallowed; and though he felt the frightful Effect of it, yet his Appetite was ſo violent, that he did not diſcontinue eating, till his Stomach was quite full, and his Noſe grown to ſo propoſterous a Size, that with much ado, he diſintangled it from the Branches of the Figg-tree.

While the Pleaſure laſts, the Ills that ſucceed make little Impreſſions, but it is not the ſame afterwards. *Tangut*, who juſt before had defied Fortune to render him more miſerable, now experienced, by what had befallen him, that his Misfortune was capable of Augmentation. Sure I was born, ſaid he, under the moſt malignant Planet! The other Woes I ſuffered were occaſioned by my own Imprudence; but what have I done to draw upon me this? Oh let me fly ſo fatal a Tree, and its deluſive Fruit, and not a Moment longer bear the ſhameful Load of Life!

Then

Then he wrapp'd his Noſe round his left Arm, and charged with his painful and ridiculous Burthen, purſued his wretched Way. His Strength was ſo much repaired by the Figs he had eaten, that he was enabled to travel with freſh Vigour, and before Sun-ſet, he arrived at a Valley, a conſiderable Diſtance from the Place he left. Being ſat down on a Stone, he caſt his Eyes, by Chance, towards a Hollow, where he perceived, though the Shade from the Rocks rendered it pretty obſcure, a ſecond Fig-Tree, laden with moſt beautiful Fruit. This Diſcovery, inſtead of pleaſing him, gave him ſo much Pain, that had his Wearineſs permitted, he would have gone farther from an Object, which ſeemed to invite him yet once more, to prolong his Life and his Noſe; but turned his Head another Way, and fell aſleep.

When he awoke, Hunger tormented him anew, and he felt ſomething within him dictate: Yeſterday's Figs are now digeſted; what Harm will there be to taſte theſe others, which preſent themſelves? What can happen worſe than thou haſt already? And why ſhouldſt thou reſolve to avoid them? Will not this Valley ſerve thee for a Grave? Gather therefore, and eat of this delicious Fruit, till Death Approaches. This Inſpiration induced him to draw nearer the Tree; and taking the End of his Noſe in one Hand with the other, plucked a Fig, and put in his Mouth, which he had no ſooner ſwallowed than the Extremity of his Noſe ſlipt from his Hold, and ſhrunk a full Foot. A ſecond Fig had the ſame Effect, and a third convinced him of the Virtue of this excellent Fruit, till by Degrees with an Infinity of Joy, he reduced it to its natural Proportion. Being thus happily recovered, he contrived

trived a Stratagem for the Re-eſtabliſhment of his Affairs, which ſucceeded perfectly well. He took out the linen Lining of his Turbant, and filled one Part of it with Figs of this laſt Quality; then returning with all Speed to the firſt Fig-tree, gathered alſo a great Number of them, which he tied up ſeparately in the ſame Linen; and afterwards took the Road of *Kemmerouf*, where he arrived about Evening.

He lodged that Night with a poor Woman, who was ignorant of his Diſtinction. In the Morning, he beſmeared his Face with Clay, put on the Habit of a Peaſant, and having filled a little Baſket with Figs of that Sort which lengthen the Noſe, he covered them neatly over with Leaves, and paſſed ſeveral Times before the Palace of *Fadhel*. The chief of the Purveyors taking Notice of him, called and aſked what he had to diſpoſe of? They are little Mountain Figs, ſaid the counterfeited Peaſant. This is not the Seaſon for Figs, replied an Officer, uncovering them, though theſe ſeem to be ripe: How do you ſell them? Fruits growing upon Rocks are ſo much expoſed to the Sun, ſaid the Peaſant, that they ripen ſooner than others. He then propoſed a Price, which being agreed to, *Tangut* removed his Quarters, dreſſed himſelf in the Habit of a Phyſician, put on a falſe Beard, and in this Diſguiſe attended the Effect of his Figs.

The chief of the Purveyors had no ſooner bought them, than he haſten'd directly to the *Sultaneſs* and Princeſs, who were drinking Coffee together. New Fruits! cry'd he, I preſent you with the firſt Figs of the Year. The Mother and Daughter ran to the Baſket, and *Dogandar* ſeiz'd them with all the Eagerneſs imaginable, and went to the other Side of the Room to eat them with

with more Satisfaction. The Mother was the firſt that obſerv'd her Noſe lengthen'd four Foot, after having eaten four Figs: The fifth ſhe threw away half peel'd, and gave a Shriek, which oblig'd *Dogandar* to turn her Head. Oh what a Noſe, Madam! cry'd ſhe. Oh my Daughter! ſaid the *Sultaneſs*, looking on her, we are loſt! Upon this they flew both to the Looking-glaſs, which but too faithfully repreſented them ſuch as they were. Who can expreſs the different Paſſions which then agitated their Hearts? The great Noiſe they made, brought all the Ladies of the Palace thither; likewiſe the *Sultan*, the *Grand Viſir*, the chief of the *Eunuchs*, and ſeveral *Emirs*. *Fadhel* was in the utmoſt Conſternation, but becauſe he would not augment the Affliction of his Wife and Daughter, he told them that the Accident which had befall'n them, could be no other than an Illuſion; and ſhould it prove even real, it would be eaſie for him to find out Phyſicians, to apply a ſpeedy Remedy.

The moſt ſkilful Phyſicians in the Kingdom of *Aſſen* were immediately aſſembled to conſult on the Diſeaſe of the two Princeſſes. After a long and ineffectual Debate touching the Cauſe of it, they came to a Concluſion, that thoſe fleſhy Subſtances, a Caſe they never read of, might, indeed, be cut off without any Danger, but then there would always remain a viſible Deformity in the middle of the Face, eſpecially in the Princeſſes's, becauſe ſhe had been more greedy than the *Sultaneſs*, and conſequently the Baſe of her Noſe amplify'd in proportion to the Length of it. The Reſult of this Deliberation threw *Dogandar* and her Mother almoſt into Deſpair, and made them reſolv'd to live conceal'd from View in their Apartments. The Noiſe of this Misfortune with

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the Deciſion of the Phyſicians ſoon ſpread itſelf through the Town, and ſo undoubtedly reach'd *Tangut's* Ears, who was waiting impatiently for the News of it.

He addreſs'd the *Sultan* in Quality of a ſtrange Phyſician, requeſting to give his Opinion in ſo nice a Point, and made him hope every Thing from his long Experience in the Knowledge he had of Simples. *Fadhel* accepted his Offers, and led him into the Lady's Apartment. The pretended Phyſician felt their Pulſes and examined their Noſes, then changing the Tone of his Voice, My Queens ſaid he, with a grave and deliberate Air, you reſemble Elephants. If there be in Art, any Means to take away the Trunk of an Elephant without cutting it off, the ſame Recipe would ſerve to cure you. Such a one I'm convinc'd there is, and believe myſelf the only Perſon in the World, Maſter of the Secret, for I've try'd the Experiment on one of the largeſt Elephants in the Kingdom of *Pegu*, with Succeſs. But before I undertake ſo great a Taſk, I muſt inform you, that an Elephant is of a quiet, tractable Diſpoſition, which contributes greatly to the Operation of the Remedies we apply; ſo conſequently what I ſhall preſcribe will not have its due Effect on you, without the Humours of your Bodies be in an equal Balance.

After he had made this fine Speech, which he had ſtudy'd on purpoſe to give a Gloſs to his Deſign. *Fadhel* committed the Care of the Princeſſes intirely to his Management, and aſſign'd him an Appartment in the Palace, that he might be near them. During eight Days, he made them take only ſimple Medicines, giving them uncommon Names, to inſpire the greater Idea of his Skill. Theſe Remedies having reduc'd, as he ſaid,

ſaid, the Temperament of the *Sultaneſs* to a juſt Equality, which was abſolutely neceſſary for her Cure, he made her withdraw into her Cloſet, where, having ſhut up all the Windows, he put into her Mouth four good Figs, one after another. She had no ſooner ſwallow'd them, than he ſaid, Madam, you are now cured. Putting her Hand to her Noſe, and finding the Truth of what he ſaid, ſhe was ſo tranſported, that ſhe left the Phyſician, and ran to ſhew her Daughter, who waited with Impatience the Iſſue of the Operation. *Dogandar* beholding the *Sultaneſs* perfectly reſtor'd, imbrac'd her with Tears of Joy; then conjur'd the Phyſician, with lifted Hands, not to delay affording her the ſame Proof of his great Art. *Tangut* coldly reply'd, he wiſh'd her Conſtitution was as good as her Mothers. He examin'd her Pulſe ſeveral Times, then ſhook his Head, and aſſum'd a Look, which ſeem'd to prognoſticate ſo little Succeſs, that *Dogandar* trembled at her very Soul. After theſe Ceremonies, he declar'd plainly, that her Diſeaſe was incurable, and deſir'd Permiſſion to retire, as being incapable of doing her any Service. The *Sultan* and *Sultaneſs*, coming into the Room when this Deciſion was pronounc'd, were extreamly troubled at it. They ſollicited the Phyſician to continue his Preparations for the Patient, but their Perſuaſions being vain, they entreated him however to ſtay ſome time at Court, which he condeſcended to with a ſeeming Reluctance.

Dogandar paſs'd her Nights and Days in Tears: Of what Uſe to me, at preſent, cry'd ſhe, are all the Advantages I have receiv'd from Nature and from Fortune? Alas! theſe regular Features, theſe Eyes ſo full of Life and Fire, the delicate Bloom of this Complexion, this finiſh'd Beauty, for which I have been ſo juſtly celebrated, only ſerve

now to make my Deformity more inſupportable! Was there on Earth a Princeſs more happy than myſelf, before this dreadful Misfortune befel me, and which will ſoon put an End to my Life? But this Reflection only redoubles my Sorrow: The inexhauſtible *Purſe*, the formidable *Horn*, and the miraculous *Girdle*, ill become the Poſſeſſion of a Monſter. One Afternoon, as *Tangut* was going to viſit this Inconſolable, he heard her exclaim much after this ſame Manner, which he look'd upon to be the happy Occaſion of recovering all he had loſt.

Fully bent on making a proper Uſe of it, he enter'd her Chamber, without ſeeming to have heard any thing, and ſaluted his Royal Patient as uſual. What! ſaid ſhe, ſighing, is it poſſible you have condemn'd me to remain all my Life as I am? Have Compaſſion on me, I implore you! Make, at leaſt, one more Tryal. Doubt you of being ſufficiently recompenſed? If the Treaſures of my Father ſeem too little, the unfortunate Princeſs, who ſpeaks to you, can herſelf make you Preſents, which will oblige you to confeſs, never Phyſician was better ſatisfied.

Intereſt, Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, has never been the Motive of my Actions; my only Aim is Glory. As Conquerors and Kings render themſelves famous, not only for their great Exploits, but alſo for their Magnificence and good Offices, ſo in my Profeſſion, were it poſſible for me to paſs in a Moment from one Extremity of the World to another, I ſhould ſoon make my Name the univerſal Theme, in reſtoring Health to the illuſtrious Diſeas'd of all Nations.

Reſtore me the Beauty I have loſt, reſumed *Dogandar*, I will put you in a Condition to obtain greater Conqueſts, and beſtow more Liberalities,

ties, than King or Conqueror ever did. Nor ſhall that be all; I will give you the Means to tranſport yourſelf to any Part you wiſh to be at, with ſo much Swiftneſs, that the Flight of Birds ſhall be ſlow in Compariſon with it. *Tangut*, whoſe Misfortunes had made him wiſe, affected a great Aſtoniſhment at theſe Propoſals. Madam, ſaid he, ſmiling, we readily promiſe every thing, and even Impoſſibilities, in Hopes of compaſſing what we ſtrongly wiſh for. My Promiſes are not of that Nature, interrupted *Dogandar*, as you ſhall be immediately convinced. Upon which, ſhe took out of her Cabinet, the *Purſe*, the *Horn* and *Girdle*, ſhew'd them to the Phyſician, and explain'd their ſeveral Virtues. Though he knew more of this Matter than ſhe, yet he appear'd incredulous to all ſhe ſaid, and even pretended to go away, as tired with liſtening to ſuch trifling Diſcourſe; inſomuch that the Princeſs was obliged to entreat him to carry the three Rarities Home with him, to make the Experiment. He put them in his Pocket, as in Compliance to her Requeſt; but having once more recover'd what he deſpair'd to ſee again, he reſolv'd not to defer the Concluſion of the Scene. Nothing depending on my Skill can retrieve your Misfortune, ſaid he to the Princeſs; but ſince your Gratitude extends ſo far, you compel me to make Tryal even of Impoſſibilities: What can be done, you ſhall know within an Hour. Then he went and girt himſelf in order for his Departure.

Being return'd to the Princeſs with a certain Number of Medicinal Figs, and one of the ordinary Kind, which he laid apart, he conducted her to the Cabinet where her Mother was cured. She ſwallow'd as many of the Figs, as reduc'd her Noſe to the Meaſure of a Foot, and that being

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ing done, he felt her Pulſe: Ah Madam! cry'd he, how fatal a Change is here, my Remedy operates no more! Continue applying it, reply'd the Princeſs. I ſhall, reſum'd the Phyſician, but I wiſh my Art may deceive me: With theſe Words, he put into her Mouth the common Fig, which ſhe ſwallow'd, without finding any Benefit by it. Grief inexpreſſible! horrible Addition to my Deſpair! Muſt I continue then, ſaid ſhe, with a Sigh, as if her Heart were burſting, muſt I continue then with the Noſe of a Foot long? Yes, Madam, anſwer'd the Phyſician, 'tis *Tangut* who aſſures you of it: At the ſame time, he open'd the Windows, pluck'd off his falſe Beard, ſhew'd himſelf, and nam'd the City of *Hiarkan*, whither the Virtue of the Girdle tranſported him in a Moment. *Dogandar* wou'd have met Death with Pleaſure at the Sight of that cruel Diſcovery, but ſhe lived in ſpight of herſelf, even to an extream old Age, never being able to reconcile herſelf to the Deformity of her Noſe. This Adventure of hers gave Riſe to a Proverb, which to this Day is made uſe of throughout the Eaſt. As for Prince *Tangut*, after having reſtor'd his Brothers the *Horn* and *Girdle*, he ſettled himſelf in a fertile Country, and founded a very extenſive and flouriſhing Kingdom [a].

Rouſchen expreſs'd, in Terms full of Energy, the Pleaſure this Story afforded her, and told me, I had now fully diſcharged my Obligation. As I was about to reply, *Almoraddin* prevented me, ſaying; Madam, this Hiſtory is full of Wonders, but I ought to partake with *Abdalla*, the Applauſe you give it. I know not how the *Perſian* inter-

[a] *The Kingdom of* Tangut *is bounded on the North and Eaſt, by* Kara-Katai; *on the South, by the Kingdom of* Delor *and* China; *and on the Weſt, by the Kingdom of* Zamor.

preted theſe Words, but they very much aſtoniſh'd me; and as ſoon as we had taken Leave, I deſired, with ſome Impatience, the Explanation of *Almoraddin*, who wore an Air of Diſcontent. He oblig'd me to repeat my Requeſt ſeveral times before he anſwer'd: Cruel Friend! ſaid he at laſt, am I not already ſufficiently acquainted how miſerable my Situation is? Muſt you call back the Hiſtory of my paſt Misfortunes, make me ſee *Zulikhab*, in the Character of a perfidious Princeſs, and repreſent me three times unſucceſsful in my Aim, that all the little Hope I had left might be totally extinguiſh'd? Do you imagine then, reply'd I, that the Hiſtory I have been relating, was of my own Compoſition? No, dear *Almoraddin!* it is not; I ſwear to you by the black Stone [b] at *Mecca*, by the Wells of *Zem-Zem* [c], and by the Tomb of the Prophet. Read the Annals of the Kingdom of *Kachemire*, and you will there find this Hiſtory, for 'twas from thence I took it. To conclude, I hope you will not long reſemble *Tangut*, for you muſt not flatter yourſelf with finding ſo eaſy a Reſource as that of the Fig-Trees. After this, I embrac'd him tenderly, for though want of Learning made him liable to little Miſtakes, yet he was ſoon convinc'd of his Error.

When our Veſſel was ready to put to Sea, we took our Leaves of *Rouſchen*. Little *Loulou*, tho' very much taken up in running after a Monkey, came quite out of Breath to receive likewiſe our Compliments, which ſhe return'd with one of her Stories. Perceiving ſhe had over-heated herſelf

[b] *A Stone very much reſpected in the Temple of* Mecca, *built by* Abraham, *according to* Mahomet.

[c] *Wells at* Mecca, *whoſe Waters come from the Source that God raiſ'd in Favour of* Hagar *and* Iſhmael, *as the* Mahometans *ſay.*

with her Diverſion, and telling her, I thought a Monkey did not deſerve ſhe ſhould incur the Danger of an Indiſpoſition; ſhe made anſwer, You adviſe me then to be leſs ſprightly, I ſuppoſe: Certainly, cry'd I. And for my Part, reſum'd ſhe gaily, I would perſuade you never to give your Advice, unleſs it was requir'd; eſpecially when it relates to Monkeys, otherwiſe it will happen to you, as it did to a little Bird. And pray what befel that little Bird? ſaid I. You will be inſtantly ſatisfied, reply'd *Loulou*.

The Third Story of LOULOU.

CERTAIN Monkeys, dwelling in a Wood, aſſembled together under a Tree to paſs the Night there, it being the Begining of the rainy Seaſon, and very cold. Perceiving at a little Diſtance from them, the glittering of a Glow-worm, and believing it a Spark, or a live Coal, they cover'd it with dry Leaves and Wood, and began to blow it one after another. There happening to be a Flock of Birds upon the Tree, who beheld all that paſs'd, and laugh'd at their Simplicity; one of them more officious than the reſt, charitably flew down to the Monkeys, deſigning to undeceive them, ſaying, The Pains I ſee you take in lighting the Fire in vain, gave me ſo much Uneaſineſs, that I could not forbear quitting the Branch I was ſat upon, to acquaint you, that you only loſe your Labour. But the kind Advice the little Bird gave the Monkeys was ill receiv'd, for one of them anſwer'd him with a great deal of Pride and Diſdain: Prithee, Friend, who deſiredſt thee to meddle with our

Affairs? It's a ſign thou haſt little elſe to do: Know, none but Fools adviſe, where Counſel is not aſk'd: About thy Buſineſs and ſleep therefore, and don't trouble thy Head with what regards us. The little Bird held his Peace for ſome time, then he began again to ſpeak, and ſaid, What you ſee ſhine is not Fire; it's Nature that gives the Reflexion which deceives you. If the Weakneſs of thy diſorder'd Brain, reply'd the Monkey, hinders thee from ſleeping, ſtop at leaſt, thy impertinent Beak. The Simplicity of the little Bird was ſtill ſo great, that inſtead of flying away, he added farther; Nothing's more certain than what I tell you concerning the Worm: Sure I ought to know him, ſince I make ſo many Meals of his Kindred. He was in Hopes, by this way of Argument, to reduce the Monkeys, at laſt, to Reaſon, but he, who had already reſented his Endeavours to convince them, not being able any longer to retain his Paſſion, flew upon the little Pratler and ſnapp'd him up. *Loulou* laugh'd heartily at the Concluſion of her Fable. You have made me a very apropos Anſwer, ſaid I to her, and be aſſur'd, if ever I become a little Bird, I'll never ſpeak, but when it tends to your Praiſe.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of ALMORADDIN.

AFTER our leaving *Calicut*, we ſail'd with a favourable Gale, 'till we arriv'd off of *Ceilan*, where we met with ſuch a ſtrong North-Eaſt Wind in our Teeth, that we could not purſue our Voyage. This blowing Weather was ſucceeded

ceeded by a terrible Tempeſt, and continu'd ſo long, that all we could do, was to lay by, and abandon ourſelves to the Mercy of the Waves. We were immediately toſs'd into a Sea, where we ſpy'd out ſeveral Iſlands, without being able to make any one of them. After that, the Ocean ſtill became more raging; inſomuch that we ſaw nothing but Heaven and Water, during thirty Days. At the Expiration of which Time we perceiv'd a high Mountain, ſeeming, by the Diſtance we were from it, to come out of the Sea, and aſked the Pilot if he knew it. I know it too well, anſwered he, not to adviſe you to avoid approaching ſuch eminent Danger. It is an Iſland belonging to the *Div Feridoun*, one of the moſt capricious, blood-thirſty *Genii* ever was heard of. Pray relate to us, ſaid I, what you know of this *Genius*.

The Adventure of the PILOT's *Father.*

THE Pilot gave a great Sigh, and ſaid: My Father, who was a Pilot as well as I, coming one Day to Anchor, in a Creek of that Iſland, where the Wind blows now full in, went on Shoar with part of the Ship's Crew, to take in Wood and Water. *Feridoun* ſeeing them land, ſet up a Cry, like the Roaring of twenty Lyons in a Foreſt, and approaching them, ſaid; you muſt expect nothing but Death, if all the Men of your Ship do not immediately preſent themſelves before me: Let one of you therefore take the Boat, and ſignify to the reſt my Pleaſure. In Obedience to this Command, one of the Sailors was diſpatched, while my Father and his

Companions, half ſtupified with Fear, remained Priſoners. Thoſe on Board, heſitated for ſome Time, what they ſhould beſt do; but as they had now no Pilot, and the Men who accompanied my Father, were the only Perſons, capable of ſucceeding him in that Office; they reſolved at laſt to ſhare the ſame Fortune with their Ship-Mates. When they came in Preſence of this *Genius*, he ſaid to them; Is there any among you deſirous to ask me ſome Queſtions? But no Body preſuming to anſwer; look towards Heaven, continued he, and extend your Arms. Then he lifted up his Hands to Heaven like an *Iman* in a Moſque; and they imitated him. After ſome Moments Silence, the Mariners remaining in the ſame Poſture, he pronounced, in Appearance theſe Words with great Devotion: *Praiſe be to God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Light and Darkneſs. Thoſe who believe not in their Lord, go aſtray. It is he that created me of the Flame of the Fire, and you of the Mudd of the Earth.* As he was finiſhing this Act of Religion, he ſtretched forth his Hand, ſeizing my Father's Throat, and ſtrangled him. Ten Men of the Company, the firſt he came at, expired the ſame Way, between his Fingers; then, he ſaid to the reſt, Praiſe God, and make uſe of all my Iſland affords. After that, he retired to the Summet of the Mountain, where they heard him make moſt lamentable Howlings.

We aſked the Pilot if the Iſland was inhabited, and if all thoſe who went on ſhoar there, met with the ſame fatal Treatment. The reſt of the Ship's Company that eſcaped when my Father was killed, anſwered he, give an Account of ſome *Santons* they had ſeen there at a Diſtance from them. For my Part, I muſt own I have met

People

People in the Courſe of my Voyages, that have ſpoken much in the Praiſe of *Feridoun*, and ſaid, that he had not only ſupplied them with Wood, Water, Wild-Fowl and Fruits; but likewiſe anſwered the Queſtions they propoſed, and revealed to them divers Secrets.

The Wind being now much fallen, and the Sea no longer terrible by its Agitation, *Almoraddin* and I beheld each other, poſſeſſed, as it were, with an equal Deſire of conſulting *Feridoun*. We ordered the Lead-Line to be thrown, and finding good Anchorage, we animated the Pilot with the reſt of the Sailors, got into our Boat with a Pair of Oars, and landed behind a little Rock. We found the Iſland quite covered with Trees, and after having travelled ſome Time, without meeting any living Soul, except a few *Antilopes* and a prodigious Number of *Mice*, who were not at all frightened at our Approach, we came, at laſt to a Hut, in the Middle of a little Garden, incloſed with Bamboos. The great Noiſe we made, cauſed the Inhabitant of it to appear, who was a *Santon*. He made towards us with an affable Countenance, and invited us to viſit his Habitation, ſaying; Praiſe be to God; you are welcome to the Iſland of the beſt of *Genii*. Reverend Father, ſaid I to him, I find then you are acquainted with the Perfections of *Feridoun*. For our Parts, we are very apprehenſive of him; may we therefore, entreat you to ſuccour us by your Advice. We then, recounted to him what the Pilot had juſt been telling us; but added we, it is not very probable, that *Feridoun*, who acknowledges God, would ſtain his Hands in Blood, without a juſtifiable Cauſe. Are ye *Muſſulmen*, ſaid the *Santon*? Yes, Reverend Father, anſwered we, though great Sinners. And are the

People aboard your Ship *Muſſulmen* likewiſe, reſumed he? We believe ſo, replied we. Fear nothing then, ſaid the *Santon*. Remain with me to Night; I will introduce you to this *Genius* Tomorrow, who is at preſent on the other Side of the Mountain. The frugal Entertainment this good *Santon* treated us with, was more ſatisfactory than the ſumptuous Banquets of the moſt voluptuous *Omerahs*. Seated on *Antilopes* Skins, we feaſted on delicious Fruit, preſerved in Cotten, ſome other dry Fruit, and freſh *Coco* Nuts, whoſe Liquor quenched Thirſt, and enlivened us.

During Supper, our Hoſt entertained us with a Deſcription of the Character and Manners of this *Genius*. He told us, he was one of the moſt zealous and rigid *Muſſulmen* of his Nation; that he bore ſuch an irreconcilable Averſion to the Adorers of Fire, and other Idolators, that he directly put them to Death, the Moment they came in his Way; that he diſcerned them by ſome infectious Smell, or otherwiſe; and that our Pilot's Father, with thoſe who ſuffered with him, muſt undoubtedly have been *Magicians*, though they pretended to be the Reverſe. He aſſerted therefore, that *Feridoun* was neither madly Cruel, nor vainly Capricious, but poſſeſſed of an inſpired Zeal. Pray do you know, interrupted I, what kind of *Genius* he is, and why he grieves ſo exceſſively? There cannot be a more dangerous Queſtion propoſed here, replied the *Santon*, than your firſt: God preſerve us from enlarging on it. As for the ſecond, I will anſwer it with Pleaſure, in all its Branches. *Feridoun* likes I ſhould examine that Subject extenſively; ſo what I have to ſay on it, will ſerve as an Amuſement for you, till Bed-time.

The Hiſtory of the Gyant HARDOUN, *and the beautiful* NOUR: *As alſo, that of the* GENIUS FERIDOUN, *and the Princeſs* CHEROUDAH.

THIS Iſland, purſued he, is pretty large, and was formerly very well inhabited. I ſhall omit entering upon the Original of its Inhabitants, and only obſerve that they lived without Ambition, or Diſtinction of Ranks. Thoſe Families allied to each other, formed a kind of City, in the Middle, without Walls. Every one followed what moſt ſuited his Inclination: Some cultivated Rice and large Millet in the Fields; others employed themſelves in drawing what was uſeful from the Coco-Trees, whoſe Product you are not unacquainted with. The Diverſion young People uſually took, was in hunting *Antilopes* in the Woods; an Animal ſo fearful, that even young Maids did not dread going in Purſuit of it.

Nour, the moſt beautiful Huntreſs of all the Iſland, had, as it were, appropriated to herſelf, one Side of a high Mountain, pretty near the City. She was ſeen every Morning, repairing to her Sport, armed with her Bow and Quiver; and as ſhe greatly affected Solitude, went commonly alone. Repoſing herſelf one Day, after the Fatigue of her Diverſion, under the Shade of ſome Trees, which the Wind wafted with a delightful Breeze; ſhe heard on one Side of her a ſudden Noiſe, and preſently ſaw a Man approach, of an immeaſurable Size. As he came near, he had nothing in him diſagreeable; he was young, his Air rather polite than ſavage, his Hair of a Cheſnut Colour, naturally curling, and of

ſuch

ſuch a Length, that it flowed in careleſs Ringlets o'er his Shoulders. Under his Arm, he held a Cedar, ſtript of its Branches, which ſerv'd him either for Support or Defence, as Occaſion required. This prodigious Man ſtood for ſome Minutes, contemplating the Beauties of *Nour*; then without ſpeaking, came and placed himſelf near her, who was almoſt dead with Apprehenſion. What unkind Deſtiny, ſaid ſhe, recovering her Spirits as well as ſhe was able, has condemned me to find a Grave in thy rapacious Entrails? Blame not the Deſtiny which conducted you hither, replied the Giant, nor ſuſpect me guilty of Cruelty. If one of us muſt be accuſed, you will certainly find the moſt difficult Taſk, in juſtifying yourſelf; I have done nothing but languiſh ſince I firſt beheld you, yet durſt not till this Moment, appear before you, leſt I ſhould terrify what I wiſh only to pleaſe: My humble Love contented itſelf with contemplating you unſeen. How was I Yeſterday enchanted! How much did I envy the Happineſs of that River, whoſe murmuring Streams are heard from hence! *Nour* bluſh'd at theſe laſt Words, becauſe the Day before ſhe had been bathing there, without any Precaution, believing herſelf unobſerved. I ſay nothing which ought to give you Trouble, continued the Giant; baniſh therefore the ill-grounded Fear, with which you are ſeized. If the Largeneſs of my Body ſurpriſes you, you will find a Juſtneſs of Proportion, in which true Beauty conſiſts; beſides I may flatter myſelf to boaſt a Birth, not unworthy your Regard.

My Name is *Hardoun*, Son of the Great *Genius Feridoun*, and the Princeſs *Cheroudah*, Daughter of Sultan *Raz-Andaz*, King of the Hundred Iſlands, and Chief of all the *Eaſtern* Sages. All theſe

theſe Iſlands were at firſt, no more than barren Rocks, but by his Enchantments were rendered fertile, and made ſo many little Kingdoms. In each Iſland there is a City, large and well-peopled; in each City a magnificent Palace, in each Palace, a Throne of Gold; and on each Throne, a Statue of *Raz-Andaz*, majeſtically ſeated, who ſpoke, before whom Cauſes were tryed, and who rendered an exact Juſtice to every one. The wiſe *Raz-Andaz*, inſtigated by a Caprice unworthy of him, made all theſe Enchantments depend on the Virginity of *Cheroudah*, his only Daughter, whom he guarded, for that Reaſon, with an inexpreſſible Care and Diligence, having ſhut himſelf up with her, in a Place inacceſſible to Mankind.

Feridoun, falling in Love with this Princeſs, ſurprized her in Spight of her Father's Precaution, and found her condeſcending to his Deſires of conveying her thence. The Enchantments of *Raz-Andaz* were no ſooner broke, than they were immediately ſupplied by others of a ſuperior Force, and *Cheroudah* enjoyed all the Charms of Love and Liberty with her faithful *Genius*. In me, you behold the only Fruit of their mutual Tenderneſs. I was about ten Years old, when one Day, *Feridoun* appearing very melancholy, my Grand-father preſſed him to declare the Cauſe of his Trouble; it is yourſelf, without knowing it, anſwered he; you have pardoned my Temerity, but your Protectors are more inflexible. *Turaſch*, King of the *Genii*, has condemned this Child to be a Wanderer, and forbid us to communicate any Part of our Sciences to him. This is the laſt Time you will perhaps ever ſee him. With theſe Words, he took me in his Arms, and diſappearing, bore me to the Iſland *Subu*, where being arrived, my Son ſaid he, with Tears in his Eyes,

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let not hard Labour diſmay you; nor regret the Pleaſures of Enchantments; follow Virtue, that your Glory may derive from yourſelf. By my Aid you will be enabled to go every where; but expect no more, till the Indignation of *Turaſch* be over. He ſighed, as he vaniſhed from my Sight, and I remained a Companion for Tigers and wild Elephants, of whom I ſoon became the Terror. I ranged many Lands and Seas by my Father's Aſſiſtance, and reſtored the Tranquillity of divers Countries, laid waſte by Monſters. The ſame generous Deſign brought me to theſe Parts, had there been any need of my Succour; but alas! I have loſt that Repoſe, which I pretended to procure for others: And inſtead of acquiring a laudable Fame, I live concealed, leſt I ſhould be deprived of your Sight.

Here *Hardoun* ended his Recital, looking at *Nour* with a ſtedfaſt and melancholy Air; then entertain'd her with a Song, which he had compos'd in her Praiſe. His Voice was ſo ſtrong and melodious at the ſame Time, and interrupted now and then with the ſhrill Note of a large Pipe, that the piercing Sound ſilenc'd all the Birds in the adjacent Vallies. When he diſcontinu'd that Amuſement, *Nour* acquainted him with her Name, and the Affairs of her Family; after which, pretending to be charm'd with the Conqueſt ſhe had made, ſhe promis'd to repair there frequently, and gave him, as a Pledge of Friendſhip, one of her Arrows, which the Giant immediately fix'd in his Hair, juſt above his Forehead. *Nour* then took her Leave, reſolving within herſelf, never to be expos'd to the like Adventure again. From that Day ſhe kept at home, and *Hardoun* ſearch'd her, but in vain, thro' all the Places ſhe was accuſtom'd to delight in.

He

He ſuffer'd, during this Abſence, all the Ills diſappointed Love can inflict. Sometimes he imagin'd her Parents were the Cauſe of her Breach of Promiſe, and ſometimes, that a fatal Indiſpoſition, or other unhappy Accident had prevented her coming. Tir'd with a tedious Expectation, he reſolv'd at laſt to go in Perſon to the City: So quitted the Mountain with the Cedar in his Hand, and his Breaſt cover'd with the Skin of a Lion. He was no ſooner perceiv'd by the People, than all the Houſes were cloſe ſhut; and thoſe who happen'd to be abroad, left off what they were about, to fly from him. *Hardoun* ſeeing them thus terrify'd, mended his Pace after the laſt, and ſeizing one, lifted him from the Ground, and threatned to throw him over the Mountain, if he did not ſhew him the Houſe of *Nour*. The poor Man, already half cruſh'd to Death with the formidable Gripe, immediately comply'd. *Nour* was at that time embroidering a *Ser-apha*[a], for *Scindy*, a young Man, to whom her Parents had promis'd her in Marriage. As ſoon as ſhe caſt her Eyes on *Hardoun*, who had unhing'd the Doors, and enter'd the Houſe, finding no way to eſcape him, ſhe hid her Face with her Hands, and remain'd immoveable, expecting no other than immediate Death. But the Giant accoſted her with ſo much Softneſs, that ſhe was preſently re-aſſur'd, and compoſing her Countenance as when ſhe firſt ſaw him, again deceiv'd him into an Opinion of her Love, by alledging, that nothing but a long Indiſpoſition had prevented her coming to the Mountain, and that ſhe would be more punctual for the Future. The Giant now quite appeas'd, deſir'd a Pledge

[a] *A Kind of Veſt.*

of

of the Sincerity of what ſhe promis'd. *Nour*, who thought only how to get rid of him, preſented him with the *Ser-apha* ſhe had been working. *Hardoun* fix'd it directly on his Shoulder, and pleas'd with the Shew it made, and the good Succeſs of his little Journey, he betook himſelf joyfully to the Mountain.

The Inhabitants had ſcarce loſt ſight of him, when they flock'd to *Nour*'s, to know the Motive of ſo extraordinary a Gueſt. The Particulars of this Adventure being laid open before the Aſſembly, one of them argu'd, that they could not, without being guilty of a Crime, ſuffer her to fulfil her Appointment at the Mountain, becauſe the Giant would not fail to raviſh, and by Conſequence to kill her. But the others were of a different Sentiment, and reply'd, that the Safety of *Nour* this Way, would be the Deſtruction of the City, when the Giant ſhould return and overthrow all. It was therefore determin'd that *Nour* ſhould continue to keep his Hopes alive, and promiſe to eſpouſe him in a certain limited Time, during which they might perhaps contrive means to deſtroy ſo terrible an Enemy.

This Reſolution being taken, *Nour* was ſent to the Son of *Feridoun*, whom ſhe found ſitting on a Stone, whence he roſe to meet her, with a Tranſport worthy of his Paſſion and Fidelity. *Nour* made her Compliments to him with a diſſembled Pleaſure, and utter'd a thouſand obliging Lies in a graceful Manner. *Hardoun* invited her to honour with her Preſence, a neighbouring Grotto, which ſerv'd him as a Palace. Tho' ſuch a Propoſal could not but occaſion ſome Diſquiet in the Mind of a young Maid, yet as ſhe knew herſelf in the Power of the Giant, and on the other Hand, this Lover appear'd to have for her the

moſt

moſt reſpectful Sentiments, ſhe did not offer to oppoſe his Requeſt. They deſcended together into a winding Valley, which is nouriſh'd with the gentle Courſe of a Rivulet of clear Water. 'Twas here, *Hardoun* led *Nour* into a vaſt Cavern, where he ſeated her on a ſoft moſſy Bed. While ſhe was reflecting on the ſavage Wildneſs of the Place, the enamour'd Giant collected all the precious Things he was poſſeſs'd of, and having laid them at her Feet, he explain'd her each Particular, ſaying: During the Time my Paſſion has attach'd me to this Mountain, I diſcover'd in it a Vein of pure Gold, whence I dug theſe Pieces, which I now preſent you with. The Jar, that you ſee, is one entire *Topaz*; 'twas a Preſent made me two Years ago by the King of *Queronde*, after having deſtroy'd a Dragon, which deſolated his Countrey. The black Powder, contain'd in the ſaid Jar, is the Sovereign of all Medicines; mingled with Incenſe, it heals all Sorts of Wounds. Here you ſee a vaſt Number of precious Stones, which I brought from divers Countries. This gives Light to Darkneſs, and that repels the Force of *Tary*[a]; this other is found in the Head of the crown'd Fiſh, and is dim or clear, according to the Change of Weather at Sea. There's another, continu'd he, which repreſents a human Tongue, and cauſes ſucceſs to thoſe who interfere in the Amours of others. The Foot of this fine *Egret* is all cover'd with Diamonds; *Sobaſchid*, Sultan of the Mountainers, of the Iſland *Borneo*, made me a Preſent of it, in Remembrance of my Grandfather. Refuſe not, moſt charming *Nour*, to accept this Necklace of large Pearls, which I took from the falſe God *Mehabdeu*, when I broke his

[a] *Wine that's drawn from Palm trees.*

Statue

Statue to Pieces, and deſtroy'd his Temple in the Iſland of *Aru*. In a Word, *Hardoun* offer'd his Miſtreſs Gifts of an ineſtimable Value, and ſhe ſcrupled not to make Choice of what pleas'd her moſt. She eat alſo of ſome Fruit, which he prepared for her, and could not help being touch'd with the Generoſity and Magnificence of her Lover; but ſtill the ungrateful Maid ſuppreſs'd what her Soul acknowledg'd to be juſt. To proſecute the Deception ſhe had ſo artfully begun, ſhe promis'd him on her Departure, to conſult the Inclinations of her Parents, touching the Alliance he deſir'd to make with them, and then flatter'd him with a ſpeedy and favourable Anſwer. On which, the Son of *Feridoun* contentedly conducted her to the Foot of the Mountain.

Nour was receiv'd by the Town with ſo much the more Satisfaction and Pleaſure, as ſhe was thought deſtroy'd by *Hardoun*. The very Day of her Arrival, the Inhabitants reaſſembled, and concluded, after a ſecond Conſultation, to cauſe a prodigious deep Pit to be dug, and cover'd over with Branches and Earth, in order to delude the Giant into it. *Nour*'s Parents, at the ſame Time, put the finiſhing Stroke to their Daughter's Marriage; *Scimdy* repair'd to his Father-in-Law's, attended with a numerous Train of Friends; and now, nothing was thought on, but celebrating the Nuptials with the utmoſt Joy and Grandeur. *Mordrek* alone was unhappy; he had for many Years aſpir'd to the Poſſeſſion of *Nour*, and could not behold the approaching Happineſs of his Rival, without teſtifying the moſt terrible Deſpair. He broke his Stick on his Knee, and threw the Pieces of it publickly into the Air, according to the Cuſtom of the Countrey, and then

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left the Town, fully bent to make away with himſelf.

Being come to the Top of the Rock, where many other deſpairing Lovers had put an End to their Lives; Oh Rock! cry'd he, hear the laſt Words of a miſerable Man: Hard as thou art, *Nour*, the perfidious *Nour*, is yet more hard than thee. Ah *Nour!* I am the Object of thy Scorn, and thou prefer'ſt *Scimdy* to the unfortunate *Mordrek*. This Day thou haſt accepted *Scimdy* for thy Huſband. *Scimdy*, great God! *Scimdy*, the Shame of Nature! What Prize did he ever gain by his Dexterity? What Dances was he ever applauded for? When did he ever diſtinguiſh himſelf in our Foreſts with his Bow? What Verſes has he ever made? Or, in what Songs has he ever celebrated the Beauties of thy Mouth and Eyes? His Poſſeſſions are indeed larger than mine. He has made a Purchaſe then of thy mercenary Heart? Ah! let the Slave remain with him, and may'ſt thou, fair Barbarian, be cruſh'd beneath the Weight of thy Chain, and follow me ſoon after. As he had finiſh'd theſe Exclamations, he was about to caſt himſelf down the Precipice, when a powerful Hand, ſeizing him ſuddenly behind, graſp'd his Shoulder and Breaſt with ſo much Force, that this deſpairing Lover, who a Moment before deſir'd nothing but Death, became now apprehenſive it would arrive too ſoon. 'Twas *Hardoun*, to overhear what he ſaid, had advanc'd towards him without making any Noiſe. Juſt as he laid hold on *Mordrek*, there iſſu'd from the Botom of his vaſt Breaſt ſuch a Sigh, as made the neighbouring Hills tremble, and frighted Echo into Silence.

Mordrek perceiving who it was, his late Terror gave Place to a ſecret Satisfaction. He re-

counted to him at large all that had happen'd, and aſſur'd him, that the approaching Night would compleat the Triumph of *Scimdy*. He was immediately commanded by the Giant to conduct him where the Aſſembly met, who vow'd the moſt horrible Revenge on the City, for the baſe Deſign they had contriv'd againſt him. *Mordrek* inwardly thank'd Fortune, and walking before *Hardoun*, ſerv'd him as a Guide; and the more to animate his Indignation, ſhew'd him, as they paſs'd along, the Pit had been prepar'd for his Deſtruction. The *Epithalamiums*, with the joyful Sound of ſilver Horns and Cymbals, might have diſtinguiſh'd the Houſe of *Nour*, had they not already known it. Had the Giant given way to the firſt Suggeſtions of his Rage, he had ſhaken the Houſe about their Ears, but the Thought that his Miſtreſs might poſſibly have been forc'd to act as ſhe did, ſuſpended it. He enter'd on his Knees by a great Gate into the Court-yard, where, according to Cuſtom, all the nuptial Gueſts were at Supper, on a large Carpet. Vile and abominable Wretches! cry'd he, Traitors, who contemn God and Truth, and have the Audacity to impoſe on the Son of a *Genius!* tremble at the Approach of your laſt Hour. Theſe dreadful Words, with the Sight of him that utter'd them, threw all the Company into an inconceivable Conſternation. Some crept under the Carpet, others climb'd up the Trees, but the greateſt Number proſtrated themſelves on the Ground, imploring Mercy in the moſt humble Manner. The neareſt Kindred of *Nour* and *Scimdy* took her in their Arms, and oppos'd her to the Giant as a Buckler, hoping ſo beautiful an Object might abate his Fury. Their Expectations deceiv'd them not, for he was ſoon diſarm'd of

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all his Anger, and repented he had caus'd ſo great a Terror in the Perſon he paſſionately ador'd. All chang'd in a Moment, he approach'd her, ſaying to thoſe who held her, they had nothing to fear, provided he might that Night be happy in his Love. In the preſent Situation of their Hearts, they would have ſacrific'd to him all the Virgins of the City, ſo were eaſily prevail'd on to acquieſce with his Demand, proteſting at the ſame time, to him, that durſt they have preſum'd to hope the Addreſſes of a Perſon of ſo extraordinary a Character, had tended to Marriage, they would never have provided another Huſband for her. The Son of *Feridoun* was wholly won by this Diſcourſe, and put his Finger on their Heads in Sign of Reconciliation; then he plac'd himſelf near the timorous *Nour*, who was perſuaded by all there preſent, to entertain him in the moſt obliging Manner.

While ſhe amus'd him with a fictitious Shew of Tenderneſs, the principal of the Aſſembly went apart, and conſulted what was to be done in this Exigence. *Nour*, ſaid one of them, ſhall make him drink a ſufficient Quantity of *Tary*; his Drunkenneſs will be infallibly follow'd by a profound Sleep; and then, it will be eaſy for us to hinder the Monſter from ever waking more. This Advice being agreed to by the reſt, the Maſter of the Houſe fill'd a large China Bowl with the ſtrongeſt *Tary* he could procure, and preſented it to *Hardoun* by his Daughter. The Giant, equally charm'd with the Liquor and Hand that gave it, drank off the Bowl at one Draught. They took due Care to repleniſh it, and he was no leſs diligent in emptying it. This Proceeding continued ſo long, that all the Company perceiv'd the Giant was no longer Maſter

of his Head. He utter'd nothing but confus'd and incoherent Words; his Eyes rowl'd wildly; and Sleep overpowering all his Faculties, he began to ſnore. This was the Signal of Victory to the perfidious Conſpirators, who ſurrounded him. They bound his Hands and Feet with thick Cords, and arming themſelves with what came in their Way, mounted like ſo many Pigmies on his vaſt Body, and at the ſame Time ſtabb'd him in every Part of it. This execrable Murther reſtored *Nour* to *Scimdy*, and Tranquillity to the whole Aſſembly; at the breaking up of which, *Nour* conducted her Huſband and Kindred to the Cavern of the injured Giant, where they found immenſe Riches.

Feridoun was not long ignorant of what had befallen his Son, and reſolv'd to revenge his Death, in a Manner becoming his Grief, the Love he bore him, and the Juſtice of the Cauſe. The Inhabitants of the Iſland repairing to the Town from all Parts, to celebrate a Feſtival, and to contend for the Prizes which were to be diſtributed by the beautiful *Nour*, the offended *Genius* appeared in the middle of them, and declaring whom he was, with a Voice the moſt terrible that could be, he touched *Nour* with the End of his Finger. On which, all the Limbs of this young Bride viſibly extended themſelves, till ſhe became of a Size and Stature almoſt equal to that of *Hardoun*; continuing nevertheleſs perfectly beautiful, and her Features loſing nothing of their Charms, by being enlarg'd. If my Son were yet living, ſaid *Feridoun*, would you ſtill think his Careſſes fatal to this Creature? Was not my Power as great in his Life-time, as it is after his Death? Was it not then poſſible for me to render *Nour* ſuch as you now ſee her? Ah miſera-

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ble People! Had my Son conceal'd his Extraction from this ungrateful Woman; had you been ignorant of my Power; had the Tenderneſs I felt for him been unknown to you, then might you have alledg'd ſome tolerable Excuſe. But, ſince nothing can juſtify your Cruelty, be ye all involv'd in the Puniſhment of a Crime which no Contrition can erace. Inhumane *Nour!* from Giant that thou art, become a Mountain; and ye barbarous Parents, guilty Kindred, and unhappy Fellow-Citizens of that ſavage Creature, be all ſhut up within her Entrails, and gnaw them till my future Pleaſure. Immediately *Nour* took the Form of a Mountain, which engroſs'd the whole Land the City ſtood on, and all the Iſland was depopulated. Nine Months after this Transformation, the Mountain trembled, groan'd and made ſuch dreadful Roarings, as aſtoniſhed all the adjacent Iſles, whoſe Inhabitants reſorted hither in great Multitudes, to behold a Spectacle which ſeem'd to promiſe ſo much Wonder. After having waited ſome time, they ſaw iſſue from a thouſand Openings, prodigious Droves of Mice, who betook themſelves to the Woods. Thus it was, the miſerable *Nour* deliver'd up, with the moſt piercing Pains, and under a ſhameful Form, the Accomplices of her Cruelty; and ſuch was the Concluſion of *Feridoun*'s Revenge, tho' his Affliction did not find a Remedy in taking it. He loves this Iſland, and hates it at the ſame time; he protects and deteſts it, and lets fall more Tears here than his Son ſhed Drops of Blood. It is the moſt rigid Theatre of Sorrow, neither are any Body ſuffered to live here, but ſuch as are overwhelm'd in Grief and Trouble. Is it then inhabited, ſaid I to the *Santon?* Yes, anſwer'd he, with five *Santons*, reckoning myſelf,

The other four I expect here to morrow, to ſay the Break of Day Prayer. With this, the *Santon* roſe, and after having ſet the Place in order we were in, he ſhew'd us two little Beds, and then retir'd to his Cloſet, where he paſs'd almoſt the remaining Part of the Night in great Lamentations.

Next Morning the four *Santons* accordingly came, who ſaluted us, obſerving a profound Silence: Three of them were young Men, and the fourth more advanc'd in Age. We accompany'd them to the Place of Prayer, purifying ourſelves firſt, in a Fountain near the Hut. Our Hoſt diſcharg'd the Function of *Iman*; and when the Prayer was ended, he made us ſit down round a Cheſt, rather long than broad, which ſtood in the Middle of the Cloſet. Then he took the *Alcoran* out of a Nich, and read a Chapter in it, which we hearken'd to, with the utmoſt Attention and Humility. After that, he laid the divine Book in its Place again, approach'd the Cheſt, and extended himſelf thereon, be-ſprinkling it with Tears. The reſt of the *Santons* appear'd exceeding melancholy, and we were no leſs in Complaiſance to them. After he was riſen from his former Poſition, he look'd upon us both, ſaying: *Muſſulmen*, I will now ſhew you the Subject of my Complaints. With that he open'd the Cheſt, where we beheld the Body of a young Woman, perfectly freſh, and ſo well preſerv'd, that ſhe look'd as if ſhe ſlept, or, as tho' ſhe was but juſt departed. The *Santon* left us a conſiderable Time to reflect on the Corpſe, whoſe Sight caus'd freſh Torrents to flow from his Eyes; after which he clos'd the Cheſt, and led us into the Chamber, where we repos'd ourſelves. Their Viſages ſomewhat chang'd, and if they did not im-

mediately

mediately put on an Air of Joy, at leaſt they ſeem'd leſs ſorrowful. The old *Santon* began the Converſation, ſaying, *Feridoun* would not come till the third Prayer. If that be true, ſaid our Hoſt, we ſhall have time enough to inform theſe Strangers, who are deſirous to conſult him of the different Adventures which brought us to this Iſland: And as they are undoubtedly ſurpris'd with what they have juſt now ſeen, I ſhall begin with a Recital of mine, if the Company thinks proper. All the *Santons* expreſs'd their Satisfaction with it; and for our Parts, we humbly thank'd him for his Goodneſs, in preventing our Entreaties.

The Adventure of the SANTON, *Huſband of the young Woman.*

I Am, ſaid he, Son of a rich Merchant of *Maſſulipatan*, my Father brought me up in his Way (and conſequently involv'd me in Cares) and when I was at an Age to enter into an Hymenæal State, he made me marry the unfortunate *Kakoule*, whom I bewail. Her natural Parts were cultivated with an Application to reading; her Behaviour ſoft and engaging; and her Affection for me very tender. As for her Beauty I leave you to judge by the Features, which Death and the Grave have not yet impair'd. Two Years after our Marriage, my Father receiv'd Advice, that one of his Clerks, whom he entruſted with one of his chief Warehouſes at *Macaſſar*, had diſſipated, by his extravagant Follies, a great Part of the Merchandiſe, committed to his Care and

Management. To rectify the Diſorder this Breach of Truſt might have occaſion'd, I propos'd going thither by the firſt Ship that ſail'd. This Offer prov'd very agreeable to my Father, but not ſo pleaſing to my dear *Kakoue*: On the contrary, it flung her into a deep Melancholy, which would have certainly dwindled into a Madneſs, had I not ſuffer'd her to accompany me in the Voyage. With all the Reſolution and Generoſity in the World did ſhe then renounce the Sweets of Life, ſhe had always been accuſtom'd to. We embark'd with a great Number of Perſons of all Sorts of Nations and Conditions; but ſoon did the Motion of the Ship, the Air of the Sea, the Want of Sleep, the Change of Diet, and a thouſand other Inconveniencies incident to a ſeafaring Life, cauſe a fatal Revolution in my dear Spouſe's tender Conſtitution. She fell ſick, and in a few Days ſunk beneath the Violence of her Indiſpoſition. I die ſatisfy'd, ſaid ſhe, ſince my laſt Breath is ſpent in thy Preſence. The only Requeſt I have to make thee, is, that one Grave may contain us, when Heaven ſhall think meet to call thee hence. As ſoon as ſhe departed, and the firſt Shocks of my Sorrow were ſomewhat mitigated, I put her Body into the very Cheſt you have ſeen, and entreated the Officers of the Ship to permit me to preſerve it. While Wind and Weather prov'd favourable, no Body oppos'd my Requeſt, but at the leaſt Appearance of a Storm, the ſuperſtitious Merchants would cry, it is no wonder if we are loſt, ſince againſt the Laws of the Sea, there's a dead Corpſe in the Veſſel. Theſe Murmurings would have been of no Conſequence had fair Weather ſucceeded, but as the Tempeſt augmented, they likewiſe encreas'd, till at laſt the whole Ship condemn'd my Deſign.

Design. My Entreaties, my Tears, and my Presents were all rejected. I conjure you, said I then, to defer, at least for some Minutes, committing so precious a Treasure to the Insults of the Waves, and the Prey of Fishes: Let the inflexible *Monkir* hear your Invocations, as you shall be propitious to mine. Still all I could say or do was fruitless; so foreseeing nothing but an absolute Submission to their Obstinacy, I went, unknown to every Body, and shut myself up in the Chest. Now, dearest *Kakoule!* said I to her, as tho' she were yet living, thy last Words are fulfill'd: Accept therefore this last Proof of my Tenderness. Then I fasten'd it with a little Lock, which I had fix'd formerly on the Inside for a different Use, and lay as motionless by the inanimate Corpse, as tho' I had been also depriv'd of Life. I suppose the Fury of the Winds augmented, for a little while after they took up the Chest, with an Infinity of Imprecations, and cast it over Board. I lost for a Time all the Faculties of Life, tho' I were still living; neither can I tell how long we were the Sport of the Waves, which drove us at length on this Island. *Feridoun* perceiving the Chest, took it out of the Water, open'd it, and distinguishing some small Remains of Life in me, he restor'd me by his Cares.

Feridoun is happy, cry'd I, to have in his Island such a Prodigy of Love and Fidelity? I know a Monarch who would prefer you to the richest Jewels of the East. Tho' our own Misfortunes, said the oldest of the *Santons*, leave such an Idea in our Minds, as will scarce suffer us to be affected with those of another, yet the Relation of them moves us for the present. You, pursu'd he, looking on the three young *Santons*, whose vigorous

vigorous Years render you more impatient than me, impart your Adventures to theſe *Muſſulmen*. They all readily teſtify'd their Obedience, and he that ſat next me began in this Manner:

We are all three, ſaid he, Natives of the great Iſland of *Schore-Pulcu*, and a Law, which Time out of Mind has been rigorouſly obſerv'd there, has render'd us all unhappy. By this Law, the third Male Child of every Family is depriv'd of that, which ought to deſcend to him from his Parents. I ſay depriv'd, becauſe, though the Law expreſſes he ſhall inherit it, provided he executes a Command given him by the *Cadi*, when he attains the Age of fifteen, yet the Injunction is always ſo difficult, that ſcarce ever young Man could accompliſh it. Thus, the Order of our Births ſubjects us all three to this inhumane Law.

The ADVENTURE *of the firſt of the young ſorrowful* SANTONS.

AT the Age of fifteen, I was preſented to the *Cadi* with all the uſual Solemnities, which are perform'd in a publick Manner. The Command he laid on me, was to procure him three Dates with golden Kernels. After having received this Injunction, my Mother privately ſlipped into my Hands a large Sum of Money, and then I embarqu'd myſelf. I found on Board the Ship ſeveral Fellow-Travellers, who were relating, as an Amuſement, each others Adventures. When it came to my Turn to recount ſome remarkable Paſſage of my Life, I made no Scruple to let them know the Situation of my Fortune, by declaring

claring in a jocoſe Way, the Command our *Cadi* had impos'd on me, which I look'd upon to be altogether fictitious. Your *Cadi*, interrupted one of the Company, has not ſo imaginary an Idea as you think him poſſeſs'd of; for the Dates with golden Kernels, you mention, actually grow in *Africa*, on a blue Palm-Tree. I have heard my Grandfather ſeveral times ſpeak of it, whoſe Author was King of *Souffel* [a], with whom he had a very great Intimacy, and who aſſur'd him with his own Mouth, that that Palm-Tree grew in one of his Provinces. How agreeably was I ſurpris'd at ſo unexpected a Diſcovery! I directly intreated the Perſon, ſo ſaying, to let me know the Difficulties I had to ſurmount, in Order to come at it; but he vow'd, he knew no more of the Matter than what he had juſt told me. We came to an Anchor, at the Mouth of a ſmall River of the great Iſland of *Scherne* [b], where I met with the favourable Opportunity of a Ship, juſt going to paſs the Canal, which ſeparates that Iſland from the main Land. Being arriv'd in *Souffel*, I aſk'd divers Perſons concerning what I was in ſearch of, but none of them knew in what Part of the Kingdom this blue Palm-Tree grew, though they all agreed, that ſuch a one there was. By what Means were you inform'd of it then, ſaid I? The Inhabitants of *Souffel* anſwer'd me, they heard it from their Anceſtors, who were honeſt People, and had no Intereſt in deceiving them. Upon this, I bought a Horſe, took Proviſion with me, and reſolv'd to range the whole Kingdom, which was not very extenſive. After having examin'd two Thirds of it in vain, I laid myſelf down, one Night, in a Valley, where I fell faſt aſleep. Du-

[a] *Or* Sofala. [b] Madagaſcar.

ring

ring my Slumber, methoughts I ſaw a Lady, dreſs'd in the Mode of that Countrey, who aſk'd me, with a great deal of Sweetneſs, what it was I ſought: The blue Palm-Tree, anſwer'd I; if I could find out where it grows, perhaps I ſhould not be diſinherited. I then made her acquainted with the Law of my Countrey, the Injunction with which I was charg'd, and intreated her Aſſiſtance. Since you have Recourſe to me, reſum'd ſhe, it will be your own Fault, if you are diſinherited. As you go out of this Valley, you will find a beautiful Fountain, whence runs a Stream, which diſcharges itſelf in a large River not far diſtant from its Source. At the Bottom of the Fountain you'll find a little blue Pebble, which you muſt not fail to take up; then follow the Stream, till it brings you to the ſaid River, which you will purſue, till you come to a Place, where it divides itſelf into two Branches to form an Iſland, or rather a Garden, in the Middle of which the blue Palm-Tree grows. Over an Arm of the River next to us, there is a fine Marble Bridge, whoſe Paſſage is defended by Seven and twenty Leopards. Before you come in ſight of them, put the little blue Pebble in your Mouth, let your Horſe graze on the Margin of the River, then walk on Foot over the Bridge, and paſs boldly, for the Pebble will render you inviſible. When you approach the Palm-Tree, gather three Dates and no more; but above all avoid eating any. The Lady, having ſaid theſe Words, diſappear'd, and as ſoon as I awoke, I took the Path ſhe directed. The Fountain, the Pebble, the River, the Bridge and the Leopards preſented themſelves ſucceſſively to my View. As I enter'd the Garden, I was ſaluted with an Odour, inexpreſſibly raviſhing, proceeding from the Flowers and Fruits, which it produc'd in

great

great abundance; but ſtill none of them were comparable to the blue Palm-Tree and its Dates. The Trunck of it reſembled the moſt precious Stones of *Samarkande*[c], with large Veins of Gold: Its broad Leaves had the Brightneſs of the fineſt Saphirs: But how ſhall I deſcribe its Fruit? Imagination can paint nothing ſo glorious! I ſwear by *Mahomet*, and by *Ali* his Son-in-Law, Son of *Abutalib*, it's more to teſtify the Truth, that I ſpeak thus, than to exaggerate the Force of the Temptation, by which I was unhappily overcome. In beholding theſe marvellous Dates, I was inflam'd with ſuch a Deſire to taſte them, that I believe to this Day, I ſhould have dy'd on the Place, had I not gratify'd my Longing. I then took the blue Pebble out of my Mouth, extended my Hand, reach'd a Bough, and began to eat of them. The Reliſh was delicious and enchanting, but alas! the Pleaſure was ſhort. The Leopards now caſt their furious Eyes upon me, made towards me with incredible Swiftneſs, and were juſt on the Point of tearing me to pieces, when the Lady, whom I had ſeen in my Dream, ſuddenly appear'd. At her Preſence, theſe fierce Creatures immediately took Flight; and I proſtrated myſelf at her Feet, endeavouring to expreſs my Repentance and Gratitude. You are now loſt to all Hopes of your Deſign, ſaid ſhe, acknowledge your Fault therefore, and go weep in the Iſland of the *Genius Feridoun*, my Father, who is ſtill more afflicted than yourſelf. With this, ſhe took me by the Hand, and having conducted me beyond the Bridge, charg'd me to purſue my Journy with all poſſible Speed, and to put the Pebble in its Place again, as I paſs'd by the Fountain,

[c] *The fineſt Stones come from* Samarkande *and* Bokara.

which

which vaniſh'd from my Sight, the Moment I had obey'd her Commands. Then I look'd back, but ſaw neither River nor Bridge. Greatly aſtoniſh'd at this Adventure, but much leſs ſurpris'd than I had been at the Account the Inhabitants of *Souffel* gave me, I directed my Way to that City, whence I embarqu'd to come hither.

The ADVENTURE *of the ſecond of the young, ſorrowful* SANTONS.

THE Command enjoined me by our *Cadi*, ſaid the ſecond of the young, ſorrowful *Santons*, was not leſs difficult, than that you have heard related, only I add this Advantage, that the Judge himſelf directed me the Road I was to follow. The beautiful *Amberboi*, Daughter of the *Genius Arrout*, will not, ſaid he, refuſe you her Affection, could you find out the Means to merit it. Go! then, and prove yourſelf worthy of her: Her Palace is in the Iſle of *Hao*. I agreed with the Maſter of a *Portugueſe* Veſſel from *Macao*, to put me on Shoar at *Hao*, being to touch there, in his Return to *China*. This Iſland is in the Form of a Sugar-Loaf: On which ſide ſoever you land, you diſcover the Palace of the Daughter of *Arrout*, which is built on the Height. There is no other Way to aſcend to it, than by a Pair of Stairs, cut in the Rock, divided by ſix magnificent Gates, at an equal Diſtance from each other. Having knock'd at the firſt, ſix *Derviſes* [a] open'd it, and

[a] *Religious* Mahometans. *They commonly wear Skins of Beaſts dry'd in the Sun, go bare Head and bare Foot; ſhave all the Hair that grows on their Bodies; burn their Temples; and wear great* Jaſper *Ear rings of divers Colours.*

one

one of them almoſt double with Age, demanded whom I was, and whither I was going? To which, I gave him to underſtand my Name and Buſineſs. If I could depend on thy Wiſdom, reſum'd he, I would, perhaps, adviſe thee for thy good. Oh! aſſure yourſelf, reply'd I, I'll make an excellent Uſe of it, believe me I will. The *Derviſe*, at this ſhook his Head, ſaying, Go on, young Man, go on; thou haſt too good an Opinion of thyſelf to regard any thing I could ſay to thee; ſo farewell till we ſee one another again. He, and his Companions turn'd from me, and I went up ſoftly to the ſecond Gate, accuſing myſelf, that I had, in Reality, too little Diffidence of myſelf. Five *Calenders* [b] open'd it, and one of them ſaid to me, Who art thou? Whither art thou going? And what are thy Deſigns? I am, anſwer'd I, a poor, unfortunate young Man, oblig'd, by various Motives, to devote my moſt humble Service to the Queen *Amberboi*; I am neither acute, nor learn'd, but I know well how to prefer her Will before my own. Ah bleſſed Knowledge, cry'd the five *Calenders!* Young Man, purſue thy Way. At the third Gate, four *Santons* [c] ſtopp'd me, and he, who ſeem'd to be their Chief, ſaid, Thou com'ſt hither, in all Appearance, to ſerve the Queen: What Wages doſt thou expect to have? And how long doſt thou propoſe to live in her Service? The Pleaſure I ſhall take, anſwer'd I, in executing

[b] *Religious* Mahometans *more reſpected than the* Derviſes. *They wear a little ſhort Robe without Sleeves, edg'd with Horſe-hair, or Camel's mix'd with Wooll; ſhave themſelves, wear Hats adorn'd with Fringes of Horſe-hair; a great iron Ring about their Necks, and others of the ſame Matter at their Ears; ſome again of them have another, of two Pound Weight, fix'd to that Part of the Body, which ſerves for Generation.*

[c] Mahometan *Prieſts.*

the Commands of ſo charming a Princeſs, will more than recompenſe my weak Services; and as for the Continuation of them, they ſhall laſt as long as I love her, and I ſhall love her as long as I live. Generouſly ſpoken, ſaid the *Santons*, letting me paſs. I ſaluted them, and much pleas'd with myſelf, arriv'd at the fourth Gate, where I met three *Mullah's* [d]. Is it by *Force*, or *Love*, ſaid they, thou comeſt hither to ſerve the Queen? If ſhe commands thee to do impoſſible Things, wilt thou obey her? The Queen is too juſt, and has too much good Senſe, anſwer'd I, to impoſe Laws, whoſe Execution is impoſſible. I muſt own, the Motive that firſt kindled Inclination, and prompted me to offer her my Aſſiduities, had a Tincture of Intereſt in it; but now that's no more; my whole ſelf languiſhes to be hers. Go—up, reply'd the *Mullahs*. The fifth Gate was open'd me by two *Imans* [e], whoſe Queſtion was this: If thou hadſt the Liberty to chuſe, which of theſe two Things would'ſt thou like beſt; to live here with the Queen, or for her to go and live with thee? If the Choice was lodg'd in my Power, I would not chuſe, ſaid I to them, I would leave it to the Queen's better Judgment. Very well! reply'd the *Imans*, continue thy Steps. At the ſixth Gate, I found a moſt beautiful *Nymph* [f]. If my Miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, thinks you unworthy of her Favours, what will you do then? Charming *Nymph*, anſwer'd I, I'll beſeech her to render me worthy of them, and I'll defy her to hinder me from adoring her. If ſhe returns your Affection, reſum'd the young *Nymph*, be ſatisfy'd with her Perſon, and deſire no other Bleſſing.

[d] Mahometan *Doctors*. [e] Mahometan *Curates*.
[f] *Verbally tranſlated, it would be* Ginne of the ſecond Order.

After

After giving me this Advice, ſhe introduced me into the Apartment of the Divine *Amberboi*, to whom I devoted myſelf, and kneeling, kiſs'd the Entrance of the Alcove where her Throne was erected. Riſe, ſaid ſhe, I will accept your Offers, be but truly ſubmiſſive. This ſaid, two Nymphs took me by the Hands and led me away. For the Space of a Month, I obſerved all the Queen's Commands with the utmoſt Exactitude, and perceived, that her lovely Eyes, which at firſt looked like Indifference itſelf, became now daily more favourable. She loved me, at laſt, with an Infinity of Warmth, and her Heart being in this happy Diſpoſition, diſcourſed me, one Day in this Manner; Thy great Submiſſion has won my Soul, but this Place is no Ways proper for our Pleaſures. The curious and jealous *Ginnes*, who pretend to be my Friends, are too well acquainted with it, and our Actions would be too much inſpected into. I know a delightful Retreat, where we ſhall be much leſs expoſed: Let us go thither. I expreſſed my Readineſs to follow her. Let us prepare then for our Departure, continued ſhe, leading me into a large Cabinet, which contained her Treaſure. At our Entrance, I ſaw what greatly aſtoniſhed me, ſix golden Tables, on each of which there was a great Turkiſh Jar of an old Rock, full of ineſtimable Riches. The firſt was filled with Topazes; the ſecond, with Emeralds; the third, with Rubies; the fourth, with Saphirs; the fifth, with Diamonds and Pearls perfectly round, and as big as Nut-galls; and the laſt, which was larger than the reſt, contained all Sorts of Jewels, ſo delicately wrought, that Art here ſurpaſſed even Nature, tho' the Matter was nothing but Gold

and precious Stones of a finiſhed Perfection. My Charmer, ſaid *Amberboi*, take whatever you think fit of this immenſe Treaſure, and carry it away with you. I was dazled, but perfectly calling to Mind the Nymph's Advice, My Queen, anſwered I, my Eyes are only ſacred to you; why do you then thus injure them? In ſaying ſo, I pretended to leave the Cabinet, but *Amberboi* retained me, throwing her tender Arms about my Neck; and with an irreſiſtible Smile, ſaid, you will not ſure refuſe this Ring, which ſhe took from the Jar, containing the Jewels, and put on my Finger. I was ſome Moments admiring the Beauty of it, when I perceived that inſtead of a Diamond, my Picture was chac'd in it. I was ſo ſurpriſed and raviſhed at the Sight of ſuch an unexpected Novelty, that made me ſay to the beautiful *Ginne*, I ſhould think myſelf guilty of the greateſt Breach of Civility, were I to remove that Ring from the Place, where ſhe had vouchſafed to put it. *Amberboi*, at theſe Words immediately changed her Countenance, for an Air, all proud and full of diſdain: Impoſtor, ſaid ſhe, deceitful, perjured and ungrateful Villain, doſt thou then love another Object beſides me? Fly, Wretch fly; go and adore thy ſelf. How much aſtoniſhed was I at theſe Words! And how little able am I to expreſs the Terror I was in! The Daughter of *Arrout* went out, and fifty Nymphs of her Attendance, furious as ſo many Lyons, came in; and though I made no Reſiſtance, dragged me down to the ſecond Gate, which was open, as were all the others quite to the Bottom, and the Guards waited in the Paſſage to precipitate my Departure. The two *Imans* ſeized me under each Arm, and launched me,

me, with Impetuoſity to the *Mullaks*; thoſe hurled me, with all their Force, towards the *Santons*; the *Santons* threw me, with greater Roughneſs ſtill, to the *Calenders*; and the *Calenders* made me fly with ſuch rapidity, the Space between them and the *Derviſes*, that I know not if I touched the Ground. I fell breathleſs and half dead, in the Midſt of theſe laſt, who ſuffered me to recover my ſelf a little, on Purpoſe to divert themſelves with my Misfortune, which they did ſo loudly, that the whole Mountain echoed with their Huzza's. When I came to myſelf; I foreſaw well enough, my Son, ſaid the old *Derviſe* to me, that you would have no great Succeſs. Preſumption is the Source of too many Vices; and Self-love is too imperious, where Vanity reigns. Be gone, added he, and ſit on that Rock pointing to it, until ſome Veſſel ſhall happily paſs by. With theſe Words he clapped too the Gate, and I repaired thither to bewail my Folly. I remained on that craggy Habitation more than three Weeks; during which Time, the old *Derviſe* brought me every Day a little Rice, mixed with a bitter Herb, called *Rue*. A Ship, at laſt, happening to ſail within ken of my Cries and the Signs I made, the Long-Boat was ſent to carry me on Board. Juſt as I was about to embark, the old *Derviſe* adviſed me to take Refuge in this Iſland as ſoon as poſſible; and I am not at all diſſatisfied with having follow'd his Directions.

The ADVENTURE *of the third of the young, ſorrowful* SANTONS.

THE Order enjoined me by the *Cadi* of our Town, ſaid the third of the young ſorrowful *Santons*, provoked every Body that heard it; becauſe they looked upon its Accompliſhment more impoſſible than all the Commands he had given on ſuch Occaſions, for the Space of ten Years. Go, ſaid he, and fetch me the Aſs of *Daggial*[a], whom you will find in the Mountain of *Caf*. I returned Home exceeding Melancholy at my Obligation; and my Grief was ſuch, that even my Brothers melted into Compaſſion at it, and conſented, that my Father and Mother ſhould furniſh me with a very large Sum of Money, plainly foreſeeing the Improbability of my Return, evermore to be chargeable to them. The firſt Opportunity that offered, I paſſed from the Iſland of *Schore-Pulou* to the Main Land, where I bought a Slave, two good Horſes for us, and a Mule to carry our Proviſion. I armed my ſelf and Slave, promiſing him his Liberty and large Preſents on our Return, provided he proved faithful; and then made the beſt of our Way to the Mountains. As that of *Caf* ſurpaſſes, by much all the reſt in Height, it was not very difficult for us to diſcover the Ridge of it. When we were come to the Entrance of the Mountains, we followed the Tract, making eaſy Days Journeys, living very well, and taking particular Care to inform ourſelves, in all the inhabited

[a] *The Anti-Chriſt of the* Mahometans.

Places we met with, concerning *Daggial* and his Aſs. We travelled during three tedious Months, without being able to procure the leaſt Inſight till one Morning, after having paſſed through a ſmall Wood, pretty thick, we heard moſt terrible Cries behind us: Some ſeemed to be menacing, and others utter'd to move Compaſſion. Brother, ſaid I to my Slave, let us turn our Mule a little from the high Road, and go back to ſee what mean thoſe Cries. If any in Diſtreſs have need of our Succour, let us hazard our Lives for them: The Danger they are expoſed to To-Day, may perhaps threaten us To-Morrow. The Slave, who was a Man of Courage, led the Mule into a Thicket, and after having tied him up, rejoined me. We then put our Bows in order, and made towards the Noiſe; which being approached, we ſaw three Men with their Backs towards a large Tree, bravely defending themſelves againſt ſeven Rogues. We did not ſtand long to heſitate, but ſhot directly at the Aſſaultants, and two of them drop'd. The like Succeſs attended our ſecond Diſcharge, and the three remaining, ran to us, with the Fury of Men in Deſpair, to revenge their Companions Fall; but whilſt we were diſpoſing ourſelves to give them a vigorous Reception, the three Men, whom we delivered, had purſued, taken and wounded them.

I embraced theſe Travellers, (who were very acknowledging,) with the utmoſt Satisfaction; ſaying, Gentlemen, I ſuppoſe you are as little deſirous as I am, to hear the laſt Words of theſe unhappy Wretches; therefore I hope you will employ yourſelves much better, by favouring me with your Companies a little Diſtance from hence.

I conducted them ſtrait to the Mule, where I entertained them on the Graſs, with what Fare I was Maſter of, and they eat very heartily of it. During the Collation, I recounted the Motive of my Travels, and entreated them to tell me impartially their Opinions on it. A good Action is never loſt, replied one of the three Travellers; no Body can give you a more precinct Account of what you are in Search of, than we; for we live at the Foot of the Mountain, that *Daggial*'s Aſs grazes on; neither are we ignorant of the Meaſures you muſt take, to become Maſter of this Animal. Praiſe be to God! Dear Friends, cried I, you put an end to my Fatigues. Be certain of nothing yet, reſumed the Traveller: An Undertaking does not always ſucceed, even though the niceſt Precaution be uſed. Let us purſue therefore our Journey, you will have Time enough when we get thither, to conſult your Heart. Moreover, your Equipage will be rather an Hindrance than Service to you now; for we have ſtill a vaſt Number of Mountains to paſs over, and all by Paths in a Manner inpracticable. This News made me very penſive for ſome Moments; but reſuming a freſh Courage and Reſolution, I emptied the Panniers the Mule carried, and divided the Proviſion into five Parts. The three Travellers and I, took each our Share; after which, I ſaid to my Slave, the Fifth will ſuffice thee, until thou canſt reach the firſt inhabited Place: Beſides, I give thee, with thy Liberty, theſe Animals, and this Purſe, which contains about five and twenty *Chequins*; ſo God bleſs thee, and pray for thy Maſter. The poor Slave received my Gifts with Tears in his Eyes; and I left him, thus bewailing his Loſs, to follow,

on

on Foot, my Conductors. For ſix Days ſucceſſively walking, we ſaw nothing but numberleſs Precipices. At laſt we deſcended into a Valley that was very freſh and green, and in which was a great Multitude of uſeleſs Animals feeding, and a conſiderable Number of large, but ill-built Houſes. He, that for the moſt Part talk'd to me, let me into one of them, where he entertained me with all the Magnificence a rural Life affords. When the People of his Family were retired, he ſpoke to me thus: My Lord, on the Top of the Mountain my Habitation touches, you will find a Wood, entirely planted with odoriferous Trees. It is in this very Wood *Daggial*'s Aſs dwells, becauſe he lives on nothing elſe but ſweet Flavours. He is as black as Jet, and his Wings are of the ſame Colour. He can neither ſuffer the leaſt Infection, the leaſt ſuperfluous Weight, nor the leaſt Fear in the Perſon that rides him. Due Precautions may be eaſily taken, as to the two firſt Articles; but, my Lord, weigh well the third; for if *Daggial*'s Aſs finds you in the leaſt timerous, when he flies with you, like an Eagle, into the Air, your Life is infallibly loſt; he throws you headlong down, from Heaven to the Earth. Dear Fellow Traveller, replied I, my Courage, I am certain, will not fail me; therefore let us think of repairing the Fatigues of our Journey. Two Days after, I entreated him to ſet me Part of the Way, who readily complied with my Requeſt. After having mounted a long Time, we repoſed ourſelves near a very beautiful Fountain, where I waſh'd my ſelf from Head to Foot, as alſo my *Sar-Apat*, and the little Remains of Clothes I had preſerved. It was here my Hoſt took Leave of me, wiſhed all Manner of Proſperity to my Enterprize,

and excuſed himſelf for not guiding me any farther, for fear of incurring *Daggial*'s Indignation.

I aſcended until I came to the ſweet ſcented Wood, where I found the Aſs juſt as he had been deſcribed to me. He was not difficult in being approached, and even ſuffered me to careſs him, which I did the longer, to bring him the better acquainted with me. At laſt, I jumped upon him, and in a Moment he ſpread his large Wings, began to cut the Air, with an unconceivable Swiftneſs, and in leſs than an Hour, we were in a direct Line above the Ocean. I had now felt no Sign of Fear; and was even flattering myſelf that my Heart was not ſuſceptible to it; when I beheld before me amidſt the Clouds, a huge, black Giant, armed with a fiery Javelin, and waiting to pierce me with it. Though his Complexion was black, his Beard, and all the other Hairs of his Body were white. He had but one Eye, and one Eye-lid, but it ſparkled like a Comet, and gave a moſt horrible Look. This Object proved to be *Daggial* himſelf. I muſt own, I could not behold ſo dreadful a Monſter, without giving Way to Confuſion and Terror. I might perhaps have recovered my Courage, had the Aſs allowed me more Time; but he immediately ſtood on his Hind-legs, and ſhook his Mane and Neck; ſo being obliged to quit my Hold, I fell headlong down into the Sea. I was fortunate enough, not to be directly ſuffocated with the great Plunge I made; but coming up again to the Surface of the Water, and being very lightly dreſs'd, I ſupported myſelf by ſwimming, until I was taken up by ſome Fiſhermen; who hearing me fall, came without Delay to my Aſſiſtance. Having aſked them, when I was pretty well come to myſelf,

what

what Part of the World I was in, they told me, they lived in an Iſland adjacent to that, where the *Genius Feridoun* received with ſo much Humanity, all thoſe, who were truly overwhelmed in Affliction. After having refreſhed myſelf ſome Days with them, what they had told me concerning this generous *Genius*, induced me to intreat them in his Name, to conduct me to his Iſland; which they very willingly complied with.

The ADVENTURE *of the Old* SANTON *at the Queen of the Mountains.*

THE third of the young, ſorrowful *Santons*, having finiſhed his Adventure, I ſhall now begin mine.

The great Reputation of Charity, that the powerful *Genius Feridoun* has ſo juſtly acquired in the World, ſaid the old *Santon*, made me likewiſe repair to this Iſland. Having paſſed my Youth in the Exerciſe of Arms, and on all Occaſions given Proofs of my Valour to the invincible *Jehan-Guir*; this Sultan of the Moguls, as a Reward of my Services, put me at the Head of a thouſand Horſe. So glorious a Mark of his Eſteem, ſtill more animating my Zeal, I continued to ſerve him, with the utmoſt Fidelity, and to be Prodigal of my Blood, in all the Wars he undertook. The laſt Expedition I aſſiſted at, was the Siege of *Candahar*, which was the only Frontier Garriſon of *Perſia*, the Sophi believed impreg-

impregnable. The taking this important Place, having concluded the Campaign, all the Officers had Orders to march their Troops into the ſeveral Parts of the Kingdom, nominated for their Quarters. It fell to my Lot to conduct mine to the Frontiers of the Country of *Ancheran*. Before I could arrive there, I was obliged to travel over very high Mountains, which ſeparate the Kingdom of *Thibet* from the Province of *Cabul*. Theſe Mountains, or rather the Vallies, which they form, are inhabited. We found there, not only Hamlets, but likewiſe Villages well-peopled.

Though I always took a particular Care to regulate the March of my Troops, ſo as to Quarter them every Night in the beſt Places, yet the Badneſs of the Roads happening one Day to prevent the Performance of our Stage, we were obliged to halt in a Hamlet, that was only compoſed of ſeven or eight very ordinary Cottages. Seeing the Neceſſity there was to encamp, contrary to our Cuſtom, I ordered the Tents to be put in Readineſs, whilſt the Officers went to find out a convenient Place for pitching them. As they were marking out the Camp, they perceived at the Extremity of a little, but very delightful Valley, a ſpacious Edifice, neither wholly in Repair, nor entirely demoliſhed. They immediately aſked the Country People, what it was they ſaw? You ſee, replied an old Mountaineer, the Queen of the Mountains Fortreſs. The lawful Poſſeſſors, having been compelled to abandon it, through the Incurſions of the *Perſians*, this Lady rendered herſelf Miſtreſs of it. She, and her Court, have dwelled there theſe fifteen Years, and ſuffer no Stranger whatever to come nigh them. What ſort of a Perſon is this

Queen,

Queen, replied the Officers, and what Family is ſhe of? What are her Attendants? Is ſhe at great Expence? I do not know, reſumed the Mountaineer, what Extraction ſhe is of; and in Regard of her Appearance, no Body ever had more the Air of a Princeſs; yet notwithſtanding that, I cannot believe her a Woman compoſed of Fleſh and Bones, for I have ſeen her, ſeveral Times, fly like a Bird. The People about her do alſo very ſurpriſing Things, and are ſo numerous, that they might form a little Army. They never come hither, and very ſeldom ſpeak to us, ſo that we are entire Strangers to what they ſubſiſt on. We dare not ſo much as approach the Fortreſs, ſince this Queen's Reſidence there; for ſeveral of us have narrowly eſcaped our Lives, for only feeding our Flocks a little too near it. By the Half-Moon, replied one of our Officers on that, here is an Adventure the moſt worthy our Curioſity we can meet with. We ought not, by any Means, to neglect making due Uſe of it; ſince therefore we have ſtill Day-light enough, let us march directly into the Fortreſs: It is a ſpacious Piece of Building; and conſequently we ſhall be leſs expoſed there to the Inſults of the Weather, than under our Tents. You will ſee the Queen will be either afraid to ſhew herſelf, or if ſhe does, it will be to give us a gracious Reception. Believe me, the Sight of ſo formidable a Band as ours is, would even render *Aſmough* [a] affable. I would not adviſe you to depend on that, anſwered the Peaſant; but the reſt of the Officers, being for the moſt Part, giddy brain'd young Gen-

[a] *An evil* Div, *that* Aherman *employs to ſow Diſcord among Men.*

tlemen,

tlemen, thought it was derogating from their Character, to diſapprove the raſh Propoſition of their Comrade. They came forthwith to acquaint me with the Reſult of their Deliberation, and being at leaſt as curious as they were, I commanded the Horſe to march, and the Peaſants to furniſh us with Wood, Proviſion, and all the Lamps they had in the Hamlet.

When we had enter'd the Edifice, we viſited it, and finding it in good Repair for an abandon'd Place, we diſtributed the Companies into as good Order as poſſible. Great Fires were made every where; eating, drinking, and merry making went forwards among them, but ſtill every one took care to have his Arms in Readineſs. For my part, I ſupp'd with all the Officers, in a fine Hall we had reſerv'd for that Purpoſe, and which was illuminated with all the Lamps of the Hamlet, hanging round the Walls of it. After having diverted ourſelves till after Midnight, we began to feel the firſt Approaches of Sleep, and were diſpoſing ourſelves to retire, when an unexpected and dreadful Noiſe was heard, adjoining to the Place where we were, that ſoon made us think of ſomething elſe than going to Bed. Far from being diſmay'd at it, as Men of ſignaliz'd Courage, we betook ourſelves to our Arms, and turn'd towards the Palace Gate, waiting with Intrepidity what ſhould happen. The Noiſe ceas'd all on a ſudden, which we then concluded was a Signal. A little after, we ſaw the pretended Queen of the Mountains appear. She was moſt magnificently dreſt, preceeded by a Dozen of Guards well arm'd, accompany'd with ſeveral Ladies very richly adorn'd, and follow'd by a great Number of People, who by their Air, and the

Beauty

Beauty of their Arms and Dreſſes, might be taken for ſo many *Rejas*.

I fix'd my Eyes directly on her, who look'd ſo amiable, and ſo worthy of Reſpect, that I remain'd as ſpeechleſs. What, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to me, with a great Deal of Familiarity, do you ſurpriſe me Sword in Hand? Is it thus then you make your Viſits? Madam, anſwer'd I, you'll eaſily pardon, I hope, the Incivility of a Perſon who expected to find an Enemy here. It is probable you may have found one, in Effect, reſum'd the Queen, but you'll need other Arms than thoſe I ſee to vanquiſh him. As I was about to make a ſuitable Reply to this ſeemingly gay Diſcourſe, a brutal Wretch, whom I thought detach'd himſelf from my Company, advanc'd, and taking the Queen inſolently by the Chin, ſaid he was ready to fight her at what Weapons ſhe would pleaſe to Name. The Queen ſtept back, diſcovering a great Confuſion of Mind, and one of her Ladies flew at this preſumptuous Animal to tear his Eyes out. For my part, I gave him a great Blow over the Face likewiſe, and at the ſame time, all in the Hall drew their Sabres. The Officers belonging to the Queen ſeem'd bent on revenging the Inſolence ſhewn their Miſtreſs, and mine cry'd out let the Guilty be puniſh'd. The Soldiers who were diſpers'd thro' the Fortreſs, haſten'd alſo to the Noiſe; ſo that, in a very little Time, the Hall was ſo full, there was ſcarce any ſtirring in it.

The Queen ſuſpended a while the Diſorder to aſk the Perſon who had caus'd it, whom he was? But this Wretch making no Anſwer, her Attendants ſaid it was undoubtedly ſome Body belonging to me. My Officers and I who had never ſeen

ſeen him, maintain'd, on the contrary, that he was one of her own Domeſticks. The Diſpute at laſt growing more warm, the Lie was given on both Sides, Blows enſu'd, each attack'd his Man, the Lamps were thrown down, Blood began to ſtream in Abundance, the Fury of the Combatants rather redoubled than abated in the Dark, and the Havock laſted till Morning.

Then thoſe who remain'd, ſaw the Queen at the Door of the Hall, laughing extreamly, and who ſeem'd to wear an Air of Joy on her Countenance, ſaying to them: Wretches! open your Eyes, know yourſelves, and learn never to take up your Lodging in another Perſon's Houſe, without aſking the Owner's Leave. I was deeply wounded in two Places, and tho' the great Effuſion of Blood I had juſt loſt, render'd me almoſt incapable of Speech, yet I both ſaw and heard the execrable Phantom. This ſecond Apparition was ſucceeded by a dreadful Surpriſe: Our Eyes were releas'd from the fatal Enchantment that had miſled them till that Moment; our Rage diſſipated, our Enemies vaniſh'd, and we plainly perceiv'd we had only been fighting with one another. All thoſe who were able to move, urg'd by a juſt Reſentment, made directly towards the perfidious Queen to be reveng'd of her, but ſhe diſappear'd continuing to deride us.

Being reduc'd to the fourth Part of our Compliment, we thought of nothing but interring the Dead, and comforting the wounded. Litters were prepar'd in all haſte to tranſport us to the Cottages, were we recover'd our Healths by little and little. As faſt as they were cur'd of their Wounds,

Wounds, I ſent them to join the reſt at *Anchezan*, who march'd thither the very Day after the Adventure. They all imagin'd I would not fail to rejoin them likewiſe, but being aſham'd of what had happen'd, as equally poſſeſs'd of the blackeſt Deſpair, to ſee the Flower of *Jehan-Guir*'s Army cut off, I was depriv'd of all Reſolution of ever more appearing before him. As ſoon therefore as I was in a Condition to march, I took leave of thoſe remaining uncur'd, ſaying, I ſhould expect to ſee them ſhortly at *Ancheran*, but inſtead of purſuing that Road, I travell'd towards the Sea Coaſt. You may be aſſur'd, Gentlemen, I did not fail curſing the abominable *Div*, during my Journey, for having transform'd one half of my Troopers to engage the other, by means of a Spectre, who began the Quarrel.

Time having inſenſibly ſlipt away during all theſe Recitals, our *Santon* went out to look at the Sun, and coming in again, told us the Hour of the ſecond Prayer was nigh at Hand. We roſe up, and ſeparated from each other, in order to prepare ourſelves for it, by bathing and pious Reflections. After the Prayer was ended, we perform'd our Meditations in common, and the Company deſir'd to be ſatisfy'd with the Relation of our Adventures, which accordingly we did. It is not very difficult, ſaid our *Santon* to us after that, to gueſs what you would know of our *Genius Feridoun*; but be careful to remember you give him no other Title than that of *Genius* [a], calling him neither *Div* nor *Peri*.

[a] Feridoun *would not be called* Div, *becauſe he had been one; nor* Peri, *becauſe he was not one. He is a* Div *converted.*

The

The loud Sighs we heard at ſome Diſtance from the Hut, gave us notice the Maſter of the Iſle approach'd. The *Santon* with whom we were, then took the *Alcoran*, and putting himſelf at the Head of his Brotherhood, order'd us to follow them. We walk'd in this Manner till we came to the Entrance of a great Alley, which Nature had form'd in the middle of the Wood, and ſtood there in a Line. *Feridoun* appear'd that Moment at the other Extremity, and advanc'd towards us with large ſolemn Steps. The Trees agitated by his Sighs, made as much Noiſe as a great Wind raiſes in a Foreſt. Tho' the higheſt Coco-trees reach'd but to his Shoulders, yet all his Limbs were ſo well proportion'd, that his Stature ſeem'd not enormous. The Features of his Face were extreamly fine, but of a maſculine Beauty, and full of Majeſty; his Arms enfolded in each other, embrac'd his Huge Breaſt; he inclin'd his Head ſomewhat forward, and kept his Eyes intently fix'd on Earth, as a Man immerg'd in the moſt profound Melancholy. When he came within twenty Paces of us he ſtopt, and the *Santons* advancing, *Almoraddin* and I follow'd them. Then after having ſaluted him three times, with our Faces bow'd down to the Ground, as is cuſtomary to the Sultan of the *Indies*, our Chief open'd the *Alcoran* with all Humility, and in a laudable Voice, read theſe Words.

" In the Name of the moſt mighty and merciful " God. I am inform'd by a Revelation to com- " municate to the People, that certain *Genii* have " liſten'd to me, as I was peruſing the *Alcoran*, " and ſaid, we have heard the miraculous *Alco-* " *ran* read; it teaches the Way of Truth, and we

" give

" give Faith to all it contains. We don't believe " God ſhares his Omnipotence, and we are fully " perſuaded that there is but one independent " God, who has neither Wife or Family. The " ignorant Part of us blaſpheme againſt his di- " vine Majeſty, tho' we never held it lawful for " them ſo to do. There are Men who only " implore the Aſſiſtance of created Spirits, " and who augment their own Confuſion ſtill " the more, by alledging, God will raiſe none " from the Dead. Certain *Genii* have farther " affirm'd; we have tow'rd as far as Heaven, " and found it ſtarrify'd and guarded. We re- " poſe ourſelves in a Place ſomewhat diſtant from " it for to liſten. A Star ſpies out the Curious, " and drives them down. We can't tell whe- " ther God hates ye Mortals on Earth, or whe- " ther he will ſhew you the right Path; but we " are at preſent of the Number of thoſe that " believe in his Unity. They have laſtly added: " Oh People! we walk'd before in Error, and " thought God was ignorant of what was done " on Earth; but the Truth is, no Body can E- " ſcape his Power. We have heard the Book " that teaches the right Way read, and we give " Faith to all it contains. He that puts his " Confidence in God, need not fear what Mis- " fortune or Injuſtice can befall him. There " are ſome among us who are good, and who " rely ſincerely on God."

Here the *Santon* ſhut the holy Book. The *Genius*, being now more tranquil, and conſol'd at what he had heard, aſk'd, as low as he could ſpeak, who thoſe *Muſſelmen* were he then ſaw, and what they wanted. The Character he gave us, aſſuring us of his Vigilance and Favour, I

made a Sign to *Almoraddin*, and as we approach'd, Generous *Genius*, ſaid I to *Feridoun*, you are not undoubtedly ignorant who we are, and what has brought us before you; but ſince you command us to relate the Cauſe, this young Man, Son of a Merchant, has loſt two thirds of his Subſtance, in diſappointing twice the beautiful *Zulikhab*, Queen of *Barroſtan*, and muſt infallibly loſe the remaining Part, if he anſwers not now her Expectations. As for me, I am one of the Slaves of *Chab-Jehan*, induc'd by a laudable Curioſity: I travel to improve my Mind and Manners, and chiefly to diſcover the Iſland of *Borico*, where ſprings a Fountain, whoſe Water reſtores paſt Youth to ſuch as drink of it. Oh *Genius*, gracious and benignant! we doubt the Succeſs of our Enterprizes, enlighten us therefore by thy Counſels. *Feridoun* made Anſwer: Let him that is *ſilent* follow punctually the Advice of him that has *ſpoken*; and let him that has *ſpoken*, hope every thing from the *good Work* he does. We bow'd with the utmoſt Reverence, after having receiv'd this ſhort Anſwer; and the *Santons* bidding us, in a low Voice retire, we return'd to the Hut.

Tho' my Conduct is henceforward to be regulated by you, ſaid *Almoraddin*, embracing me, yet if I may preſume to adviſe, let us repair to the Ship; our People may perhaps be impatient. With all my Heart, reply'd I, but let us return hither again with ſome Teſtimonies of our Gratitude. On this we went down to the Sea-ſide, and having call'd the Boat on Shore, we ſtept into it, and were row'd on Board. As we aſcended into the Ship, we aſſur'd them all, we did not come to fetch any Body. The Surprize

and

and Joy of the Sailors echo'd throughout the Veſſel, and the Pilot, who had been trembling all this while, overwhelm'd us with Queſtions, which we deferr'd ſatisfying till a more ſeaſonable Opportunity. By my Direction, *Almoraddin* made Choice of three Pieces of Gold Brocade for *Feridoun*, and compos'd a Preſent for the *Santons*, of five Pieces of fine Cloath, five beautiful *China* Bowls, a Sack of *Bocaro* Plumbs, and another of *Kichmiches* Apricocks. Having prepar'd our Gifts we return'd to the Hut, and left them at the Door, the *Santon* not being yet come home. We have now fulfill'd our Duty, ſaid I to *Almoraddin*, ſo let us embark ourſelves in good Earneſt. A freſh Breeze of Wind riſing in the Night, and promiſing a favourable Navigation, we prepar'd to ſet ſail.

The Sequel of the Hiſtory of ALMORADDIN, *and Queen* ZULIKHAH.

IN Effect, we had no ſooner unfurl'd our Sails, than the Ship was gently carry'd between the North and Eaſt Points. After we had ſatisfy'd the Curioſity of the Pilot, and the reſt of the Mariners, *Almoraddin* and I went apart to Diſcourſe privately with each other. The Oracle, which at firſt ſeem'd to give us ſtrong Hopes, now began to puzzle us. If I expect to ſucceed in my Enterpriſe, ſaid *Almoraddin*, I muſt follow punctually your Advice; and if I do not obſerve that Punctuality to a Tittle, (which I may

fail in, though never ſo well diſpos'd to perform it;) all will be knock'd in the Head, and the Oracle can't be blameable. I am no leſs dubious than you, anſwer'd I: the good Iſſue of what I deſire, depends on the Aſſiſtance I am able to afford you; but if, by Inadvertency, I omit any neceſſary Obſervation, my good Work will be found defective, and both our Attempts fruſtrated. But, continu'd I, don't we ſtrain the Argument a little too far? I cannot think the *Genius* deſign'd to deceive us; for it would be no other to exact from us what's e'en almoſt impoſſible. Let us conſider our ſeveral Obligations with an Eye leſs ſcrutinous; and as I have more Reaſon than ever to eſpouſe your Intereſt, let me know what has paſs'd between the Queen of *Barroſtan* and you, without omitting the leaſt Circumſtance. *Almoraddin* readily fulfill'd my Requeſt, and I devour'd, with a ſingular Attention, all the Particularities of his Adventures, which were the chief Subject of my Reflections, during the reſt of the Voyage to *Sumatra*.

When we came within Sight of the Port, we adorn'd the Veſſel with a great Number of Streamers of all Colours. Then we ſail'd into the Harbour, firing our Guns, as in Triumph, and anchor'd at a certain Diſtance from the Town, without diſpatching any Body to appriſe them of our Arrival. Whilſt the Officers came to viſit us, we form'd a Conſort of Muſick, compos'd of Kettle-Drums, *Karnas* [a], and ſeveral other ſorts of Inſtruments, which drew a vaſt many People to the

[a] *A* Karna *is a kind of Hautboy, a Fathom and a half long, and a Foot wide at the Botom.*

Seaſide,

Sea-ſide. The Queen and all her Court beheld us with equal Admiration and Curioſity, and all the Windows and Terraſſes belonging to the Palace, were likewiſe crowded with Spectators. At laſt, we perceived an Officer, guarded with ten Soldiers, making towards us in a Boat, to aſk us, in the Queen's Name, who we were, and what our Buſineſs was: But he no ſooner caſt his Eyes on *Almoraddin*, than he knew him again, and inſtead of aſking him theſe Queſtions, ſaid, God grant you may obſerve the Laws of our Royal Miſtreſs better than you have hitherto done. Why do you delay coming on Shoar? Are you afraid you will not be received with open Arms? What detains me, anſwer'd *Almoraddin*, is the Uncertainty of what may happen to the beſt of Friends, pointing at me, when he ſaid theſe Words. If I ſhould, continu'd he, be again unhappily ſtripped and ſent away, would he be kept here againſt his Will? May the Queen vouchſafe to explain that Article. The Officer went immediately and reported it to her, and coming back a little after, the Law, ſaid he to *Almoraddin*, puts you in full Poſſeſſion both of the Queen's Perſon and Riches, provided you fulfil the Condition already known to you: This is all ſhe can grant. This Law confiſcates to the Uſe of the Queen, only your own Perſon and Effects, therefore your Friend is ſafe. If you ſhould tranſgreſs a third Time, he is at Liberty either to ſtay or follow you, provided he makes Oath to lend you no Aſſiſtance whilſt you are in her Dominions. Why did not ſhe then detain me before, ſaid *Almoraddin*, ſince the Law render'd me her Slave? The Officer reply'd: She permits the Freedom of Departure to her Lovers, to the End they

may return again, or becauſe ſhe cannot ſuffer them any long time in her Sight. The Guilty, reply'd *Almoraddin*, bluſhing, deſerve her Indignation, they merit alſo to return again.

The Oath being tender'd me, I took it, and order'd the Ship to fall down to the Key, where we landed, preceeded by our Players on Inſtruments, and follow'd by the reſt of our Men, all very neatly dreſt. When I ſaw the charming *Zulikhah*, I ceas'd to wonder at the Impreſſion ſhe had made on *Almoraddin*, and verily believe the eternal Virgins of Paradice exceed her not in Beauty. The Day you arrive, ſaid ſhe to her Lover, I look on you as a Prodigy of tender Paſſion, why then do you deceive me in the Night? *Almoraddin* was ſtruck dumb for a Moment at this Reproach, and knew how to excuſe his Behaviour no otherwiſe, than by imputing it to that Exceſs of Love, ſhe herſelf had attributed to him. He then preſented me, with a very good Addreſs to *Zulikhah*, and was much more Eloquent on the Subject of our Friendſhip, than he had Power to be on his own Paſſion. After the firſt Compliments were over, I begg'd leave to withdraw for a while, to give ſome neceſſary Orders to our People, ſome of whom I ſent back to the Veſſel, charging them to obſerve the Directions I had before given, and led the reſt to one of the Apartments of the *Bazar*, where having lodg'd the Preſents deſign'd for the Queen, I return'd to the Palace.

Almoraddin was ſeated next the Queen, and though his Soul was wholly engroſs'd with her Beauties, yet he made a Shew of admiring the Singing,

Singing, the Dancing and Agility of a Band of dexterous *Kenchenies* [b]. I mingled with them, and became an Actor in their Buffooneries, the better to inſpect the Behaviour of the Courtiers. I found *Almoraddin* was a great Favourite among them: Every one deplor'd his Fate, when they conſider'd how miſerable they ſhould ſee him the next Day. Some indeed alledg'd the Queen was more to be lamented than him, ſince ſhe was oblig'd to make wretched a belov'd Lover, and one, who had ſacrific'd ſo much for her. The Diverſions were ſucceeded by a magnificent Supper, at which I obſerv'd nothing particular, but that the Gaity *Zulikhah* aſſum'd, was rather conſtrain'd than natural. She would now and then fix her Eyes on *Almoraddin*, with a ſerious and melancholy Air, and on a ſudden turn them towards the Gueſts, endeavouring to conceal her Diſquiet. I concluded from this, ſhe loved *Almoraddin*, and knew not herſelf to how great a Degree of Inclination. Being riſen from Table, I diſ-engaged myſelf from the Company, and went to the Palace Gate, where I found three of the moſt compleat of our Men attending with the Preſents, I had ordered to be brought in this Manner.

The Kingdom of *Barroſtan* produces gold Duſt, Pepper, Camphir and Benjamin, from the Knowledge of which I had regulated our Offerings. The Bearers of them were dreſſed, by my Orders, after that Country Faſhion; I put on a Garment of the ſame Mode, and conducted them into the great Hall. We ranged ourſelves in a

[b] *Dancers and Singers by Profeſſion, of whom there are a great many in the* Indies.

direct Line, just opposite to the Queen; who not being apprised of any Thing, was extremely surprised; and the whole Assembly kept Silence for a Time, expecting the Event. The first Bearer advanced with his Present, and laid it at the Feet of *Zulikhah*; then returned to his Place. His Present was the finest Basket that ever came out of *China*, full of very extraordinary Pastils, with a little Camphir spread on the Top, for Form Sake. The second made an Oblation of his, in the same Manner, which was a Lump of Amber-Grease of six Pounds Weight, covered with little Pieces of Benjamin in a Bason of Enamel from *Japan*. The third offered a small Tree of massy Gold, planted in a Jar of Rock Crystal, full of Gold Dust, which served as Earth about the Root of it. When my Turn came, I approached also; but instead of laying my Present on the Carpet as the others had done, I gave it into the Hands of *Zulikhah*, saying, Queen of Gold and of Perfumes, disdain not the first Fruits of Pepper, I presume to entreat you will accept these Grains, because I am persuaded they will change their Nature, and become very precious in Hands, accustomed to work Miracles. My Present was a great Box of Silver gilt, full of beautiful large Pearls. *Zulikhah* opening it, and examining the Contents, said, with an Air of Gaiety, she never knew there was white Pepper of so charming a Lustre. After that, she returned us Thanks, and dismissed us in the same Manner she would have done, had we been effectually her Subjects.

We accordingly retired, but as I was changing my Habit, two of our Sailors arrived quite out of Breath, saying to me, my Lord, all the Ship

Ship is in Confuſion, our People are cutting one another's Throats, the weakeſt of them, or rather the moſt deſperate, threaten to put Fire to the Powder, and all will be loſt, if *Almoraddin* does not inſtantly appear. I conducted, that Moment, the two Men before the Queen and *Almoraddin*, making them repeat what they had juſt ſaid. *Almoraddin* entreated Permiſſion to go and appeaſe this Tumult, and having obtained it, on Condition he would return immediately, we ran directly to the Port. We were no ſooner entered the Veſſel, than the Menaces of the Combatants, the claſhing of their Swords, the Groans of the Wounded, and in a Word, all the Noiſe we had been told of, was at an End. This was no more, in effect, than a Comedy I had cauſed to be played, on Purpoſe to have an Opportunity of diſcourſing *Almoraddin* alone, and giving him my laſt Counſels how to proceed, which he received with great Docility. I then reconducted him to the Queen, to whom he made an agreeable Recital of the imaginary Slaughter, which had detained him. The Hour for repoſe being come, the beautiful *Zulikhah* gave Command to her Officers to lodge me in an Apartment of the Palace, and in Preſence of all her Court, introduced the amorous *Almoraddin* into her Bed-Chamber.

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